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OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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MEETING OF HENRY VIII & FRANCIS I.

IN THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH-OF-GOLD.

From a bas-relief at the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde, Rouen.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

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AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

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BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY; THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE; THE NEWCASTLE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY; THE ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE; FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF SCOTLAND, POICTIERS, PICARDIE, AND CAEN (ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES), AND OF THE COMITE DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS.

VOLUME XII.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
CORIOLANUS.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

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Henry the Eighth.

INTRODUCTION.

Several dramas on historical events of the reign of Henry the Eighth were produced in England in the time of Shakespeare. In the years 1601 and 1602, the subject attained a singular popularity in the hands of Henslowe's company. In June of the former year, Henry Chettle was engaged in the composition of a play called Cardinal Wolsey's Life, which was produced with great magnificence, so far as regards the apparel of the performers, by the Earl of Nottingham's players, in the following August, as appears from the curious entries respecting it in Henslowe's Diary,—"Lent unto Samwell Rowlye, 1601, to paye unto Harye Chettell, for writtinge the boocke of Carnalle Wolseye Lyfe, the 5 of June, some of xx.*s.*—Layd owt at the apoyntment of my sonne and the companye unto Harey Cheattell for the altrynge of the booke of Carnowlle Wollsey, the 28 of June, 1601, xx.*s.*—Lent unto Robarte Shawe the 14 of Julye, 1601, to paye unto Harey Cheattell for the booke of Carnowlle Wollsey, in fulle payment, the some of xxxx.*s.*—Lent unto the companye the 17 of July, 1601, to geve unto Harey Chettell for the boocke of the Carnowlle Woolsey, to pay unto Mr. Bromfield, the some of xx.*s.*—Lent unto Robart Shawe the 7 of Aguste, 1601, to bye divers thinges, lange cottes, for the playe of Carnowld Wollsey, the some of xxx.*s.*—Lent the same tyme unto the little taylller, for the same playe of Carnowlle Wollsey, some of vij.*s.*—Bowght of Mr. Stonne, merser, the 10 of Aguste, 1601, ij. pylle vellvet of carnardyn, at xx.*s.* v.*d*, and sattenes at xij.*s*, and taffeties at xij.*s.* vj.*d*, which I layd owt for the com-

pany for the playe of Carnowll Wollsey, some is xxj.*li.*—Layd owt more for the playe of Carnowlle Wollsey, for tynsell and tyffeny and lynynge and other thinges the same tyme delivered unto Jewby, the some of iij.*li.* x.*s.*—Paid unto the coper lace man for whit coper syllver lace the same tyme, the some of v.*s.* vj.*d.*—Lent unto Robart Shawe the 11 of Aguste, 1601, to bye cottes for the play of Carnowlle Wollsey, the some of xx.*s.* —Lent unto Robart Shawe the 12 of Aguste, 1601, to bye divers thinges for the playe of Carnowlle Wollsey, the some of xx.*s.*— Lent unto the littell tayller the 12 of Aguste, to bye divers thinges for the playe of Carnowlle Wollsey, at the apoyntment of my sonne, the some of x.*s.*—Layd owt at the apoyntment of the company the 13 of Aguste, 1601, for ij. tayllers billes and William Whittes bill, after the playe of Carnowelle Wollsey, the some of viij.*li.* iv.*s.*—Paid unto the tyerman the 14 of Aguste, 1601, for mony which he layd owt to bye teffeny for the playe of Carnowlle Wollsey, some of xiiij.*d.*—Lent unto Robart Shawe the 18 of Aguste, 1601, to pay unto Harey Chettell for his booke of Carnowlle Wollsey, the some of xx.*s.*—Lent unto the companye the 20 of Aguste, 1601, to bye a docters gowne for the playe of Carnowlle Wollsey, the some of x.*s.*—Lent unto Robart Shawe the 21 of Aguste, 1601, for vellvett and mackynge of the docters gowne in Carnowlle Wollsey, the some of xx.*s.*" The entry of £21 for velvet, satin, and taffeta, proves, regard being had to the then value of money, how expensively the characters in the play were attired. This drama was so successful that it was immediately followed by another entitled the Rising or the First Part of Cardinal Wolsey, in the composition of which no fewer than four writers, Drayton, Chettle, Munday and Wentworth Smith, were engaged. It seems to have been licensed in September, 1601, as "the remainder of Carnowlle Wollseye," words which imply that it was considered supplementary to Chettle's first play on the subject.—"Lent unto Robart Shaw the 24 of Aguste, 1601, to lend unto Harey Chettell in earneste called the j. part of Carnall Wollsay, the some of xx.*s.*—Lent unto Robarte Shawe, to lend unto Hary Chettell, and Antonye Mondaye, and Mihell Drayton, in earneste of a boocke called the Rissenge of Carnowlle Wolsey, the 10 of Octobr, 1601, xxxx.*s.*—Lent unto Harey Chettell by the company at the Eagell and the Childe, in part of payment of a boocke called the Rissynge of Carnell Wollsey, the 6 of Novembr, 1601, the some of x.*s.*—Lent unto the companye the

9 of Novmbr, 1601, to paye unto Mr. Mondaye and Hary Chettell, in part of payment of a boocke called the Rissynge of Carnowlle Wollsey, the some of x.*s.*—Lent unto the company the 12 of Novmbr, 1601, to paye unto Antony Mondaye and Harey Chettell, Mihell Drayton and Smythe, in fulle paymente of the firste part of Carnowll Wollsey, the some of iij.*li.*—Lent unto Thomas Downton the 15 of Maye, 1602, to pay Harey Chettell for the mendynge of the fyrste parte of Carnowlle Wollsey the some of xx.*s.*"—The amendment of the First Part in 1602 was immediately followed by the production of a Second Part, in which Will Summers, the celebrated jester, was introduced,—"Lent unto Thomas Downton the 27 of Maij, 1602, to bye William Someres cotte and other thinges for the 2 parte of Wollsey, the some of iij.*li.*—Lent unto Thomas Downton the 29 of Maye, 1602, to bye rebatoes and other thinges for the 2 parte of Carnowlle Wollsey, the some of xxv.*s.*—Lent unto Thomas Downton the 2 of June, 1602, to paye unto the coperlace man, in fulle payment for the lace for the 2 part of Wollsey, xxvj.*s.*" The name of the author of this second part is not stated, but it is not impossible that it was written by Samuel Rowley, who had been attached to Henslowe's company as early as the year 1599. Certain it is that the character of Summers is a prominent one in that author's vulgar comedy of When You See Mee You Know Mee, printed in 1605, and that the play so called is mentioned in the registers of the Stationers' Company as the "interlude of King Henry the Eighth." This enumeration of dramas on the incidents of the same reign may be concluded with an allusion to the Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell, published anonymously in 1602, and with the initials W. S. in 1613. This last-mentioned play was attributed to Shakespeare, and included in his works by the publisher of the third folio of 1664; but it is hardly necessary to observe that it has no pretensions to the claim of so high a distinction.

Respecting Samuel Rowley's drama, above alluded to, there is the following memorandum in the registers of the Stationers' Company under the date of 12 February, 1604-5,—"Nathanaell Butter,—Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print it; and then procure the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt: he is to have the same for his copy." The "allowance" no doubt refers to a title from the Company by whom the interlude had been performed. The

conditions Butter seems to have been enabled to comply with, for Rowley's play was issued by him the same year, although under another title. The copyright of it continued in Butter's hands until 21 May, 1639, when it was assigned to Mr. Flesher, but it was still called in the registers "the Interlude of King Henry the Eight." Rowley's play was not, however, published after 1632, the only four editions known bearing the dates of 1605, 1613, 1621 and 1632; all these editions being published by Butter. The reason of the change of title is unknown; and in such a matter, where there is no evidence, conjecture is seldom of any utility. The fact points to the high probability of there having been a play at the time known as Henry the Eighth, in which a copyright existed. At the same time, it is to be observed that, in the printed copies, Rowley's play is called, "When You See Me You Know Me, or the famous chronicle Historie of King Henrie the Eight, with the birth and vertuous life of Edward Prince of Wales, as it was playd by the high and mightie Prince of Wales his servants, by Samuell Rowly, servant to the Prince."

Henry the Eighth was one of the last plays produced by Shakespeare. The evidences upon this point are so strong that it may be safely accepted as a fact. That it was written in the reign of the first James clearly appears from the allusions in Cranmer's prophecy, allusions for which there is nothing beyond modern gratuitous conjecture to consider as insertions made in that speech after the death of Elizabeth, who, moreover, would hardly have considered the subsequent notice of "an aged princess" neutralised by the previous flattery, or have relished the reference to her own decease. The known character of that sovereign leads us to believe that either of these allusions would have been most distasteful to her. Again, that the play, as we now have it, was not written until 1606, may be gathered from the reference to the "new nations," which is believed to refer to the American colonies, the settlement and chartering of which but then commenced. In an inscription on a contemporary portrait, James is styled *Imperii Atlantici Conditor*. It is also worth observing that after the reference to the formation of new nations, Cranmer continues his prophecy by hinting that the king's issue will inherit portions of Europe. Thus, at least, appears to be the purport of the next sentence; and if this interpretation be admitted, there is here a presumptive evidence that the play was written after the marriage of Elizabeth, the only

daughter of James, with Frederick, count palatine of the Rhine. These nuptials were celebrated at London with unusual magnificence on February the 14th, 1613; and numerous dramas were performed before the newly married couple between this day and that of their departure from England in the following April. No play of Henry the Eighth is found in the list of these performances.

The allusion to the "strange Indian," who probably had been exhibited about this period in London,—the Porter's words do not necessarily imply that he had been seen by the court—has not been satisfactorily explained. In 1611, however, Harlie and Nicolas, the commanders of two vessels in an expedition to New England, returned to this country, bringing with them five savages. One of these, who was named Epenow or Epinew, remained in England until 1614, and was distinguished for his strength and stature.

In addition to these reasons for assigning a late date to the composition of this drama, there is all but the positive evidence that it was produced with great splendour as a new play by Shakespeare's company at the Globe Theatre in June, 1613, and that the destruction of that edifice by fire on the 29th of that month was occasioned by the discharge of chambers or small cannon, as directed in the edition of 1623 in the fourth scene of the first act. These chambers being carelessly discharged outside the building, the thatched roof caught fire, and the whole seems to have perished in a very short space of time, although no loss of life amongst the crowded audience appears to have occurred. This kind of gun, employed chiefly on festive occasions, was not discharged horizontally, but with the piece in nearly an upright position; so that the wadding might easily have been carried by the wind to the thatched roof. The following account of this calamity is given by Howes, the continuator of Stowe's Annales,—"Also upon S. Peters day last, the play-house or theater, called the Globe, upon the Banke-side neere London, by negligent discharging of a peale of ordnance close to the south side thereof, the thatch tooke fire, and the wind sodainly disperst the flame round about, and in a very short space the whole building was quite consumed, and no man hurt: the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz. of Henry the eight; and the next spring it was new builded in farre fairer maner than before." Another account to the same effect occurs in a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir

Ralph Winwood, dated from London, the 12th of July, 1613; in which letter it is said: "But the burning of the Globe, a playhouse on the Bankside, on St. Peter's day, cannot escape you; which fell out by a peale of chambers (that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play) the tappin or stople of one of them lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burned it down to the ground in less than two hours; and it was a great marvaile and fair grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out." Ben Jonson, who was present at the accident, tells us, in his Execration upon Vulcan, that the thatch was made of reeds, and that the "peal of ordnance," mentioned by Howes, was produced by "two poor chambers." Jonson was abroad a part of this year, but I can hardly imagine that he would have stated these facts so explicitly if he had not been present on the occasion. In a manuscript letter of Thomas Lorkin at London to Sir Thomas Puckering at Venice, dated "London, this last of June, 1613," the same fact is thus related: "No longer since then yesterday, while Bourbege his companie were acting at the Globe the play of Hen. 8, and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd and fastened upon the thatch of the house, and there burned so furiously as it consumed the whole house, and all in lesse then two houres, the people having enough to doe to save themselves," MS. Harl. 7002.

The most minute account, however, is the following, which is furnished by a distinguished eye-witness, Sir Henry Wotton, in a letter to his nephew, Sir Edmund Bacon, dated 2 July, 1613,—"Now, to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the Banksside. The King's players had a new play called *All Is True*, representing some principal pieces of the Raign of Henry 8., which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage, the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like; sufficient in truth within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain canons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoak, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less then an hour the

whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period of that vertuous fabrique; wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broyled him, if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit put it out with bottle ale."

There is a discrepancy in Sir Henry Wotton's account, the play in the course of representation being there termed All Is True. The description of it, however, so minutely applies to Shakespeare's drama, even to the mention of the occasion on which the chambers were discharged, that, taken with the distinct evidence of two other writers that it was the play of Henry the Eighth, little doubt can be entertained but that All Is True was merely another title of the same piece. That Wotton made some error as to the title can hardly be thought probable, his narrative being so minute and circumstantial; and, indeed, the Prologue contains more than one passage which may be considered as indicating the propriety of the name of the drama being significant of its truthfulness. Had it not been the case that the title of it was All Is True, one can hardly understand what the author of the Prologue could mean by the words, *the opinion that we bring*, in short, the announcement we hold out to you that we now intend to exhibit only what is true. That Wotton was also correct in denominating it as a new play can hardly be questioned. A mere revival would scarcely have warranted the expenditure necessary for its elaborate production, nor would a simple pageant have attracted in a crowded audience such men as Wotton and Jonson.

There does not appear to be any evidence, nor any plausible reason, to attribute the composition of Henry the Eighth, or part of it, to the reign of Elizabeth, excepting that the prejudices and affections of that sovereign are thought to have been consulted, and that she is alluded to in the warmest terms of respectful regard, as a blessing to the land which shall affectionately preserve her memory, and as a gem which enlightens England. But the prejudices of Elizabeth may have been the prejudices of Shakespeare, and surely the poet's gratitude to one who was, as we know by the irrefragable testimonies of Chettle and Jonson, his most gracious patron, may have occasioned those graceful compliments. All evidence here points to the belief that Shakespeare was, in this case, the grateful eulogizer of the friendly dead, not the flatterer of the powerful living.

It is thus established, as far as the evidence accessible to us will permit, that Henry the Eighth was a new play in 1613, written when Shakespeare was in the fiftieth year of his age. At this period, according to an early local tradition, he was living at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays annually; so that there is no reason for the supposition that when he retired from London to Stratford, he had deserted literature. His absence from town (where, however, he had been in the March of this year) may possibly account for the composition of the Prologue and Epilogue by some other hand; written perchance at the wish of the company by some poetaster of the Globe Theatre, where perhaps some comedy had just previously met with a successful run. In those days, an application could hardly have been made to the poet at Stratford for such additions in the expectation of receiving them in less than a week; whilst the fancy of having the play thus accompanied may only have occurred at nearly the last moment before its production. If the title had been altered by the company from Henry the Eighth to All Is True, this conjecture would seem the more plausible. We have already seen reasons for believing that a play under the title of Henry the Eighth was existing in 1605, and there may have been difficulties in the way of using the same title; or, indeed, it is possible that Shakespeare may have derived from that drama the conduct of the story, which, however adorned by a dramatic art from which nothing he touched could escape, seems hardly that which would have been created by the poet in the ripeness of his genius. It is, however, extremely hazardous to speculate on the periods of the efforts of so great a mind, or to draw a conclusion, in the case of any of his works, from peculiarities of diction, dramatic construction or versification, and it is worse than hazardous, in the present case, to render any such peculiarities the grounds of an argument tending to deprive Shakespeare of the authorship. Henry the Eighth is a pageant drama of character, written probably at the instance of the Globe company with the express object of its being produced with the attractions of all the theatrical display the English popular stage could then command. The stage-directions in the first folio, minute in their descriptions of the pomp of the ceremonies, and in other notices of stage business, tend to show that this was the case; and that the play was essentially a vehicle for theatrical pageantry, one which, in the hands of any other writer, would not have exhibited so many traces of fine dramatic construction."

There is a theory respecting the exact application of the covert satire in the Prologue which is worthy of investigation, and, as I think, of belief. It is that the writer was contrasting the historical truth of Shakespeare's play with Rowley's production on the same subject. In the latter play no regard at all is paid to chronological, and nearly as little to historical, accuracy. The lapses of Shakespeare in these respects are comparatively insignificant when compared with the violent liberties taken with truth by Rowley. Summers, the jester, a prominent character in Rowley's play, may be aimed at in the notice of "a fellow in a long motley coat, guarded with yellow." The noise of targets may allude to a street brawl in which Rowley's Henry the Eighth is engaged with a ruffian named Black Will. They fight with sword and buckler, the king laying about him most vigorously, though, according to Black Will, not very scientifically; the combat continuing until both are taken into custody. The notice of "fool and fight" may refer to Summers and to this incident. The whole would be, in the opinion of that age, "a merry bawdy play;" and unfortunately there is no doubt of the latter epithet being applicable to it. The terms employed in the Prologue are, indeed, so exactly suitable to the characters and incidents of Rowley's drama, I cannot but believe that an allusion to it was intended. It is worthy of note that When You See Me You Know Me was reprinted in 1613, and was probably also acted in that year at a rival theatre. The play of Lord Cromwell was also republished in the same year. The first or both of these plays might have been reprinted in consequence of the success of Shakespeare's drama, and, if so, the Prologue to the latter may have been added a short time after the production of Henry the Eighth to enlist the public sympathy in favour of Shakespeare's play.

The following drama was first published in the folio of 1623, where it is entitled, The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight; and no other text of the play is of any authority. It has fortunately come to us in a tolerably pure state, and the divisions of the acts and scenes, as well as the stage-directions, are given with unusual care and peculiarity. The action of the play commences in April, 1521, on the day of the arrest of the Duke of Buckingham for high treason; and it terminates with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533; but Shakespeare has deviated from history in respect to the last days of Queen Katharine, who did not die until 1536, and the

narrative of the persecution of Cranmer belongs properly to the close of the reign, several years even after the last-named date. The poet has drawn his historical materials chiefly from the Chronicles of Holinshed, ed. 1587, some of whose words are literally copied and more translated into blank verse. Those words are not really always those of Holinshed, but sometimes belong to Cavendish, whose eloquent Life of Wolsey, then existing only in manuscript, was copiously used by the chronicler. The incident of the citation of Cranmer before the Lords of the Council, and Henry's protection of him against the malice of his numerous enemies, is not found in Holinshed. That story was derived by Shakespeare from a narrative of the circumstances given in Foxe's Acts and Monuments, fol. 1562-3. The following extracts from Holinshed, ed. 1587, will suffice to exhibit the main sources of the historical incidents employed in Shakespeare's drama, and to what extent the poet is indebted to that work for hints guiding him in the delineation of some of the characters.

The French king desirous to continue the friendship latelie begun betwixt him and the king of England, made meanes unto the cardinall, that they might in some convenient place come to an interview togither, that he might have further knowlege of king Henrie, and likewise king Henrie of him. But the fame went that the cardinall desired greatlie, of himselfe, that the two kings might meet, who mesuring by his will what was convenient, thought it should make much with his glorie, if in France also at some high assemblie of noble men, he should be seene in his vaine pompe and shew of dignitie; hee therefore breaketh with the king of that matter, declaring how honourable, necessarie, and convenient it should be for him to gratifie his friend therein, and thus with his persuasions the K. began to conceive an earnest desire to see the French king, and thereupon appointed to go over to Calis, and so in the marches of Guisnes to meet with him. Then were there sent unto Guisnes, under the rule of Sir Edward Belknap three thousand artificers, which builded out of the earth, on the plaine before the castell of Guisnes, a most pleasant palace of timber, right curiouslie garnished without and within. Herewith were letters written to all such lords, ladies, gentlemen, and gentlewomen, which should give their attendance on the king and queene, which incontinentlie put themselves in a readinesse after the most sumptuous sort. Also it was appointed that the king of England, and the French king, in a campe betweene Ard and Guisnes, with eighteene aides, should in June next insuing abide all commers being gentlemen, at the tilt, at tourneie, and at barriers, whereof proclamattion was made by Orleans king of armes of France here in the court of England, and by Clarenceaux king of armes of England in the court of France, and in the court of Burgognie, and in diverse other courts and places in Almanie and Italie. During the time of these preparations, newes were brought to the king, that Charles his nephue, elected emperour of Almanie, would shortlie depart out of Spaine by sea, and come by England to go to Acon or Aix (a citie of fame and renowme in Germanie, for the ancient residence and sepulchre of Charlemaine) where he received the first crowne. Wherefore the king hearing of

this determination of the emperour, caused great provisions to be made at everie haven, for the receiving of his welbeloved nephue and friend; and dailie provisions were made on all sides for these noble meetings of so high princes; and especiallie the queene of England, and the ladie Dowager of France, made great cost on the apparell of their ladies and gentlewomen. Moreover, now that it was concluded, that the kings of England and France should meet (as yee have heard) then both the kings committed the order and manner of their meeting, and how manie daies the same should continue, and what preheminence each should give to other, unto the cardinall of Yorke, which to set all things in a certeintie, made an instrument, conteining an order and direction concerning the premisses by him devised and appointed. The peeres of the realme receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journie, and no apparant necessarie cause expressed, why nor wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costlie journie should be taken in hand to their importunate charges and expenses, without consent of the whole boord of the councell. But namelie the duke of Buckingham, being a man of a loftie courage, but not most liberall, sore repined that he should be at so great charges for his furniture foorth at this time, saieng that he knew not for what cause so much monie should be spent about the sight of a vaine talke to be had, and communication to be ministred of things of no importance. Wherefore he sticked not to saie, that it was an intollerable matter to obeie such a vile and importunate person. The duke indeed could not abide the cardinall, and speciallie he had of late conceived an inward malice against him, for sir William Bulmers cause, whose trouble was onelie procured by the cardinall; who first caused him to be cast in prison. Now such greevous words as the duke thus uttered against him, came to the cardinals eare; whereupon he cast before hand all waies possible to have him in a trip, that he might cause him to leape headlesse. But bicause he doubted his freends, kinnesmen, and alies, and cheeflie the earle of Surrie, lord admerall, which had married the dukes daughter, he thought good first to send him some whither out of the waie, least he might cast a trumpe in his waie. There was great enimitie betwixt the cardinall and the earle, for that on a time, when the cardinall tooke upon him to checke the earle, he had like to have thrust his dagger into the cardinall. At length there was occasion offered him to compasse his purpose, by occasion of the earle of Kildare his comming out of Ireland; for the cardinall knowing he was well provided of monie, sought occasion to fleece him of part thereof. The earle of Kildare, being unmarried, was desirous to have an English woman to wife; and for that he was a suter to a widow contrarie to the cardinals mind, he accused him to the king, of that he had not borne himselfe uprightlie in his office in Ireland, where he was the kings lieutenant. Such accusations were framed against him when no bribes would come, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the kings deputie, in lieu of the said earle of Kildare, there to remaine rather as an exile, than as lieutenant to the king, even at the cardinals pleasure, as he himselfe well perceived. In the beginning of Aprill, the said earle passed over into Ireland, and had with him diverse gentlemen that had beene in the garrison of Tornaie, and one hundred yeomen of the kings gard, and others, to the number of a thousand men, where he by his manhood and policie brought the earle of Desmond and diverse other rebels to good conformitie and order. He continued there two yeares, in which space he had manie bickerings and skirmishes with the wild Irish. There rested yet the earle of Northumberland, whome the cardinall doubted also, least he might hinder his purpose, when he should go about to wreake his malice against the duke of Buckingham; and therefore he picked a quarell to him, for that he had seized upon certeine wards which the cardinall said apperteined of right to the king. And bicause the

earle would not give over his title, he was also committed to prison, and after tooke it for a great benefit at the cardinals hands, that he might be delivered out of his danger. Now in this meane while, the cardinall ceassed not to bring the duke out of the kings favour, by such forged tales, and contrived surmises, as he dailie put into the kings head; insomuch that (through the infelicitie of his fate) diverse accidents fell out to the advantage of the cardinall; which he not omitting, atchived the thing whereat he so studiouslie (for the satisfieng of his canckered and malicious stomach) laid full aime. Now it chanced that the duke comming to London with his traine of men, to attend the king into France, went before into Kent unto a manor place which he had there. And whilest he staid in that countrie till the king set forward, greevous complaints were exhibited to him by his farmars and tenants against Charles Knevet his surveiour, for such bribing as he had used there amongest them. Whereupon the duke tooke such displeasure against him, that he deprived him of his office, not knowing how that in so dooing he procured his owne destruction, as after appeared. The kings maiestie, persevering in purpose to meet with Francis the French king, remooved with the queene, and all his court, the one and twentith day of Maie being mondaie, from his manor of Greenwich towards the sea side; and so on the fridaie the five and twentith of Maie, he arrived at the citie of Canturburie, intending there to keepe his Whitsuntide. On the morrow after, the emperour being on the sea returning out of Spaine, arrived with all his navie of ships roiall on the coast of Kent, direct to the port of Hieth the said daie by noone, where hee was saluted by the vice-admerall of England, sir William Fitz William, with six of the kings great ships well furnished, which laie for the safegard of passage betwixt Calis and Dover. Towards evening the emperour departed from his ships, and entered into his bote, and comming towards land, was met and received of the lord cardinall of Yorke with such reverence as to so noble a prince apperteined. Thus landed the emperour Charles the fift at Dover, under his cloth of estate of the blacke eagle, all spread on rich cloth of gold. He had with him manie noble men, and manie faire ladies of his bloud. When he was come on land, the lord cardinall conducted him to the castell of Dover, which was prepared for him in most roiall maner. In the morning, the king rode with all hast to the castell of Dover to welcome the emperour, and entering into the castell, alighted. Of whose comming the emperour having knowledge, came out of his chamber, and met him on the staires, where either of them embraced other in most loving maner, and then the king brought the emperour to his chamber. On Whitsundaie earlie in the morning, they tooke their horsses, and rode to the citie of Canturburie, the more to keepe solemne the feast of Pentecost; but speciallie to see the queene of England his aunt was the emperour his intent, of whome ye may be sure he was most joifullie received and welcomed. Thus the emperour and his retinue, both of lords and ladies, kept their Whitsuntide with the king and queene of England, in the citie of Canturburie with all joy and solace. The emperour yet himselfe seemed not so much to delight in pastime and pleasure, but that in respect of his youthfull yeares, there appeared in him a great shew of gravitie; for they could by no meanes bring him to danse amongst the residue of the princes, but onelie was contented to be a looker on. Peradventure the sight of the ladie Marie troubled him, whome he had sometime loved, and yet through fortunes evili hap might not have hir to wife. The chiefe cause that mooved the emperour to come thus on land at this time, was to persuade that by word of mouth, which he had before done most earnestlie by letters; which was, that the king should not meet with the French king at anie interview; for he doubted least if the king of England and the French king should grow into some great friendship and faithfull bond of amitie, it might turne him to displeasure. But now that he perceived

how the king was forward on his journie, he did what he could to procure that no trust should be committed to the faire words of the Frenchmen; and that if it were possible, the great friendship that was now in breeding betwixt the two kings, might be dissolved. And forsomuch as he knew the lord cardinall to be woone with rewards, as a fish with a bait; he bestowed on him great gifts, and promised him much more, so that hee would be his friend, and helpe to bring his purpose to passe. The cardinall not able to susteine the least assault by force of such rewards as he presentlie received, and of such large promises as on the emperours behalfe were made to him, promised to the emperour, that he would so use the matter, as his purpose should be sped; onelie he required him not to disalow the kings intent for interview to be had, which he desired in anie wise to go forward, that he might shew his high magnificence in France, according to his first intention. The emperour remained in Canturburie till the thursdaie, being the last of Maie, and then taking leave of the king, and of his aunt the queene, departed to Sandwich, where he tooke his ships and sailed into Flanders. The same daie, the king made saile from the port of Dover, and landed at Calis about eleven of the clocke, and with him the queene and ladies, and manie nobles of the realme. His grace was received into the checker, and there rested. The fourth of June, the king and queene with all their traine remooved from Calis, to his princelie lodging newlie erected beside the towne of Guisnes, the most noble and roiall lodging that ever before was seene. For it was a palace, the which was quadrant, and everie quadrant of the same palace was three hundred and twentie eight foot long of assise, which was in compasse thirteene hundred and twelve foot about. This palace was set on stages by great cunning and sumptuous worke. In this palace (as ye have heard) was the king's grace lodged, and all the nobles after their degrees. And for that the towne of Guisnes was little, and that all the noble men might not there be lodged, they set up tents in the field, to the number of twentie and eight hundred sundrie lodgings, which was a goodlie sight. Thus was the king in his palace roiall at Guisnes. Francis the French king was with all his nobles of the realme of France come to the towne of Ard, which was prepared for his comming; manie tents, halles, and pavilions were set and pitched in the field. On the French partie also there was at the same towne of Ard builded the French kings lodging full well, but not finished. Much was the provision in Picardie on everie part thorough all. The French king commanded his lodging to bee made a little out of the towne of Ard, in the territorie of an old castell, which by the warre of old time had beene beaten. On the same place was edified a house of solace and sport, of large and mightie compasse, which was chieflie susteined by a great mightie mast, whereby the great ropes and tackle streined, the same mast was staied. All the roofe of the same house hoong on the same mast, and with tackle was streined and borne by the supporters of the same mast or tree; the colours of the same was all blew, set with starres of gold foile, and the orbs of the heavens by the craft of colours in the roofe were curiouslie wrought in maner like the skie or firmament, and a cressant strained somedeale towards the towne of Ard; this cressant was covered with frets and knots made of ivie bushes, and box branches, and other things that longest would be greene for pleasure. Now like as diverse of the French nobilitie had visited the king of England whilest he laie in Calis, so likewise the lord cardinall, as ambassadour to the king, rode with a noble repaire of lords, gentlemen, and prelates, to the towne of Ard, where he was of the French king highlie interteined, with great thanks, for that by his meanes hee had joined in friendship with the king of England, to his high contentation and pleasure, as having obteined the thing which he had long desired. The noble port, sumptuous shew, and great traine of gentlemen, knights, lords, and number of servants, in rich apparell, and

sutes of liveries attendant on the cardinall, made the French men greatlie to woonder at his triumphant dooings. The king of England had given unto the said cardinall full authoritie, power, and libertie, to affirme and confirme, bind and unbind, whatsoever should be in question betweene him and the French king; and the like authoritie, power, and libertie, did the French king by his sufficient letters patents, grant to the same cardinall, which was accepted to be a signe of great love, that he should commit so great a trust unto the king of Englands subject. The daie of the meeting was appointed to be on the thursdaie the seaventh of June, upon which daie the two kings met in the vale of Andren, accompanied with such a number of the nobilitie of both realmes, so richlie appointed in apparell, and costlie jewels, as chaines, collars of SS, and other the like ornaments to set foorth their degrees and estates, that a woonder it was to behold and view them in their order and roomes, which everie man kept according to his appointment. The two kings meeting in the field, either saluted other in most loving wise, first on horssebacke, and after alighting on foot eftsoones imbraced with courteous words, to the great rejoising of the beholders; and after they had thus saluted ech other, they went both togither into a rich tent of cloath of gold, there set up for the purpose, in the which they passed the time in pleasant talke, banketting, and loving devises, till it drew toward the evening, and then departed for that night, the one to Guisnes, the other to Ard. At this meeting of the two kings in open sight, I then well perceived (saith Hall) the habillements roiall of the French king. His garment was a chemew, of cloath of silver, culponed with cloath of gold, of damaske, cantell wise, and garded on the borders with the Burgon bands. Over that he had a cloake of broched sattin, with gold of purple colour, wrapped about his bodie traverse, beded from the shoulder to the wast, fastned in the loope of the first fould; this said cloake was richlie set with pearles and pretious stones. This French king had on his head a coife of damaske gold set with diamonds, and his courser that he rode on was covered with a trapper of tissue, brodered with devise, cut in fashion mantell wise; the skirts were embowed and fret with frized worke, and knit with corbelles and buttons tasseled of Turkie making, raines and headstall answering of like worke; and verelie of his person the same Francis the French king, a goodlie prince, statelie of countenance, merie of cheere, browne coloured, great eies, high nosed, big lipped, faire brested, broad shoulders, small legges, and long feet. On saturdaie the ninth of June, in a place within the English pale, were set up in a field called the campe, two trees of much honour, the one called the Aubespine, that is to saie, the hawthorne in English, for Henrie; and the other the Framboister, which in English signifieth the raspis berie, after the signification in French. These trees were curiouslie wrought, the leaves of greene damaske, the branches, boughs, and withered leaves of cloath of gold; and all the bodies and armes of the same cloath of gold laid on timber: they were in height from the foot to the top thirtie foure foot of assize, in compasse about an hundred twentie and nine foot, and from bough to bough fortie three foot: on these trees were flowers and fruits in kindlie wise, with silver and Venice gold: their beautie shewed farre. On the same daie the two kings came to those trees of honour, noblie accompanied, in such roiall sort as was requisit. The campe was in length nine hundred foot, and in bredth three hundred and twentie foot, ditched round about (saving at the entries) with broad and deepe ditches. Diverse scaffolds were reared about this campe for the ease of the nobles. On the right side of the field stood the queene of England, and the queene of France, with manie ladies. The campe was stronglie railed and barred on everie end: in the entrie there were two lodgings prepared for the two kings, wherein they might arme themselves, and take their ease. Also in the same compasse there were two great cellars couched full of wine, which was liberallie

bestowed on all men. The two kings, as brethren in armes, undertooke to deliver all persons at justs, tournie, and barriers. With these two kings were associate by the order of armes, the duke of Vandosme, the duke of Suffolke, the countie saint Paule, the marquesse Dorset, monsieur de Roche, sir William Kingston, monsieur Brian, sir Richard Jerningham, monsieur Cavaan, sir Giles Capell, monsieur Buccall, maister Nicholas Carew, monsieur Montafilion, and maister Anthonie Knevet. On mondaie the eleventh of June, the two queenes of England and of France came to the campe, where either saluted other right honourablie, and went into a stage for them prepared. At the houre assigned, the two kings armed at all peeces mounted on horssebacke, and with their companies entered the field; the French king on a courser barded, covered with purple sattin, broched with gold, and embrodered with corbins fethers round and buckled, the fether was blacke and hatched with gold: on his head peece he bare a sleeve. All the parteners of the French kings chalenge were in like apparell, everie thing correspondent in cloath of silke embrodered; on his person were attendant on horssebacke noble persons, and on foot foure persons all apparelled in purple sattin. The king of England was upon a fresh courser, the trappers of cloth of gold of tissue, the arson mantell wise, and on the brunt of the trapper bard fashion, cut in waves of water worke, and everie wave raw wrought and frized with damaske gold: this worke was laid loose on russet velvet, and knit togither with points of gold, which waves signified the lordship of the narrow seas. All the parteners of the kings chalenge were in the same sute, their horsses as well as their persons. Attendant on the king on horssebacke were sir Henrie Guilford, maister of the kings horsse, sir John Pechie deputie of Calis, sir Edward Guilford maister of the kings armie, and monsieur Moret of the French court. All these foure were apparelled in the kings liverie, which was white on the right side, and the left side gold and russet both hose and garment: on him were attendant on foot six honourable knights, twentie esquiers, and officers to the number of an hundred and twelve persons, of the which number all the knights and gentlemen had coats, the one halfe silver, and the other cloath of gold and russet velvet, and the other officers coats were of right sattin of the same colour, and all their hosen were of the same sute verie costlie. Thus with honour and noble courage these two noble kings with their companies entered into the field, and them presented unto the queenes. After reverence doone, they rode round about the tilt, and so tooke their places appointed, abiding the answers: which was for the first the duke of Alanson and ten men of armes on his band, on coursers barded, the bards covered with white and blacke velvet, fastened the one within the other, garded with Burgon bands of tinsell sattin, as well their garments as their bards. Then entered on coursers barded twelve gentlemen of the band of the lord admerall of France, their garments and bards were russet sattin, broched with gold and white and purple sattin, after the devise of their pleasure with great plumes. When these bands were entred the field, they shewed themselves about the tilt, and did reverence unto the queenes. The band of the duke of Alanson tooke first place, they made them prest on both sides, the French king was the first that ran, he did valiantlie and brake speares mightilie. Then ran the king of England to monsieur Grandevile with great vigor; so that the speares brake in the kings hand to the vantplate all to shivers. And at the second course he gave the said monsieur Grandevile such a stroke, that the charnell of his headpeece, although the same was verie strong, was broken in such wise that he might run no more, wherby the king wanted three courses. Then ran the duke de Vandosme, and met his counter part right noblie, and brake speares right valiantlie. The noble duke of Suffolke charged his course, and met right valiantlie his counter part, and furnished the five courses right noblie togither like good men of armes. And

when all parties of the chalenge had right valiantlie furnished their courses, then ran againe the two noble kings, who did so valiantlie, that the beholders had great joy, after which courses the heralds cried Desarmec, and the trumpets sounded to lodging. On Tuesdaie the twelfe of June at houre convenient the two queenes tooke their stages, and the band of chalenge in the field prest to answer and deliver all commers, to whome came ten gentlemen armed on barded horsses of the band of monsieur de Swies, their bards and apparell cloath of velvet full of friers knots silver. After they had presented them unto the queenes, then they tooke the end of the tilt, and so course after course they ran to the chalengers right egerlie, and the chalengers of the partie of the two kings delivered to the end of their articles of justs. Then entered eleven men of armes of the band of monsieur de Tremoiell, on horsses barded with yellow velvet, losenged with friers knots of blacke velvet: and after they had saluted the queenes, they likewise tooke the end of the tilt, and course after course ran untill they were delivered of their chalenges of justs. Valiantlie this daie was finished. On Wednesdaie the thirteenth of June, the two hardie kings armed at all peeces, entered into the field right noblie apparelled. The French king and all his parteners of chalenge were arraied in purple sattin, broched with gold and purple velvet, embrodered with little rolles of white sattin, wherein was written, *Quando:* their bards and garments were set full of the same, and the residue where was no rolles were poudered and set with the letter elle, as thus, L. which in French is she, which was interpreted to be, *Quando elle*, when she: and insuing the devise of the first daie, it signifieth togither, Hart fastened in paine endles, when she. The king of England with all the band or parteners of his chalenge were likewise on horssebacke, apparelled in trappers of losenges russet velvet and cloath of silver of damaske, embrodered and set in everie losenge a branch of eglantine of gold, the apparell of the persons were of the same correspondent to the trapper. This eglantine tree is sweet, pleasant and greene, if it be kindlie and freendlie handeled; but if it be rudelie dealt with, it will pricke and he that will pull up the whole tree by the top, his hands will be hurt. The two kings with their companies thus apparelled, presented themselves to the queenes, and so tooke the end of the tilt. Then entered into the field monsieur Leskew called lord Leskin; with him came eleven men of armes, himselfe the twelfe on horsses barded and richlie apparelled, and so rode about the tilt and saluted the queenes, and tooke the end of the tilt. Monsieur de Leskew and his eleven companions had their bases and bards all of blacke cloath of gold of damaske all cut on blacke sattin, their garments had mantell sleeves on the left arme, to the wast behind just to the shoulder, which was praised for the strangenesse. The French king ran to monsieur de Ambois, one of the band of monsieur Leskew, and the king of England charged his course and ran to monsieur Leskew, and so furnished their courses (as they saie) right noblie and valiantlie in breaking speares that were strong. Thus course after course ech with other, his counter partie did right valiantlie; but the two kings surmounted all the rest in prowesse and valiantnesse. This band thus furnished, entered the marquesse de Salons and his band, twelve persons all riding on coursers barded and apparelled in white sattin and blacke, broched with gold and silver, with cuts and culpins much after tawnie and blacke sattin billots; and after reverence doone to the queenes, they tooke the end of the tilt. To the marquesse de Salons ran the king of England, and the king of France to an other of the same band; still course after course ran all the noble men, till the marques de Salons and his band were delivered, who bare them right valiantlie; then blew the trumpets the retreit; the two kings them unarmed and after departed, the French king unto Ard, and the king of England to his castell of Guisnes. On Thursdaie the thirteenth daie of June by the noonetide the two

queenes met in the campe and tooke their places, the people were come to behold the honour, and to see the two kings, who all readie armed entered the field, to receive and deliver all men by answer of justs. Then entered the earle of Devonshire, on his band the lord Montacute, lord Herbert, lord Leonard Greie, maister Arthur Poole, maister Francis Brian, maister Henrie Norris, and foure other all richlie apparelled, the one side blew velvet embrodered with a mans heart burning in a ladies hand holding a garden pot stilling with water on the heart: the other side was white sattin embrodered with letters of gold. This companie rode about the tilt, and did reverence to the queenes, and so abode at the end of the same. The earle of Devonshire charged his speare, and the French king likewise charged his course to meet the same earle, and ran so hard togither, that both their speares brake, and so mainteined their courses noblie. Then ran the king of England to monsieur Memorancie, and him encountered, and both bare togither and gave great strokes; the kings most noble grace never disvisored nor breathed untill he ran the five courses and delivered his counterpartie. Dukes, marquesses, knights, esquiers, and others ran as fast as ever they might; there was none that abode when the courses came, untill the earle of Devonshire and his band were delivered of demands. Then entered the lord Howard, sonne to the duke of Norffolke, and eleven companions apparelled and barded in crimsin sattin full of flames of gold, the borders ribbed with crimsin velvet, and with much honor (after due reverence doone to the queenes) were brought with heralds of armes about the tilts; and so tooke the place to them appointed: right rich was their apparell. Then ran the French king and incountered the same lord Edmund; they brake both their staves valiantlie course after course, the incounter ceassed not till they had furnished their five courses; so was the lord Edmund delivered by the French K. Then ran the king of England to a strong gentleman named Rafe Brooke and brake his speare, and ran course after course, untill he had finished his courses right noblie and like a prince of most valiancie. The residue ceassed not untill they had ech delivered other of their chalenge. On Fridaie the fifteenth daie of June the king of England mounted on a courser roiall, his person armed at all peeces; his apparell and trappers was the one side rich cloath of gold of tissue, the other side cloath of tissue of silver, and cloath of gold of tissue entered ound the one with the other. The ound is a worke waving up and downe, and all the borders as well trappers as other was garded with letters of fine gold, and all the other side that was ound was set with signes called cifers of fine gold, the which were set with great and orientall pearles. The cifers signified letters knit togither in a knot, which was to wit; God my freend, my realme and I maie. This was the devise and reason thereof. All the kings band were apparelled in like apparell. The French K. likewise armed at all points mounted on a courser roiall, all his apparell as well bards as garments were purple velvet entered the one with the other, embrodered full of little books of white sattin, and in the bookes were written *Ame*. About the borders of the bards and the borders of the garments a chaine of blew like iron, resembling the chaine of a well or prison chaine, which was interpreted to be *Liber*, a booke. Within this booke was written (as is said) *Ame*. Put these two togither and it maketh *Liberame*. The chaine betokeneth prison or bonds, and so maketh togither in English, Deliver me of bonds. Then they tooke the end of the tilt. Readie was monsieur Florengis and with him twelve men of armes with coursers barded: the bards and apparell was crimsin velvet, tawnie velvet, and plunket velvet embrodered borderwise with sheepe-heards hookes of cloath of silver. When they with honour had passed about the tilt (due reverence to the queenes and ladies doone) the two kings had their speares readie, and then began the rushing of speares. The king of England this daie ran so freshlie and so manie courses, that one of his best coursers was dead

that night, this band was delivered man after man of their pretense of justs. Then entered bands of monsieur de Rambeurs and monsieur de Puis, ech having eleven persons in number, the one band all white sattin embrodered with blacke, and the other all blacke dropped with silver drops; who after reverence doone to the queenes, at the end of the tilt tooke their places. Then began a new incounter hard and sore, manie of them bare great strokes of the kings, to their honour: and with such violence they ran, as they set their horsses in a sweating heat, and themselves meeting with full force made the fragments or broken peeces of their staves mount aloft in the air like an arow out of a bow. On saturdaie the seventeenth daie of June, the French king with a small number came to the castle of Guisnes about the houre of eight in the morning. The king being in his privie chamber had thereof knowledge, who with glad hast went to receive the same French king, and him met and welcomed in friendlie and honorable maner; and after communication betweene them had, the king of England departed, leaving the French king there in the sumptuous place before named. Then was busie the lord chamberleine, the lord steward, and all other officers, to make readie feast and cheare. It were too long to rehearse all, for such a feast and banket was then made, that of long time before the like had not bene seene. The king of England thus departing, he tooke his horsse, and with a companie of noblemen rode to Ard, where the French queene and other noble men received him with much honour. After which receiving, he was by the said queene and lords brought into a chamber hanged with blew velvet embrodered with flowers delice of cloth of gold, wherein was a great bed of like worke, from whence he was conveied to another chamber, in the which was a kings state. This chamber was hanged and sieled with cloth of gold, embrodered with great cordels or friers knots of cloth of silver. In the same chamber were two cupboords, on either side one, furnished with great and goodlie plate gilt. Noble feasting and cheare was there made. After dinner the ladies dressed them to danse, and certeine yoong honourable lords of England, apparelled after the maner of Rusland or farre Eastland, whose hosen were of rich gold sattin called aureat sattin, overrolled to the knee with scarlet, and on their feet shooes with little pikes of white nailes after the Estland guise, their dublets of rich crimsin velvet and cloth of gold, with wide sleeves lined with cloth of gold: over this they had clokes of crimsin velvet short, lined with cloth of gold, on everie side of the clokes rings of silver, with laces of Venice gold, and on their heads they had hats made in the towne of Danske, and purses of seales skinnes, and girdels of the same: all these yoong lords had visards on their faces, and their hats were drawne with like hatbands full of damaske gold. Other ten lords were apparelled in long gownes of blew sattin of the ancient fashion, embrodered with reasons of gold that said *Adieu junesse*, Farewell, youth: they had tippets of blacke velvet, and hats hanging therby, and on their heads hie violet standing caps, and girdels of silke, and purses of cloth of gold after the ancient maner, with visards on their faces of like anciencie. After all these triumphs and braveries, great store of spices, fruits, jellies, and banketing viands were brought, which being doone and ended, the king tooke leave of the French queene and ladies, to whome were brought thirtie horsses trapped in damaske, white and yellow, and so passed he and his traine the towne of Ard into the field and campe. Right roiallie also was the French K. interteined, and all other after their degree and state. Now when all this solemnitie was ended, the French king tooke leave of the queene and ladies of the court. The lord cardinall in statelie attire, accompanied with the duke of Buckingham, and other great lords, conducted forward the French king, and in their way they incountered and met the king of England and his companie right in the vallie of Anderne, apparelled in their masking apparell, which gladded the French king. After reverence

doone, the said two kings departed for that night, the English to Guisnes, and the French to Ard. On mondaie, the eighteenth of June, was such an hideous storme of wind and weather, that manie conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene princes. On Tuesdaie the ninteenth of June, the two kings came to the campe againe armed at all peeces, and there abode them that would come, so that then began the justes afresh. On Wednesdaie the twentith of June, the two kings began to hold tournies with all the parteners of their chalenge armed at all peeces. The queene of France and the queene of England were in the places for them prepared, and there was manie a goodlie battell performed: the kings dooing as well as the best, so that the beholders spake of them honor. On Thursdaie the one and twentith of June, the two kings likewise kept the tourneies, so that all those noble men that would proove their valiancies, were delivered according to the articles of the tourneies, which this daie tooke end. On Fridaie the 22 of June, the two kings with their retinue did battell on foot at the barriers, and there delivered all such as put foorth themselves to trie their forces. On Saturdaie the three and twentith of June, the lord cardinall sang an high solemne masse by note, aloft upon a pompous stage before the two kings and queenes, the which being finished, indulgence was given to all the hearers. The two kings dined in one chamber that daie, and the two queenes in another. After dinner, the two kings with their band entered the field on foot before the barriers, and so began the fight, which continued battell after battell, till all the commers were answered. There were delivered this day thus at the barriers by battell, an hundred and six persons: the two last battels did the kings trie. And so that Saturdaie the whole chalenge was performed, and all men delivered of the articles of justs, tourneies, and battels on foot at the barriers, by the said two kings and their aids. After this, there followed roiall maskes, and on the Sundaie, the foure and twentith of June, the king of England with foure companies, in everie companie ten, trimlie appointed in masking apparell, rode to Ard: and likewise the French king accompanied with eight and thirtie persons as maskers repaired to Guisnes. They met on the waie, and each companie passed by other without any countenance making or disvisarding. They were honorablie received, as well at the one place as the other. And when they had ended their pastime, banketting, and danses, they returned and met againe on the way homeward, and then putting off their visards, they lovinglie embraced: and after amiable communication togither, they tooke leave each of other, and for a remembrance gave gifts either to other verie rich and princelie. During this triumph, much people of Picardie and West Flanders drew to Guisnes, to see the king of England and his honor, to whom vittels of the court were given in plentie; the conduit of the gate did run wine alwaies. There were vagabonds, plowmen, labourers, and of the bragerie, wagoners and beggers, that for drunkennesse laie in routs and heapes. So great resort came thither, that knights and ladies, who were come to see the noblenesse, were faine to lie in haie and straw, and held them thereof highlie pleased. From the court of the emperour, nor of the ladie Margarets court, nor of Flanders, Brabant, nor Burgognie came never a person to answer to the chalenge. By that it seemed that there was small love betwene the emperour and the French king. Moreover, monsieur Faiot capteine of Bullongne with monsieur Chattelon, did their devoir to have taken the towne of saint Omer, of which dooing was thought no goodnesse to the emperour.

The cardinall boiling in hatred against the duke of Buckingham, and thirsting for his bloud, devised to make Charles Knevet, that had beene the dukes surveior, and put from him (as ye have heard) an instrument to bring the duke to destruction. This Knevet being had in examination before the cardinall, disclosed all the dukes life. And first he uttered that the duke was accustomed, by waie

of talke, to saie, how he meant so to use the matter, that he would atteine to the crowne, if king Henrie chanced to die without issue; and that he had talke and conference of that matter on a time with George Nevill, lord of Aburgavennie, unto whome he had given his daughter in marriage; and also that he threatned to punish the cardinall for his manifold misdooings, being without cause his mortall enimie. The cardinall having gotten that which he sought for, incouraged, comforted, and procured Knevet, with manie comfortable words and great promises, that he should with a bold spirit and countenance object and laie these things to the dukes charge, with more if he knew it when time required. Then Knevet partlie provoked with desire to be revenged, and partlie mooved with hope of reward, openlie confessed that the duke had once fullie determined to devise meanes how to make the king away, being brought into a full hope that he should be king, by a vaine prophesie which one Nicholas Hopkins, a monke of an house of the Chartreux order beside Bristow, called Henton, sometime his confessor had opened unto him. The cardinall having thus taken the examination of Knevet, went unto the king, and declared unto him, that his person was in danger by such traitorous purpose, as the duke of Buckingham had conceived in his heart, and shewed how that now there is manifest tokens of his wicked pretense: wherefore, he exhorted the king to provide for his owne suertie with speed. The king hearing the accusation, inforced to the uttermost by the cardinall, made this answer; If the duke have deserved to be punished, let him have according to his deserts. The duke herupon was sent for up to London, and at his comming thither, was streightwaies attached, and brought to the Tower by sir Henrie Marneie, capteine of the gard, the sixteenth of Aprill. There was also attached the foresaid Chartreux monke, maister John de la Car alias de la Court, the dukes confessor, and sir Gilbert Perke priest, the dukes chancellor. After the apprehension of the duke, inquisitions were taken in diverse shires of England of him; so that by the knights and gentlemen, he was indicted of high treason, for certeine words spoken (as before ye have heard) by the same duke at Blechinglie, to the lord of Aburgavennie; and therewith was the same lord attached for concelement, and so likewise was the lord Montacute, and both led to the Tower. Sir Edward Nevill, brother to the said lord of Aburgavennie, was forbidden the kings presence. Moreover, in the Guildhall, within the citie of London, before John Brugge knight, then lord maior of the same citie, by an inquest whereof one Miles Gerrard was foreman, the said duke was indicted of diverse points of high treason, as by the same indictment it appeareth. Namelie, that the said duke intending to exalt himselfe, and to usurpe the crowne, the roiall power, and dignitie of the realme of England, and to deprive the kings majestie thereof, that he the said duke might take upon him the same; against his allegiance, had the tenth daie of March, in the second yeere of the kings majesties reigne, and at diverse other times before and after, imagined and compassed the kings death and destruction at London, and at Thorneburie, in the countie of Glocester. And for the accomplishment of his wicked intent and purpose (as in the indictment is alledged) the twentie and fourth daie of Aprill, in the fourth yeere of the kings reigne, he sent one of his chapleins, called John de la Court, to the priorie of Henton in Summersetshire, which was an house of the Chartreux monks. The effect or substance of whose message was, to understand of one Nicholas Hopkins, a monke of the same house (who was vainelie reputed by waie of revelation to have foreknowledge of things to come) what should happen concerning the matters which he had imagined. This Hopkins had sent one of the prior of Hentons servants to the duke the daie afore, to will him to send over to him his chancellor, as by an other indictment appeareth. Which monke, causing the said de la Court first to sweare unto him, not to disclose his words to anie maner of

person, but onelie to the duke his maister: therewith declared that his maister the said duke should have all, willing him for the accomplishment of his purpose, to seeke to win the favour of the people. De la Court came backe with this answer, and told it to the duke at Thorneburie the morrow after, being the twentie fift of Aprill. Also the two and twentith of Julie in the same fourth yeare, the duke sent the same de la Court with letters unto the said monke, to understand of him further of such matters; and the monke told him againe for answer that the duke should have all. And being asked as well now, as before at the first time, how he knew this to be true: he said, By the grace of God. And with this answer de la Court now also returning, declared the same unto the duke the twentie-fourth of Julie at Thorneburie aforesaid. Moreover, the said duke sent the same de la Court againe to the said monke with his letters, the six and twentith of Aprill, in the fift yeare of the kings reigne, when the king was to take his journie into France; requiring to understand what should become of these warres; and whether the Scotish king should in the kings absence invade the realme or not. The monke (among other things) for answer of these letters, sent the duke word, that the king should have no issue male. But herein the moonke lied. Againe, the said duke the twentith daie of Februarie, in the sixt yeare of the kings reigne, being at Thorneburie, spake these words unto Rafe earle of Westmerland; Well, there are two new dukes created here in England, but if ought but good come to the king, the duke of Buckingham should be next in bloud to suceed to the crowne. After this, the said duke on the sixteenth daie of Aprill, in the said sixt yeare of the kings reigne, went in person unto the priorie of Henton, and there had conference with the foresaid monke, Nicholas Hopkins, who told him that he should be king. Whereunto the duke said, that if it so chanced, he would shew himselfe a just and a righteous prince. The monke also told the duke that he knew this by revelation, and willed him in anie wise to procure the love of the commons, the better to atteine his purposed intention. The duke at the same time gave, and promised to give yearelie unto the said priorie, six pounds, therewith to buie a tun of wine. And further he promised to give unto the same priorie, in readie monie, twentie pounds, whereof ten pounds he gave in hand, towards the conveieng of water unto the house by a conduit. And to the said monke Nicholas Hopkins he gave at that present in reward three pounds, and at an other time fortie shillings, at an other time a marke, and at an other time six shillings eight pense. After this, the twentith daie of March, in the tenth yeare of the kings reigne, he came to the same priorie, and eftsoones had conference with the said monke, to be more fullie informed by him in the matters above specified. At what time the monke also told him, that he should be king. The duke in talke told the monke that he had doone verie well to bind his chapleine John de la Court, under the seale of confession, to keepe secret such matter: for if the king should come to the knowledge thereof, it would be his destruction. Likewise, the twentith daie of October, in the seventh yeare of the kings reigne, and at diverse other times, as well before as after, the said duke had sent his chancellor Robert Gilbert, chapleine, unto London, there to buie certeine cloathes of gold, silver, and velvets, everie time so much as amounted to the woorth of three hundred pounds; to the intent the said duke might bestow the same, as well upon knights, esquiers, gentlemen of the kings house, and yeomen of his gard, as upon other the kings subjects, to win their favours and freendships to assist him in his evill purpose. Which cloathes the said Gilbert did buie, and brought the same unto the said duke, who the twentith daie of Januarie, in the said seventh yeare, and diverse other daies and yeares before and after, did distribute and give the same unto certeine of the kings subjects for the purpose afore recited, as by the indictment it was inferred. Furthermore, the said duke, the

tenth of Julie, in the tenth yeare of the kings reigne, and diverse other daies and times, as well before as after, did constitute more severall and particular officers in his castels, honours, lordships, and lands than he was accustomed to have, to the end they might be assistant to him, under coulour of such offices, to bring his evill purpose to passe. Moreover, the same duke sent unto the king the tenth of Maie, in the ninth yeare of his reigne, for licence to reteine anie of the kings subjects, whome it should please him, dwelling within the shires of Hereford, Glocester, and Summersetshire; and also, that he might at his pleasure conveie diverse armors and habillements for warre into Wales, to the intent to use the same against the king as the indictment imported, for the accomplishing of his naughtie purpose, which was to destroie the king and to usurpe the roiall governement and power to himselfe. Which sute for licence to have reteiners, and to conveie such armors and habillements of warre, the said Gilbert, the twentith daie of Maie, in the said ninth yeare, and diverse other daies before and after, at London, and East Greenewich did follow, labouring earnestlie, both to the king and councell, for obteining the same. On the twentith daie of Julie in the said ninth yeare, the said duke sent the said Gilbert unto Henton aforesaid, to understand of the said moonke Nicholas Hopkins what he heard of him: and the moonke sent him word that before Christmas next there should be a change, and that the duke should have the rule and governement of all England. And moreover, the twentith of Februarie, in the eleventh yeare of the kings reigne, at Blechingleie in the countie of Surrie, the said duke said unto the said Robert Gilbert his chancellor, that he did expect and tarie for a time more convenient to atchive his purpose, and that it might easilie be doone, if the nobles of this realme would declare their minds togither; but some of them mistrusted, and feared to shew their minds togither; and that marred all. He said further at the same time to the said Gilbert, that what so ever was doone by the kings father, was doone by wrong. And still he murmured against all that the king then presentlie reigning did. And further he said that he knew himselfe to be so wicked a sinner, that he wanted Gods favour: and therefore he knew that what so ever he tooke in hand against the king had the woorse successe. And furthermore, the said duke (to alienate the minds of the kings subjects from their dutifull obeisance towards the said king and his heires) on the twentith daie of September, in the first yeare of his reigne, being then at London, reported unto the said Robert Gilbert that he had a certeine writing sealed with the kings great seale, comprehending a certeine act of parlement, in the which it was enacted that the duke of Summerset one of the kings progenitors, was made legitimate; and further, that the said duke meant to have delivered the same writing unto king Henrie the seventh, but (said he) I would not that I had so doone for ten thousand pounds. And furthermore, the same duke on the fourth of November, in the eleventh yere of the kings reigne, at East Greenwich in the countie of Kent, said unto one Charles Knevet, esquier, after that the king had reprooved the duke for reteining William Bulmer knight into his service, that if he had perceived that he should have beene committed to the Tower (as he doubted hee should have beene) hee would have so wrought, that the principall dooers therein should not have had cause of great rejoising; for he would have plaied the part which his father intended to have put in practise against king Richard the third at Salisburie, who made earnest sute to have come unto the presence of the same king Richard: which sute, if he might have obteined, he having a knife secretlie about him, would have thrust it into the bodie of king Richard, as he had made semblance to kneele downe before him. And in speaking these words, he maliciouslie laid his hand upon his dagger, and said, that if he were so evill used, he would doo his best to accomplish his pretensed purpose, swearing to confirme his word by the bloud of our Lord. Beside all this,

the same duke the tenth of Maie, in the twelfe yeare of the kings reigne, at London in a place called the Rose, within the parish of saint Laurence Poultnie in Canwike street ward, demanded of the said Charles Knevet esquier, what was the talke amongest the Londoners concerning the kings journeie beyond the seas? and the said Charles told him that manie stood in doubt of that journeie, least the Frenchmen meant some deceit towards the king. Whereto the duke answered that it was to be feared, least it would come to passe, according to the words of a certeine holie moonke. For there is (saith he) a Chartreux moonke, that diverse times hath sent to me, willing me to send unto him my chancellor; and I did send unto him John de la Court my chapleine, unto whome he would not declare anie thing, till de la Court had sworne unto him to keepe all things secret, and to tell no creature living what hee should heare of him, except it were to me. And then the said moonke told de la Court, that neither the king nor his heires should prosper, and that I should indevour my selfe to purchase the good wils of the communaltie of England; for I the same duke and my bloud should prosper, and have the rule of the realme of England. Then said Charles Knevet; The moonke maie be deceived through the divels illusion; and that it was evill to meddle with such matters. Well (said the duke) it cannot hurt me, and so (saith the indictment) the duke seemed to rejoise in the moonks woords. And further, at the same time, the duke told the said Charles that if the king had miscaried now in his last sicknesse, he would have chopped off the heads of the cardinall, of sir Thomas Lovell knight, and of others; and also said that he had rather die for it, than to be used as he had beene. Moreover, on the tenth daie of September, in the said eleventh yere of this kings reigne, at Blechinglie, in the countie of Surrie, walking in the gallerie there with George Nevill knight, lord Aburgavennie, the duke murmuring against the kings councellors, and there governement, said unto the said George; that if the king died, he would have the rule of the realme in spite of who so ever said the contrarie; and withall said that if the said lord Aburgavennie would say, that the duke had spoken such words, he would fight with him, and lay his sword upon his pate: and this he bound up with manie great oths. These were the speciall articles and points comprised in the indictment, and laid to his charge: but how trulie, or in what sort prooved, I have not further to say, either in accusing or excusing him, other than as I find in Hall and Polydor, whose words, in effect, I have thought to impart to the reader, and without anie parciall wresting of the same either to or fro. Saving that (I trust) I maie without offense saie, that (as the rumour then went) the cardinall chieflie procured the death of this noble man, no lesse favoured and beloved of the people of this realme in that season, than the cardinall himselfe was hated and envied. Which thing caused the dukes fall the more to be pitied and lamented, sith he was the man of all other, that chieflie went about to crosse the cardinall in his lordlie demeanor, and headie proceedings. But to the purpose. Shortlie after that the duke had beene indicted (as before ye have heard) he was arreigned in Westminster hall, before the duke of Norffolke, being made by the kings letters patent high steward of England, to accomplish the high cause of appeale of the peere or peeres of the realme, and to discerne and judge the cause of the peeres. There were also appointed to sit as peeres and judges upon the said duke of Buckingham, the duke of Suffolke, the marques Dorset, the earls of Worcester, Devonshire, Essex, Shrewesburie, Kent, Oxford, and Derbie, the lord of saint Johns, the lord de la Ware, the lord Fitz Warren, the lord Willoughbie, the lord Brooke, the lord Cobham, the lord Herbert, and the lord Morleie. There was made within the hall at Westminster a scaffold for these lords, and a presence for a judge, railed and counterrailed about, and barred with degrees. When the lords had taken their place, the duke was brought to the barre, and upon his arreignement pleaded not guiltie, and put

himselfe upon his peeres. Then was his indictment read, which the duke denied to be true, and (as he was an eloquent man) alledged reasons to falsifie the indictment; pleading the matter for his owne justification verie pithilie and earnestlie. The kings attourneie against the dukes reasons alledged the examinations, confessions, and proofes of witnesses. The duke desired that the witnesses might bee brought foorth. And then came before him Charles Knevet, Perke, de la Court, and Hopkins the monke of the priorie of the Charterhouse beside Bath, which like a false hypocrite had induced the duke to the treason with his false forged prophesies. Diverse presumptions and accusations were laid unto him by Charles Knevet, which he would faine have covered. The depositions were read, and the deponents delivered as prisoners to the officers of the Tower. Then spake the duke of Norffolke, and said: My lord, the king our sovereigne lord hath commanded that you shall have his lawes ministred with favour and right to you. Wherefore if you have anie other thing to say for your selfe, you shall be heard. Then he was commanded to withdraw him, and so was led into Paradise, a house so named. The lords went to councell a great while, and after tooke their places. Then said the duke of Norffolke to the duke of Suffolke; What say you of sir Edward duke of Buckingham touching the high treasons? The duke of Suffolke answered; He is giltie; and so said the marques and all the other earls and lords. Thus was this prince duke of Buckingham found giltie of high treason, by a duke, a marques, seven earles, and twelve barons. The duke was brought to the barre sore chafing, and swet marvellouslie; and after he had made his reverence, he paused a while. The duke of Norffolke as judge said; Sir Edward, you have heard how you be indicted of high treason, you pleaded thereto not giltie, putting your selfe to the peeres of the realme, which have found you giltie. Then the duke of Norffolke wept and said; You shall be led to the kings prison, and there laid on a hardle, and so drawne to the place of execution, and there be hanged, cut downe alive, your members cut off and cast into the fire, your bowels burnt before you, your head smitten off, and your bodie quartered and divided at the kings will, and God have mercie on your soule, Amen. The duke of Buckingham said, My lord of Norffolke, you have said as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never anie: but, my lords, I nothing maligne for that you have doone to me, but the eternall God forgive you my death, and I doo; I shall never sue to the king for life, howbeit he is a gratious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my lords and all my fellowes, to pray for me. Then was the edge of the axe turned towards him, and he led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushins and carpet ordeined for him. He said, nay; for when I went to Westminster I was duke of Buckingham; now I am but Edward Bohune, the most caitife of the world. Thus they landed at the Temple, where received him sir Nicholas Vawse and sir William Sands, baronets, and led him through the citie, who desired ever the people to pray for him, of whome some wept and lamented, and said: This is the end of evill life; God forgive him; he was a proud prince; it is pitie that hee behaved him so against his king and liege lord, whome God preserve. Thus about foure of the clocke he was brought as a cast man to the Tower. On Fridaie the seventeenth daie of Maie, about eleven of the clocke, this duke of Buckingham, earle of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, with a great power, was delivered to John Keime and John Skevington shiriffes, who led him to the scaffold on Tower Hill, where he said he had offended the kings grace through negligence and lacke of grace, and desired all noble men to beware by him, and all men to pray for him, and that he trusted to die the kings true man. Thus meekelie with an axe he tooke his death. Then the Augustine friers tooke his bodie, and head, and buried them. Alas that ever the grace of truth was withdrawne from so noble a man, that he was not to his king

in allegiance as he ought to have beene! Such is the end of ambition, the end of false prophesies, the end of evill life, and evill counsell; but speciallie the end of malice, which grew to so huge and monstruous a fire in the hautie hart of the proud cardinall, that nothing could asswage it but the bloud of this noble duke, against whome he had procured this processe in judgement ended with the execution of death: the torments whereof were (as it seemeth by the sentence of the judge) much diminished through the mercie of the king. For though his offense was traitorous, and therfore deserved as law had provided, and the judge defined; yet in respect of the offendors person, the kings favor dispensed with the rigor of judgement, so that he was beheaded onelie, and his bodie not dismembred.

Cardinall Woolsie being still most highlie in the kings favour, obteined licence to erect a college at Oxford, and another at Ipswich, the towne where he was borne, the which foundations he began rather of a vaine desire of glorie and worldlie praise, than upon the instinction of true religion and advancement of doctrine, and therfore sith he was not mooved therto in respect of true godlinesse and bountifull liberalitie, he went about to cloth Peter and rob Paule: for he first got licence of the king to suppresse certeine small monasteries, and after got a confirmation of the pope, that he might imploie the goods, lands, and revenues belonging to those houses, to the maintenance of those his two colleges, whereby not onelie he, but also the pope, were evill spoken of through the whole realme. In March the king sent Cuthbert Tunstall bishop of London, and sir Richard Wingfield chancellour of the duchie of Lancaster, and knight of the garter, into Spaine, to common with the emperour for great causes, concerning the taking of the French king, and for warres to be made into France on everie side. The king being determined thus to make wars in France, and to passe the sea himselfe in person, his councell considered that above all things great treasure and plentie of monie must needes be provided. Wherfore, by the cardinall there was devised strange commissions, and sent in the end of March into everie shire, and commissioners appointed, and privie instructions sent to them how they should proceed in their sittings, and order the people to bring them to their purpose; which was, that the sixt part of everie mans substance should be paid in monie or plate to the king without delaie, for the furniture of his war. Hereof followed such cursing, weeping, and exclamation against both king and cardinall, that pitie it was to heare. And to be breefe, notwithstanding all that could be said or doone, forged or devised by the commissioners to persuade the people to this contribution, the same would not be granted. And in excuse of their deniall it was alledged, that wrong was offered, and the ancient customes and lawes of the realme broken, which would not anie man to be charged with such paiment, except it were granted by the estates of the realme in parlement assembled. The like answer was made by them of the spiritualtie, of whome was demanded the fourth part of their goods. Monsieur de Prate the emperours ambassador, whether offended for admitting of John Jokin into the realme or for some other cause, the ninth of Aprill departed out of England, not taking leave of the king, nor of the cardinall, and so much did by safe conduct, that he passed through France in post, and came to the emperour before the ambassadors of England came thither. And whether it was by his report, or otherwise, the accustomed favour that the emperour shewed to the Englishmen, began then to decaie, as was well perceived, whatsoever the matter was. This yeare at Whitsuntide died Thomas duke of Norffolke, and was honourablie buried at Thetford. The cardinall travelled earnestlie with the maior and aldermen of London, about the aid of monie to be granted, and likewise the commissioners appointed in the shires of the realme, sat upon the same; but the burthen was so greevous, that it was generallie denied, and the commons in everie place so mooved, that it was like to

grow to rebellion. In Essex the people would not assemble before the commissioners in no houses, but in open places, and in Huntingtonshire diverse resisted the commissioners, and would not suffer them to sit, which were apprehended and sent to the Fleet. The duke of Suffolke sitting in commission about this subsidie in Suffolke, persuaded by courteous meanes the rich clothiers to assent therto; but when they came home, and went about to discharge and put from them their spinners, carders, fullers, weavers, and other artificers, which they kept in worke afore time, the people began to assemble in companies. Whereof when the duke was advertised, he commanded the constables that everie mans harnes should be taken from him. But when that was knowne, then the rage of the people increased, railing openlie on the duke, and sir Robert Drurie, and threatned them with death, and the cardinall also. And herewith there assembled togither after the maner of rebels foure thousand men of Lanam, Sudberie, Hadleie, and other townes thereabouts, which put themselves in harnesse, and rang the bels alarme, and began still to assemble in great number. The duke of Suffolke perceiving this, began to gather such power as he could, but that was verie slender. Yet the gentlemen that were with the duke did so much that all the bridges were broken, so that the assemblie of those rebels was somewhat letted. The duke of Norffolke being therof advertised, gathered a great power in Norffolke, and came towards the commons, and sending to them to know their intent, received answer that they would live and die in the kings causes, and be to him obedient. Hereupon he came himselfe to talke with them, and willing to know who was their capteine, that he might answer for them all: it was told him by one John Greene, a man of fiftie yeares of age, that Povertie was their capteine, the which with his cousine Necessitie, had brought them to that dooing. For whereas they and a great number of other in that countrie, lived not upon themselves, but upon the substantiall occupiers, now that they through such paiments as were demanded of them, were not able to mainteine them in worke, they must of necessitie perish for want of sustenance. The duke, hearing this matter, was sorie for their case, and promised them that if they would depart home to their dwellings, he would be a meane for their pardon to the king. Whereupon they were contented to depart. After this, the duke of Norffolke and the duke of Suffolke came to Burie, and thither resorted much people of the countrie in their shirts, with halters about their neckes, meekelie desiring pardon for their offenses. The dukes so wiselie demeaned themselves, that the commons were appeased, and the demaund of monie ceased in all the realme, for well it was perceived that the commons would pay none. Then went the two dukes to London, and brought with them the chiefe capteins of the rebellion, which were put in the Fleet. The king then came to Westminster to the cardinals palace, and assembled there a great councell, in the which he openlie protested that his mind was never to aske anie thing of his commons which might sound to the breach of his lawes, wherefore he willed to know by whose meanes the commissions were so streictlie given foorth, to demand the sixt part of everie mans goods. The cardinall excused himselfe, and said, that when it was mooved in councell how to levie monie to the kings use; the kings councell, and namelie the judges, said that he might lawfullie demand anie summe by commission, and that by the consent of the whole councell it was doone, and tooke God to witnes that he never desired the hinderance of the commons, but like a true councellor devised how to inrich the king. The king indeed was much offended that his commons were thus intreated, and thought it touched his honor, that his councell should attempt such a doubtfull matter in his name, and to be denied both of the spiritualtie and temporaltie. Therefore he would no more of that trouble, but caused letters to be sent into all shires, that the matter should

no further be talked of; and he pardoned all them that had denied the demand openlie or secretlie. The cardinall, to deliver himselfe of the evill will of the commons, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and caused it to be bruted abrode, that through his intercession the king had pardoned and released all things. Those that were in the Tower and Fleet for the rebellion in Suffolke, and resisting the commissioners as well there as in Huntington shire and Kent, were brought before the lords in the Star chamber, and there had their offenses opened and shewed to them; and finallie the kings pardon declared, and thereon they were delivered.

When Rome was taken by the imperials, and the pope brought into captivitie, therewith the king was so incensed against the emperour by the instigation of the cardinall, that he had determined not to spare anie treasure for the popes deliverance. There rose a secret brute in London that the kings confessor doctor Longland, and diverse other great clerks, had told the king that the marriage betweene him and the ladie Katharine, late wife to his brother prince Arthur, was not lawfull; whereupon the king should sue a divorse, and marrie the duchesse of Alanson sister to the French king at the towne of Calis this summer; and that the vicount Rochford had brought with him the picture of the said ladie. The king was offended with those tales, and sent for sir Thomas Seimor maior of the citie of London, secretlie charging him to see that the people ceassed from such talke.

Ye have heard how the people talked a little before the cardinals going over into France the last yeare, that the king was told by doctor Longland bishop of Lincolne and others, that his mariage with queene Katharine could not be good nor lawfull. The truth is, that whether this doubt was first mooved by the cardinall, or by the said Longland, being the kings confessor, the king was not onelie brought in doubt whether it was a lawfull marriage or no; but also determined to have the case examined, cleered, and adjudged by learning, law, and sufficient authoritie. The cardinall verelie was put in most blame for this scruple now cast into the kings conscience, for the hate he bare to the emperor, bicause he would not grant to him the archbishoprike of Toledo, for the which he was a suter. And therefore he did not onlie procure the king of England to joine in freendship with the French king, but also sought a divorse betwixt the king and the queene, that the king might have had in marriage the duchesse of Alanson, sister unto the French king; and (as some have thought) he travelled in that matter with the French king at Amiens, but the duchesse would not give eare thereunto. But howsoever it came about, that the king was thus troubled in conscience concerning his mariage, this followed, that like a wise and sage prince, to have the doubt cleerelie remooved, he called togither the best learned of the realme, which were of severall opinions. Wherfore he thought to know the truth by indifferent judges, least peradventure the Spaniards, and other also in favour of the queene would saie, that his owne subjects were not indifferent judges in this behalfe. And therefore he wrote his cause to Rome, and also sent to all the universities in Italie and France, and to the great clearkes of all christendome, to know their opinions, and desired the court of Rome to send into his realme a legat, which should be indifferent, and of a great and profound judgement, to heare the cause debated. At whose request the whole consistorie of the college of Rome sent thither Laurence Campeius, a preest cardinall, a man of great wit and experience, which was sent hither before in the tenth yeare of this king, as yee have heard, and with him was joined in commission the cardinall of Yorke and legat of England. This cardinall came to London in October, and did intimate both to the king and queene the cause of his comming; which being knowne, great talke was had thereof. The archbishop of Canturburie sent for the famous doctors of both the

universities to Lambeth, and there were everie daie disputations and communings of this matter. And bicause the king meant nothing but uprightlie therein, and knew well that the queene was somewhat wedded to hir owne opinion, and wished that she should do nothing without counsell, he bad hir choose the best clearks of his realme to be of hir counsell, and licenced them to doo the best on hir part that they could, according to the truth. Then she elected William Warham archbishop of Canturburie, and Nicholas Weast bishop of Elie, doctors of the laws; and John Fisher bishop of Rochester, and Henrie Standish bishop of saint Assaph, doctors of divinitie, and manie other doctors and well learned men, which for suertie like men of great learning defended hir cause, as farre as learning might mainteine and hold it up. This yeare was sir James Spenser maior of London, in whose time the watch in London on Midsummer night was laid downe. About this time the king received into favour doctor Stephan Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the roome of doctor Pace, the which being continuallie abroad in ambassages, and the same oftentimes not much necessarie, by the cardinals appointment, at length he tooke such greefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wits. The place where the cardinals should sit to heare the cause of matrimonie betwixt the king and the queene, was ordeined to be at the Blacke friers in London, where in the great hall was preparation made of seats, tables, and other furniture, according to such a solemne session and roiall apparance. The court was platted in tables and benches in manner of a consistorie, one seat raised higher for the judges to sit in. Then as it were in the midst of the said judges aloft above them three degrees high, was a cloth of estate hanged, with a chaire roiall under the same, wherein sat the king; and besides him, some distance from him sat the queene, and under the judges feet sat the scribes and other officers: the cheefe scribe was doctor Steevens, and the caller of the court was one Cooke of Winchester. Then before the king and the judges within the court sat the archbishop of Canturburie Warham, and all the other bishops. Then stood at both ends within, the counsellors learned in the spirituall laws, as well the kings as the queenes. The doctors of law for the king (whose names yee have heard before) had their convenient roomes. Thus was the court furnished. The judges commanded silence whilest their commission was read, both to the court and to the people assembled. That doone, the scribes commanded the crier to call the king by the name of king Henrie of England, come into the court, &c. With that the king answered and said, Heere. Then called he the queene by the name of Katharine queene of England come into the court, &c. Who made no answer, but rose out of hir chaire. And bicause shee could not come to the king directlie, for the distance severed betweene them, shee went about by the court, and came to the king, kneeling downe at his feet, to whome she said in effect as followeth: Sir (quoth she) I desire you to doo me justice and right, and take some pitie upon me, for I am a poore woman, and a stranger, borne out of your dominion, having heere no indifferent counsell, and lesse assurance of freendship. Alas, sir, what have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure have I shewed you, intending thus to put me from you after this sort? I take God to my judge, I have beene to you a true and humble wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never contraried or gainesaid any thing thereof, and being alwaies contented with all things wherein you had any delight, whether little or much, without grudge or displeasure, I loved for your sake all them whome you loved, whether they were my freends or enimies. I have beene your wife these twentie yeares and more, and you have had by me diverse children. If there be anie just cause that you can alleage against me, either of dishonestie, or matter lawfull to put me from you; I am content to depart to my shame and rebuke: and if there be none, then I praie you to let me have justice at your hand.

The king your father was in his time of excellent wit, and the king of Spaine my father Ferdinando was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spaine manie yeares before. It is not to be doubted, but that they had gathered as wise counsellors unto them of everie realme, as to their wisedoms they thought meet, who deemed the marriage betweene you and me good and lawfull, &c. Wherefore, I humblie desire you to spare me, untill I may know what counsell my freends in Spaine will advertise me to take, and if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled. With that she arose up, making a lowe curtesie to the king, and departed from thence. The king being advertised that shee was readie to go out of the house, commanded the crier to call hir againe, who called hir by these words; Katharine queene of England, come into the court. With that (quoth maister Griffith) Madame, you be called againe. On, on (quoth she) it maketh no matter, I will not tarrie, go on your waies. And thus she departed, without anie further answer at that time, or anie other, and never would appeare after in anie court. The king perceiving she was departed, said these words in effect: For as much (quoth he) as the queene is gone, I will in hir absence declare to you all, that shee hath beene to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife, as I would wish or desire. She hath all the vertuous qualities that ought to be in a woman of hir dignitie, or in anie other of a baser estate; she is also surelie a noble woman borne, hir conditions will well declare the same. With that quoth Wolseie the cardinall: Sir, I most humblie require your highnesse, to declare before all this audience, whether I have beene the cheefe and first moover of this matter unto your majestie or no, for I am greatlie suspected heerein. My lord cardinall (quoth the king) I can well excuse you in this matter, marrie (quoth he) you have beene rather against me in the tempting heereof, than a setter forward or moover of the same. The speciall cause that mooved me unto this matter, was a certeine scrupulositie that pricked my conscience, upon certeine words spoken at a time when it was, by the bishop of Baion the French ambassador, who had beene hither sent, upon the debating of a marriage to be concluded betweene our daughter the ladie Marie, and the duke of Orleance, second son to the king of France. Upon the resolution and determination whereof, he desired respit to advertise the king his maister thereof, whether our daughter Marie should be legitimate in respect of this my marriage with this woman, being sometimes my brothers wife. Which words once conceived within the secret bottome of my conscience, ingendered such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinentlie accombred, vexed, and disquieted; whereby I thought my selfe to be greatlie in danger of Gods indignation. Which appeared to be (as me seemed) the rather, for that he sent us no issue male: and all such issues male as my said wife had by me, died incontinent after they came into the world, so that I doubted the great displeasure of God in that behalfe. Thus my conscience being tossed in the waves of a scrupulous mind, and partlie in despaire to have anie other issue than I had alredie by this ladie now my wife, it behooved me further to consider the state of this realme, and the danger it stood in for lacke of a prince to succeed me, I thought it good in release of the weightie burthen of my weake conscience, and also the quiet estate of this worthie relme, to attempt the law therin, whether I may lawfullie take another wife more lawfullie, by whome God may send me more issue, in case this my first copulation was not good, without anie carnall concupiscence, and not for anie displeasure or misliking of the queenes person and age, with whome I would be as well contented to continue, if our mariage may stand with the laws of God, as with anie woman alive. In this point consisteth all this doubt that we go about now to trie, by the learning, wisedome, and judgement of you our prelats and pastors of all this our realme and dominions now heere assembled for that purpose; to whose conscience and learning I have committed the charge and judgement:

according to the which I will (God willing) be right well content to submit my selfe, and for my part obeie the same. Wherein, after that I perceived my conscience so doubtfull, I mooved it in confession to you my lord of Lincolne then ghostlie father. And for so much as then you your selfe were in some doubt, you mooved me to aske the counsell of all these my lords: whereupon I mooved you my lord of Canturburie, first to have your licence, in as much as you were metropolitane, to put this matter in question, and so I did of all you my lords: to which you granted under your seales, heere to be shewed. That is truth, quoth the archbishop of Canturburie. After that the king rose up, and the court was adjorned untill another daie. Heere is to be noted, that the queene in presence of the whole court most greevouslie accused the cardinall of untruth, deceit, wickednesse, and malice, which had sowne dissention betwixt hir and the king hir husband; and therefore openlie protested that she did utterlie abhorre, refuse, and forsake such a judge, as was not onelie a most malicious enimie to hir, but also a manifest adversarie to all right and justice, and there with did she appeale unto the pope committing hir whole cause to be judged of him. But notwithstanding this appeale, the legats sat weekelie, and everie daie were arguments brought in on both parts, and proofes alleaged for the understanding of the case, and still they assaied if they could by anie meanes procure the queene to call backe hir appeale, which she utterlie refused to doo. The king would gladlie have had an end in the matter, but when the legats drave time, and determined upon no certeine point, he conceived a suspicion that this was doone of purpose, that their dooings might draw to none effect or conclusion. The next court daie, the cardinals sat againe, at which time the councell on both sides were there readie to answer. The kings councell alleaged the matrimonie not to be lawfull at the beginning, bicause of the carnall copulation had betweene prince Arthur and the queene. This matter was verie vehementlie touched on that side, and to proove it, they alleaged manie reasons and similitudes of truth: and being answered negativelie againe on the other side, it seemed that all their former allegations were doubtfull to be tried, and that no man knew the truth. And thus this court passed from sessions to sessions, and daie to daie, till at certeine of their sessions the king sent the two cardinals to the queene (who was then in Bridewell) to persuade with hir by their wisdoms, and to advise hir to surrender the whole matter into the kings hands by hir owne consent and will, which should be much better to hir honour, than to stand to the triall of law, and thereby to be condemned, which should seeme much to hir dishonour. The cardinals being in the queenes chamber of presence, the gentleman usher advertised the queene that the cardinals were come to speake with hir. With that she rose up, and with a skeine of white thred about hir necke, came into hir chamber of presence, where the cardinals were attending. At whose comming, quoth she, What is your plesure with me? If it please your grace (quoth cardinall Wolseie) to go into your privie chamber, we will shew you the cause of our comming. My lord (quoth she) if yee have anie thing to saie, speake it openlie before all these folke, for I feare nothing that yee can saie against me, but that I would all the world should heare and see it, and therefore speake your mind. Then began the cardinall to speake to hir in Latine. Naie good my lord (quoth she) speake to me in English. Forsooth (quoth the cardinall) good madame, if it please you, we come both to know your mind how you are disposed to doo in this matter betweene the king and you, and also to declare secretlie our opinions and counsell unto you: which we doo onelie for verie zeale and obedience we beare unto your grace. My lord (quoth she) I thanke you for your good will, but to make you answer in your request I cannot so suddenlie, for I was set among my maids at worke, thinking full little of anie such matter, wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine to make

answer; for I need counsell in this case which toucheth me so neere, and for anie counsell or freendship that I can find in England, they are not for my profit. What thinke you, my lords, will anie Englishman counsell me, or be freend to me against the K. pleasure that is his subject? Naie forsooth. And as for my counsell in whom I will put my trust, they be not here, they be in Spaine in my owne countrie. And, my lords, I am a poore woman, lacking wit, to answer to anie such noble persons of wisedome as you be, in so weightie a matter, therefore I praie you be good to me poore woman, destitute of freends here in a forren region, and your counsell also I will be glad to heare. And therewith she tooke the cardinall by the hand, and led him into hir privie chamber with the other cardinall, where they tarried a season talking with the queene. Which communication ended, they departed to the king, making to him relation of hir talke. Thus this case went forward from court to court, till it came to judgement, so that everie man expected that judgment would be given the next day. At which daie the king came thither, and set him downe in a chaire within a doore, in the end of the gallerie (which opened directlie against the judgement seat) to heare the judgement given, at which time all their proceedings were red in Latine. That doone, the kings councell at the barre called for judgement. With that (quoth cardinall Campeius) I will not give judgement till I have made relation to the pope of all our proceedings, whose counsell and commandement in this case I will observe: the case is verie doubtfull, and also the partie defendant will make no answer here, but dooth rather appeale from us, supposing that we be not indifferent. Wherfore I will adjourne this court for this time, according to the order of the court of Rome. And with that the court was dissolved, and no more doone. This protracting of the conclusion of the matter, king Henry tooke verie displeasantlie. Then cardinall Campeius tooke his leave of the king and nobilitie, and returned towards Rome.

Whilest these things were thus in hand, the cardinall of Yorke was advised that the king had set his affection upon a yoong gentlewoman named Anne, the daughter of sir Thomas Bullen vicount Rochford, which did wait upon the queene. This was a great griefe unto the cardinall, as he that perceived aforehand, that the king would marie the said gentlewoman, if the divorse tooke place. Wherfore he began with all diligence to disappoint that match, which by reason of the misliking that he had to the woman, he judged ought to be avoided more than present death. While the matter stood in this state, and that the cause of the queene was to be heard and judged at Rome, by reason of the appeale which by hir was put in: the cardinall required the pope by letters and secret messengers, that in anie wise he should defer the judgement of the divorse till he might frame the kings mind to his purpose. Howbeit he went about nothing so secretlie, but that the same came to the kings knowledge, who tooke so high displeasure with such his cloked dissimulation, that he determined to abase his degree, sith as an unthankefull person he forgot himselfe and his dutie towards him that had so highlie advanced him to all honor and dignitie. When the nobles of the realme perceived the cardinall to be in displeasure, they began to accuse him of such offenses as they knew might be proved against him, and thereof they made a booke conteining certeine articles, to which diverse of the kings councell set their hands. The king understanding more plainlie by those articles, the great pride presumption, and covetousnesse of the cardinall, was sore mooved against him; but yet kept his purpose secret for a while. Shortlie after, a parlement was called to begin at Westminster the third of November next insuing. In the meane time the king, being informed that all those things that the cardinall had doone by his power legantine within this realme, were in the case of the premunire and provision, caused his atturneie Christopher Hales to sue out a writ of premunire

against him, in the which he licenced him to make his atturneie. And further, the seventeenth of November the king sent the two dukes of Norffolke and Suffolke to the cardinals place at Westminster, who (went as they were commanded) and finding the cardinall there, they declared that the kings pleasure was that he should surrender up the great seale into their hands, and to depart simplie unto Asher, which was an house situat nigh unto Hampton court, belonging to the bishoprike of Winchester. The cardinall demanded of them their commission that gave them such authoritie, who answered againe, that they were sufficient commissioners, and had authoritie to doo no lesse by the king's mouth. Notwithstanding, he would in no wise agree in that behalfe, without further knowledge of their authoritie, saieng that the great seale was delivered him by the kings person, to injoy the ministration thereof, with the roome of the chancellor for the terme of his life, whereof for his suertie he had the kings letters patents. This matter was greatlie debated betweene them with manie great words, in so much that the dukes were faine to depart againe without their purpose, and rode to Windsore to the king, and made report accordinglie; but the next daie they returned againe, bringing with them the kings letters. Then the cardinall delivered unto them the great seale, and was content to depart simplie, taking with him nothing but onelie certeine provision for his house; and after long talke betweene him and the dukes, they departed with the great seale of England, and brought the same to the king. Then the cardinall called all his officers before him, and tooke accompt of them for all such stuffe, whereof they had charge. And in his gallerie were set diverse tables, whereupon laie a great number of goodlie rich stuffe, as whole peeces of silke of all colours, velvet, sattin, damaske, taffata, grograine, and other things. Also, there laie a thousand peeces of fine Holland cloth. There was laid on everie table, bookes reporting the contents of the same, and so was there inventaries of all things in order against the kings comming. He caused to be hanged the walles of the gallerie on the one side with cloth of gold, cloth of tissue, cloth of silver, and rich cloth of bodken of diverse colours. On the other side were hanged the richest sute of coapes of his owne provision made for his colleges of Oxford and Ipswich, that ever were seene in England. Then had he two chambers adjoining to the gallerie, the one most commonlie called the gilt chamber, and the other the councell chamber, wherein were set up two broad and long tables upon trestles, wherupon was set such a number of plate of all sorts, as was almost incredible. In the gilt chamber were set out upon the table nothing but gilt plate, and upon a cupbord and in a window was set no plate but gold, verie rich: and in the councell chamber was all white and parcell gilt plate, and under the table in baskets was all old broken silver plate, and bookes set by them purporting everie kind of plate, and everie parcell, with the contents of the ounces thereof. Thus were all things prepared, giving charge of all the said stuffe, with all other remaining in everie office, to be delivered to the king, to make answer to their charge: for the order was such, that everie officer was charged with the receipt of the stuffe belonging to his office by indenture. To sir William Gascoigne, being his treasuror, he gave the charge of the deliverie of the said goods, and therwithall, with his traine of gentlemen and yeomen, he tooke his barge at the privie staires, and so went by water unto Putneie, where when he was arrived, he tooke his mule, and everie man tooke their horsses, and rode streight to Asher, where he and his familie continued the space of three or foure weekes, without either beds, sheets, table cloths, or dishes to eat their meat in, or wherwith to buie anie: the cardinall was forced to borow of the bishop of Carleill, plate and dishes, &c. After this, in the kings bench his matter for the premunire being called upon, two attorneis, which he had authorised by his warrant signed with his owne hand, confessed the action, and so had

judgement to forfeit all his lands, tenements, goods, and cattels, and to be out of the kings protection; but the king of his clemencie sent to him a sufficient protection, and left to him the bishoprikes of Yorke and Winchester, with plate and stuffe convenient for his degree. The bishoprike of Duresme was given to doctor Tunstall bishop of London, and the abbeie of saint Albons to the prior of Norwich. Also the bishoprike of London being now void, was bestowed on doctor Stokesleie, then ambassadour to the universities beyond the sea for the kings mariage.

The king, which all this while, since the doubt was mooved touching his marriage, absteined from the queenes bed, was now advertised by his ambassadors, whom he had sent to diverse universities for the absolving of his doubt, that the said universities were agreed, and cleerelie concluded, that the one brother might not by Gods law marrie the other brothers wife, carnallie knowen by the first marriage, and that neither the pope nor the court of Rome could in anie wise dispense with the same. And lastlie, when nothing else would serve, they stood stiffe in the appeale to the pope, and in the dispensation purchased from the court of Rome, so that the matter was thus shifted off, and no end likelie to be had therein. The king therefore understanding now that the emperour and the pope were appointed to meet at the citie of Bononie *alias* Bologna, where the emperour should be crowned, sent thither in ambassage from him the earle of Wilshire, doctor Stokesleie, elected bishop of London, and his almoner doctor Edward Lee, to declare both unto the pope and emperour, the law of God, the determinations of universities in the case of his mariage, and to require the pope to doo justice according to truth, and also to shew to the emperour that the king did moove this matter onelie for discharge of his conscience, and not for anie other respect of pleasure or displeasure earthlie. These ambassadours comming to Bononie were honorablie received, and first dooing their message to the pope, had answer of him that he would heare the matter disputed when he came to Rome, and according to right he would doo justice. The emperour answered, that he in no wise would be against the lawes of God, and if the court of Rome would judge that the matrimonie was not good, he could be content; but he solicited both the pope and cardinals to stand by the dispensation, which he thought to be of force inough to proove the mariage lawfull. With these answers the ambassadors departed and returned homewards, till they came on this side the mounteins, and then received letters from the king, which appointed the earle of Wilshire to go in ambassage to the French king which then laie at Burdeaux, making shift for monie for redeeming of his children; and the bishop of London, was appointed to go to Padoa, and other universities in Italie, to know their full resolutions and determinate opinions in the kings case of matrimonie.

Cardinall Wolseie, after great sute made to the king, was licenced to remoove from Asher to Richmond, which place he had a little before repared with great costs, for the king made an exchange thereof with him for Hampton court. The cardinall having licence of the king to repaire to Richmond, made hast thither, and lodged there in the lodge of the great parke, which was a verie pretie house, there he laie untill the beginning of Lent. Then he remooved into the charterhouse of Richmond, where he laie in a lodging which doctor Collet made for himselfe, untill he remooved northward, which was in the Passion weeke after, and everie daie he resorted to the charterhouse there, and would sit with one of the most ancient fathers, who persuaded him to despise the vaine glorie of the world. Then prepared the cardinall for his journie into the north, and sent to London for liverie clothes for his servants, and so rode from Richmond to Hendon, from thence to a place called the Rie, the next daie to Raistone, where he lodged in the priorie; the next daie to Huntingdon, and there lodged in the abbeie; the

next daie to Peterborow, and there lodged in the abbeie, where he abode all the next weeke, and there he kept his Easter, his traine was in number an hundred and threescore persons. Upon Maundie thursdaie he made his maundie, there having nine and fiftie poore men, whose feet he washed, and gave everie one twelve pence in monie, three els of good canvas, a paire of shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings, and one of them had two shillings. On thursdaie next after Easter, he remooved to master Fitz Williams, sometime a merchant-tailor of London, and then of the kings councell; the next weeke he remooved to Stamford, the next daie to Grantham, the next daie to Newarke, and lodged in the castell that night and the next daie also: from thence he rode to Southwell, where he continued most part of all that summer, untill the latter end of grasse time, and then he rode to Scrobie, where he continued untill Michaelmasse, and then to Cawood castell within seven miles of Yorke, whereof we will speake more hereafter. On the sixteenth of Maie, purchased a bull to cursse the king, if he would not restore him to his old dignities, and suffer him to correct the spiritualtie, the king not to meddle with the same. Indeed manie conjectured that the cardinall, grudging at his fall from so high dignities, sticked not to write things sounding to the kings reproch, both to the pope, and other princes; for that manie opprobrious words were spoken to doctor Edward Keerne the kings orator at Rome, and that it was said to him, that for the cardinals sake the king should have the worse speed in the sute of his matrimonie. Cardinall Wolseie, lieng at Cawood, held there an honourable and plentifull house for all commers, and also built and repared the castell, which was greatlie in decaie, having artificers and labourers above three hundred persons dailie in wages. At length being thereunto persuaded by the doctors of the church of Yorke, he determined to be installed there at Yorke minster, the next mondaie after Alhallowes daie, against which time due preparation was made for the same, but not in such sumptuous wise as his predecessors before him had used. For wheras the cardinall was not abashed to send to the king, requiring him to lend him the mitre and pall which he was woont to weare when he sang masse in anie solemne assemblie; the king upon sight of his letters, could not but marvell at the proud presumptuousnes of the man, saieng: What a thing is this, that pride should thus reigne in a person that is quite under foot. The daie being once knowne unto the worshipfull gentlemen of the countrie, and other, as abbats, and priors, and notice of his installation, they sent in such provision of vittels, that it is almost incredible, all which was unknowne to the cardinall, for as much as he was prevented and disappointed of his purpose, by the reason that he was arrested of high treason, as yee shall heereafter heare. So that most part of this former provision that I speake of was sent unto Yorke the same daie of his arrest, and the next daie following; for his arrest was kept as close as could be. The order of his arrest was thus. It was appointed by the king and counsell that sir Walter Walsh knight, one of the kings privie chamber, should be sent downe with a commission into the north unto the earle of Northumberland (who was sometime brought up in house with the cardinall) and they twaine being jointlie in commission to arrest the cardinall of high treason, maister Walsh tooke his horsse at the court gate, about noone, upon Alhallowes daie, toward the earle of Northumberland. And now have I occasion to declare what happened about the same time, which peradventure signified the troubles following to the cardinall. The cardinall sitting at dinner upon Alhallowes daie, having at his boords end diverse chapleins sitting at dinner, yee shall understand that the cardinals great crosse stood in a corner at the tables end, leaning against the hanging, and when the boords end was taken up, and a convenient time for the chapleins to arise, one doctor Augustine a

Venecian, and physician to the cardinall, rising from the table with the other, having upon him a great gowne of boisterous velvet, overthrew the crosse, which trailing downe along the tappet, with the point of one of the crosses, brake doctor Bonars head that the bloud ran downe, the companie there standing greatlie astonied with the chance. The cardinall perceiving the same, demanded what the matter meant of their sudden amaze? And they shewed him of the fall of his crosse upon doctor Bonars head. Hath it (quoth he) drawne anie bloud? Yea forsooth my lord (quoth they.) With that he cast his eies aside, and shaking his head, said, *Malum omen*, and therewith saieng grace, rose from the table, and went to his chamber. Now marke the signification how the cardinall expounded this matter at Pomfret after his fall. First, yee shall understand, that the crosse which he bare as archbishop of Yorke, signified himselfe; and Augustine the physician who overthrew the crosse, was onelie he that accused the cardinall, whereby his enimies caught an occasion to overthrow him: it fell upon doctor Bonars head, who was maister of the cardinals faculties and spirituall jurisdictions, and was then damnified by the overthrow of the crosse: yea, and more over, drawing bloud of him, betokened death, which shortlie after did insue. About the time of this mischance, the same verie daie and season, maister Walsh tooke his horsse at the court as nigh as could be judged. Now the appointed time drew neere of his installation, and sitting at dinner upon the fridaie next before the mondaie on the which daie he intended to be installed at Yorke, the earle of Northumberland and maister Walsh, with a great companie of gentlemen of the earles house, and of the countrie, whome he had gathered togither in the kings name, came to the hall at Cawood, the officers being at dinner, and the cardinall not fullie dined, being then in his fruits. The first thing that the earle did after he had set order in the hall, he commanded the porter at the gates to deliver him the keies thereof. Who would in no wise obeie his commandement, though he were roughlie threatened, and streictlie commanded in the kings name to make deliverie of them to one of the earles servants. Sir (quoth he) seeing that yee doo but intend to set one of your servants in my place to keepe the gates, I know no servant that yee have but I am as able as he to doo it, and keepe the gates to your purpose (whatsoever it be) also the keies were delivered me by my lord and maister, wherfore I praie you to pardon me, for whatsoever yee shall command me to doo in the ministration of mine office, I shall doo it with a good will. With that (quoth the earle) hold him a booke (and commanding him to laie his hand thereon:) Thou shalt sweare (quoth he) that thou shalt well and trulie keepe the gates to the kings use, and to doo all such things as we shall command: and that yee shall let passe neither in nor out at these gates, but such as yee be commanded by us. And with this oth he received the keies at the earles hands. Of all these doings knew the cardinall nothing, for they stopped the staires, so that none went up to the cardinals chamber, and they that came downe could no more go up againe. At the last one escaped, who shewed the cardinall that the earle was in the hall. Whereat the cardinall marvelled, and would not beleeve him, but commanded a gentleman to bring him the truth, who going downe the staires, saw the earle of Northumberland, and returned, and said it was verie he. Then (quoth the cardinall) I am sorie that we have dined, for I feare our officers be not provided of anie store of good fish to make him some honorable cheere, let the table stand (quoth he.) With that he rose up, and going downe the staires, he encountered the earle comming up with all his taile. And as soone as the cardinall espied the earle, he put off his cap, and said, My lord, ye be most hartilie welcome, and so imbraced each other. Then the cardinall tooke the earle by the hand, and had him up into the chamber, whome followed all the number of the earles servants. From thence he led him

into his bed-chamber, and they being there all alone, the earle said unto the cardinall with a soft voice, laieng his hand upon his arme: My lord, I arrest you of high treason. With which words the cardinall being marvellouslie astonied, standing both still a good space. At last (quoth the cardinall) What authoritie have you to arrest me? Forsooth, my lord (quoth the erle) I have a commission so to doo. Where is your commission (quoth he) that I may see it? Naie, sir, that you may not (said the erle.) Well then (quoth the cardinall) I will not obeie your rest. But as they were debating this matter betweene them in the chamber, as busie was maister Walsh in arresting doctor Augustine at the doore of the palace, saieng unto him, Go in traitor or I shall make thee. At the last maister Walsh being entred the cardinals chamber, began to plucke off his hood, and after kneeled downe to the cardinall. Unto whom the cardinall said, Come hither, gentleman, and let me speake with you: Sir, heere my lord of Northumberland hath arrested me, but by whose authoritie he sheweth not; if yee be joined with him I praie you shew me. Indeed, my lord (quoth maister Walsh) he sheweth you the truth. Well then (quoth the cardinall) I praie you let me see it. Sir, I beseech you (quoth maister Walsh) hold us excused; there is annexed to our commission certeine instructions, which you may not see. Well (quoth the cardinall) I trow yee are one of the kings privie chamber, your name is Walsh, I am content to yeeld to you, but not to my lord of Northumberland without I see his commission: the worst in the kings privie chamber is sufficient to arrest the greatest peere of the realme by the kings commandement, without anie commission, therefore put your commission and authoritie in execution, spare not, I will obeie the kings will; I take God to judge, I never offended the king in word nor deed. Then the earle called into the chamber diverse gentlemen of his owne servants, and after they had taken the cardinals keies from him, they put him in custodie of the earles gentlemen, and then they went about the house to set all things in an order. Then sent they doctor Augustine awaie to London with as much speed as they could, who was bound unto the horsse like a traitor. But it was sundaie toward night yer the cardinall was conveied from Cawood, who lodged that night in the abbeie of Pomfret. The next daie he remooved toward Doncaster, and was there lodged at the Blacke friers. The next daie he was remooved to Shefield parke, where the earle of Shrewsburie with his ladie, and a traine of gentlemen and gentlewomen, received him with much honour. Then departed all the great number of gentlemen that conducted him thither. The cardinall being thus with the earle of Shrewsburie, continued there eighteene daies after, upon whome the earle appointed diverse gentlemen to attend continuallie, to see that he should lacke nothing, being served in his owne chamber as honorablie as he had beene in his owne house, and once everie daie the earle would repaire to him and commune with him. After the cardinall had thus remained with the earle of Shrewsburie about a fortnight, it came to passe at a certeine time as he sat at dinner in his owne chamber, having at his boords end a messe of gentlemen and chapleins to keepe him companie, toward the end of his dinner, when he was come to eating his fruits, his colour was perceived often to change, whereby he was judged not to be in good health. And not long after the earle of Shrewesburie came into the gallerie to him, with whome the cardinall met: and then sitting downe upon a bench, the earle asked him how he did, and he most lamentablie answered him, and thanked him for his good interteinment. Sir (quoth the earle) if ye remember, ye have often wished to come before the king, to make your answer; and I have written to the king in that behalfe, making him privie of your lamentation that yee inwardlie have received for his displeasure, who accepteth all your dooings therein, as friends be accustomed to doo in such cases: wherefore I would advise you to plucke up your hart, and be not

agast of your enimies; I doubt not but this your journie to his highnesse shall be much to your advancement. The king hath sent for you that worshipfull knight master Kingston, and with him foure and twentie of your old servants, now of the gard, to the intent yee may safelie come to his majestie. Sir (quoth the cardinall) I trow master Kingston is constable of the Tower. Yea, what of that (quoth the erle) I assure you he is elected by the king for one of your friends. Well, quoth the cardinall, as God will, so be it, I am subject to fortune, being a true man, readie to accept such chances as shall follow, and there an end; I praie you where is master Kingston. Quoth the earle, I will send for him. I praie you so doo (quoth the cardinall) at whose message he came. And as soone as the cardinall espied him, he made hast to encounter him, and at his comming he kneeled to him, and saluted him in the kings behalfe, whome the cardinall bareheaded offered to take up, and said: I praie you stand up, kneele not to me, I am but a wretch replet with miserie, not esteeming my selfe but as a vile abject, utterlie cast awaie, without desert as God knoweth. Then said master Kingston with humble reverence: Sir, the king hath him commended unto you. I thanke his highnesse, quoth the cardinall, I trust he be in health. Yea (quoth master Kingston) and he commanded me to saie to you, that you should assure your selfe that he beareth you as much good will as ever he did, and willeth you to be of good cheere. And where report hath beene made, that ye should commit against him certeine heinous crimes, which he thinks to be untrue, yet he can doo no lesse than send for you to your triall, and to take your journie to him at your owne pleasure, commanding me to be attendant upon you. Therefore, sir, I praie you, when it shall be your owne pleasure to take your journie, I shall be readie to give attendance. Master Kingston (quoth he) I thanke you for your newes, and sir, if I were as lustie as I have beene but of late, I would ride with you in post, but I am diseased with a flux that maketh me verie weake, but I shall with all speed make me readie to ride with you to morrow. When night came, the cardinall waxed verie sicke with the laske: therefore, in consideration of his infirmitie, they caused him to tarrie all that day: and the next daie he tooke his journie with master Kingston, and them of the gard, till he came to an house of the earle of Shrewesburies called Hardwike hall, where he laie all night verie evill at ease. The next daie he rode to Notingham, and there lodged that night more sicke: and the next daie he rode to Leicester abbeie, and by the waie waxed so sicke that he was almost fallen from his mule; so that it was night before he came to the abbeie of Leicester, where at his comming in at the gates, the abbatt with all his convent met him with diverse torches light, whom they honorablie received and welcomed. To whom the cardinall said: Father abbat, I am come hither to lay my bones among you; riding so still untill he came to the staires of the chamber, where he allighted from his mule, and master Kingston led him up the staires, and as soone as he was in his chamber he went to bed. This was on the saturday at night, and then increased he sicker and sicker, untill mondaie, that all men thought he would have died: so on tuesdaie saint Andrewes even, master Kingston came to him and bad him good morrow, for it was about six of the clocke, and asked him how he did? Sir (quoth he) I tarrie but the pleasure of God, to render up my poore soule into his hands. Not so, sir (quoth master Kingston) with the grace of God, yee shall live and doo verie well, if yee will be of good cheere. Nay, in good sooth, master Kingston, my disease is such, that I cannot live: for I have had some experience in physicke. Thus it is, I have a flux with a continuall fever, the nature whereof is, that if there be no alteration of the same within eight daies, either must insue excoriation of the intrailes, or fransie, or else present death, and the best of them is death, and (as I suppose) this is the eight daie, and if yee see no alteration in

me, there is no remedie, save (though I may live a daie or twaine after) but death must insue. Sir (quoth maister Kingston) you be in much pensivenes, doubting that thing that in good faith yee need not. Well, well, master Kingston (quoth the cardinall) I see the matter how it is framed: but if I had served God as diligentlie as I have doone the king, he would not have given me over in my greie haires; but it is the just reward that I must receive for the diligent paines and studie that I have had to doo him service, not regarding my service to God, but onelie to satisfie his pleasure. I praie you have me most humblie commended unto his roiall majestie, and beseech him in my behalfe to call to his princelie remembrance all matters proceeding betweene him and me from the beginning of the world, and the progresse of the same, &c. Master Kingston, farewell, I can no more saie, but I wish all things to have good successe; my time draweth on fast. And even with that he began to draw his speech at length, and his toong to faile, his eies being set, whose sight failed him. Then they did put him in remembrance of Christ his passion, and caused the yeomen of the gard to stand by to see him die, and to witnesse of his words at his departure: and incontinent the clocke stroke eight, and then he gave up the ghost, and departed this present life: which caused some to call to remembrance how he said the daie before, that at eight of the clocke they should loose their master. Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogancie of men exalted by fortune to dignitie: for in his time he was the hautiest man in all his proceedings alive, having more respect to the honor of his person, than he had to his spirituall profession wherin should be shewed all meekenes, humilitie, and charitie. An example (saith Guicciardin, who handleth this storie effectuallie, and sheweth the cause of this cardinals ruine) in our daies worthie of memorie, touching the power which fortune and envie hath in the courts of princes. He died in Leicester abbeie, and in the church of the same abbeie was buried. Such is the suertie of mans brittle state, doubtfull in birth, and no lesse feeble in life, which is as uncerteine, as death most certeine, and the meanes thereof manifold, which as in number they exceed, so in strangenesse they passe all degrees of ages and diversities of sexes being subject to the same. This cardinall (as Edmund Campian in his historie of Ireland describeth him) was a man undoubtedly borne to honor: I thinke (saith he) some princes bastard, no butchers sonne, exceeding wise, faire spoken, high minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie, loftie to his enimies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his freendship woonderfull courteous, a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie, insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrowne with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lieth for an house of students, considering all the appurtenances incomparable thorough Christendome, whereof Henrie the eight is now called founder, bicause he let it stand. He held and injoied at once the bishopriks of Yorke, Duresme, and Winchester, the dignities of lord cardinall, legat, and chancellor, the abbeie of saint Albons, diverse priories, sundrie fat benefices *In commendam*, a great preferrer of his servants, an advancer of learning, stout in everie quarrell, never happie till this his overthrow. Wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honor than all the pompe of his life passed.

Now of his (the Cardinal's) order in going to Westminster hall dailie in the tearme. First yer he came out of his privie chamber, he heard service in his closet, and there said his service with his chapleine; then going againe to his privie chamber, he would demand if his servants were in a readinesse, and furnished his chamber of presence, and waiting chamber. Being thereof then advertised, he came out of his privie chamber about eight of the clocke, apparelled all in red, that is to say, his upper garment either of fine scarlet, or else fine crimsin

taffata, but most commonlie of fine crimsin sattin ingrained, his pillion of fine scarlet, with a necke set in the inner side with blacke velvet, and a tippet of sables about his necke, holding in his hand an orenge, whereof the substance within was taken out, and filled up againe with the part of a sponge, wherein was vineger and other confections against the pestilent aires, the which he most commonlie held to his nose when he came among anie prease, or else that he was pestered with manie suters. Before him was borne first the broad seale of England, and his cardinals hat, by a lord, or some gentleman of worship, right solemnlie; and as soone as he was once entered into his chamber of presence, his two great crosses were there attending to be borne before him: then cried the gentlemen ushers, going before him bare headed, and said: On before, my lords and maisters, on before, make waie for my lords grace. Thus went he downe through the hall with a sergeant of armes before him, bearing a great mace of silver, and two gentlemen carieng two great pillers of silver. And when he came at the hall doore, there was his mule, being trapped all in crimsin velvet, with a saddle of the same stuffe, and gilt stirrups. Then was there attending upon him, when he was mounted, his two crosse-bearers: and his piller-bearers in like case upon great horsses, trapped all in fine scarlet. Then marched he forward with a traine of noble men and gentlemen, having his footmen foure in number about him, bearing ech of them a gilt pollar in their hands. Thus passed he foorth untill he came to Westminster hall doore, and there lighted, and went up after this maner into the Chancerie, or into the Starre-chamber: howbeit, most commonlie he would go into the Chancerie, and staie a while at a barre made for him beneath the Chancerie on the right hand, and there commune some time with the judges, and some time with other persons; and that doone, he would repaire into the Chancerie, and sitting there untill eleven of the clocke, hearing of sutes, and determining of other matters, from thence he would divers times go into the Starre-chamber, as occasion served. There he neither spared high nor low, but judged everie state according to his merits and deserts. He used also everie sundaie to resort to the court, then being for the most part of all the yeare at Greenewich, with his former triumphs, taking his barge at his owne staires, furnished with yeomen standing upon the bails, and his gentlemen being within about him, and landed againe at the Three Cranes in the Vintrie; and from thense he rode upon his mule with his crosse, his pillers, his hat and broad seale carried afore him on horssebacke through Thames street, untill he came to Billingsgate, and there tooke his barge againe, and so was rowed to Greenewich, where he was received of the lords and chiefe officers of the kings house, as the treasuror, comptrollor and others, and so conveied unto the kings chamber. Then the court was woonderfullie furnished with noblemen and gentlemen: and after dinner among the lords, having some consultation with the king or with the councell, he would depart homeward with the like triumph. Thus in great honour, triumph, and glorie, he reigned a long season, ruling all things within the realme apperteining unto the king. His house was resorted to with noblemen and gentlemen, feasting and banketting ambassadors diverse times, and all other right noblie. And when it pleased the king for his recreation to repaire to the cardinals house (as he did diverse times in the yeare) there wanted no preparations or furniture: bankets were set foorth with maskes and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costlie maner, that it was an heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damosels meet or apt to danse with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time: then was there all kind of musike and harmonie, with fine voices both of men and children.

On a time the king came suddenlie thither in a maske with a dozen maskers all in garments like sheepheards, made of fine cloth of gold, and crimosin sattin paned, and caps of the same, with visards of good physnomie, their haires and

beards either of fine gold-wire silke, or blacke silke, having sixteene torch-bearers, besides their drums and other persons with visards, all clothed in sattin of the same color. And before his entring into the hall, he came by water to the water gate without anie noise, where were laid diverse chambers and guns charged with shot, and at his landing they were shot off, which made such a rumble in the aire, that it was like thunder: it made all the noblemen, gentlemen, ladies, and gentlewomen, to muse what it should meane, comming so suddenlie, they sitting quiet at a solemne banket, after this sort. First yee shall understand, that the tables were set in the chamber of presence just covered, and the lord cardinall sitting under the cloth of estate, there having all his service alone; and then was there set a ladie with a noble man, or a gentleman and a gentlewoman throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table, all which order and devise was doone by the lord Sandes then lord chamberleine to the king and by sir Henrie Gilford comptrollor of the kings majesties house. Then immediatlie after the great chamberleine, and the said comptrollor, sent to looke what it should meane (as though they knew nothing of the matter) who looking out of the windowes into the Thames, returned againe and shewed him that it seemed they were noblemen and strangers that arrived at his bridge, comming as ambassadours from some forren prince. With that (quoth the cardinall) I desire you, bicause you can speake French, to take the paines to go into the hall, there to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages being merie at our banket, desiring them to sit downe with us, and to take part of our fare. Then went he incontinent downe into the hall, whereas they received them with twentie new torches, and conveied them up into the chamber, with such a noise of drums and fleutes, as seldome had beene heard the like. At their entring into the chamber two and two togither, they went directlie before the cardinall, where he sate and saluted him reverentlie. To whom the lord chamberleine for them said; Sir, for as much as they be strangers, and can not speake English, they have desired me to declare unto you, that they having understanding of this your triumphant banket, where was assembled such a number of excellent dames, they could doo no lesse under support of your grace, but to repaire hither, to view as well their incomparable beautie, as for to accompanie them at mumchance, and then to danse with them: and, sir, they require of your grace licence to accomplish the said cause of their comming. To whom the cardinall said he was verie well content they should so doo. Then went the maskers, and first saluted all the dames, and returned to the most worthie, and there opened their great cup of gold filled with crownes and other peeces of gold, to whome they set certeine peeces of gold to cast at. Thus perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, to some they lost, and of some they woone; and marking after this maner all the ladies, they returned to the cardinall with great reverence, powring downe all their gold so left in their cup, which was above two hundred crownes: At all (quoth the cardinall) and so cast the dice and wan them, whereat was made a great noise and joy. Then quoth the cardinall to the lord chamberleine, I praie you (quoth he) that you would shew them, that me seemeth there should be a nobleman amongst them, who is more meet to occupie this seat and place than I am, to whome I would most gladlie surrender the same according to my dutie, if I knew him. Then spake the lord chamberleine to them in French, and they rounding him in the eare, the lord chamberlein said to my lord cardinall: Sir (quoth he) they confesse that among them there is such a noble personage, whome, if your grace can appoint him out from the rest, he is content to disclose himselfe, and to accept your place. With that the cardinall taking good advisement among them, at the last (quoth he) me seemeth the gentleman with the

blacke beard, should be even he; and with that he arose out of his chaire, and offered the same to the gentleman in the blacke beard with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered the chaire was sir Edward Nevill, a comelie knight, that much more resembled the kings person in that maske than anie other. The king perceiving the cardinall so deceived, could not forbeare laughing, but pulled downe his visar and master Nevels also, and dashed out such a pleasant countenance and cheere, that all the noble estates there assembled, perceiving the king to be there among them, rejoised verie much. The cardinall eftsoons desired his highnesse to take the place of estate. To whom the king answered, that he would go first and shift his apparell, and so departed into my lord cardinals chamber, and there new apparelled him: in which time the dishes of the banket were cleane taken up, and the tables spred againe with new cleane perfumed cloths, everie man and woman sitting still, untill the king with all his maskers came among them againe all new apparelled. Then the king tooke his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding everie person to sit still as they did before: in came a new banket before the king, and to all the rest throughout all the tables, wherein were served two hundred diverse dishes, of costlie devises and subtilties. And thus spent they foorth the night with banketting, dansing, and other triumphs, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobilitie there assembled. Thus passed this cardinall his time from daie to daie, and yeare to yeare, in such wealth, joie, triumph, and glorie, having alwaies on his side the kings especiall favour, untill fortune envied his prosperitie, and overthrew all the foundations of his glorie; which as they were laid upon sand, so they shroonke and slipt awaie, whereby insued the ruine of his estate, even to the verie losse of his life, which (as a man of a guiltie conscience, and fearing capitall punishment due by law for his undutifull demeanour against his sovereigne) Edward Hall saith (upon report) he partlie procured, willinglie taking so great a quantitie of a strong purgation, as nature was therewith oppressed, and unable to digest the same; so that in fine he gave up the ghost, and was buried in Leicester abbeie; of whome to saie more I will surceasse, concluding onelie with a description which I find of him not impertinent for this place, sith wholie concerning his person. This cardinall (as you may perceive in this storie) was of a great stomach, for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie suggestion gat into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pittifull, and stood affectionate in his owne opinion: in open presence he would lie and saie untruth, and was double both in speach and meaning: he would promise much and performe little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example: he hated sore the citie of London and feared it: it was told him that he should die in the waie toward London, wherefore he feared least the commons of the citie would arise in riotous maner and so slaie him, yet for all that he died in the waie toward London, carrieng more with him out of the world than he brought into it; namelie a winding sheete, besides other necessaries thought meet for a dead man, as Christian comelinesse required.

While the parlement sat, on the thirtith daie of March at afternoone, there came into the common house the lord chancellor and diverse lords of the spiritualtie and temporaltie, to the number of twelve, and there the lord chancellor said: You of this worshipfull house (I am sure) be not so ignorant, but you know well, that the king our sovereigne lord hath married his brothers wife, for she was both wedded and bedded with his brother prince Arthur, and therefore you may suerlie saie that he hath married his brothers wife. If this marriage be good or no manie clerkes doo doubt. Wherefore the king like a vertuous prince willing to be satisfied in his conscience, and also for the suertie of his realme, hath with great deliberation consulted with profound clerkes, and hath

sent my lord of London here present, to the chiefe universities of all christendome, to know their opinion and judgement in that behalfe. And although that the universities of Cambridge and Oxford had beene sufficient to discusse the cause, yet bicause they be in his realme, and to avoid all suspicion of parcialitie he hath sent into the realme of France, Italie, the popes dominions and Venecians, to know their judgement in that behalfe, which have concluded, written, and sealed their determinations according as you shall heare read. Then sir Brian Tuke tooke out of a box certeine writings sealed, and read them word by word. After these determinations were read, there were shewed above an hundred books drawn by doctors of strange regions, which all agreed the kings marriage to be unlawfull, which were not read, for the daie was spent. Then the chancellor said: Now you of this common house maie report in your countries what you have seene and heard, and then all men shall openlie perceive, that the king hath not attempted this matter of will and pleasure, as some strangers report, but onlie for the discharge of his conscience and suertie of the succession of his realme: this is the cause of our repaire hither to you, and now will we depart. When these determinations were published, all wise men in the realme much abhorred that marriage: but women, and such as were more wilfull than wise or learned, spake against the determination, and said that the universities were corrupt and intised so to doo, which is not to be thought. The king himselfe sore lamented his chance, and made no maner of mirth nor pastime as he was woont to doo. He dined and resorted to the queene as he was accustomed, and diminished nothing of hir estate, and much loved and cherished their daughter the ladie Marie: but in no wise he would not come to hir bed. When the universitie aforesaid, and a great number of clearks and well learned men, had determined the kings marriage to be unlawfull, detestable, and against Gods law, the king willing the queene to have knowledge of the same, sent to hir diverse lords of the councell, the last daie of Maie, being the wednesdaie in Whitsun weeke: the which Lords, in hir chamber at Greenewich, declared to hir all the determinations, and asked hir whether she would (for the quietnesse of the kings conscience) put the matter to foure prelats, and foure temporall lords of this realme, or abide by hir appeale? The queene answered: The king my father which concluded my marriage, I am sure, was not so ignorant but he asked counsell of clearks and well learned men before he married me the second time: for if he had had anie doubt in my marriage, he would not have disbursed so great a tresure as he did, and then all the doctors in a maner agreed my marriage to be good, insomuch that the pope himselfe, which knew best what was to be doone, did both dispense and ratifie the second marriage, against whose dooings I marvell that any person will speake or write. And as to the determination of the universitie, I am a woman, and lacke wit and learning to answer to them, but to God I commit the judgement of that, whether they have doone justlie or parciallie: for this I am sure, that neither the kings father, nor my father would have condescended to our marriage, if it had beene declared to be unlawfull. And where you saie that I should put the cause to eight persons of this realme for quietnesse of the kings conscience, I pray God send his grace a quiet conscience. And this shall be your answer: that I saie I am his lawfull wife, and to him lawfullie married, and by the order of holie church I was to him espoused as his true wife (although I was not so woorthie) and in that point I will abide till the court of Rome, which was privie to the beginning, have made thereof a determination and finall ending. With this answer the lords departed to the king, which was sorie to heare of hir wilfull opinion, and in especiall that she more trusted in the popes law, than in keeping the precepts of God. After Whitsuntide, the king and the queene remooved to Windsor, and there continued till the fourteenth of Julie, on the

which daie the king remooved to Woodstocke, and left the queene at Windsor, where she remained a while, and after remooved to the More, and from thence to Estamsteed, whither the king sent to hir diverse lords to advise hir to be conformable to the law of God, shewing sundrie reasons to persuade hir to their purpose, and one among the rest used for that present this communication, as I find it left in writing, in the behoofe of the king. Madam, the kings highnesse hath commanded us repairing unto you, on his highnesse behalfe to shew unto you thus much, that his majestie having heretofore sent unto you a great number of his councellors and learned men, to declare what great injuries and wrongs by your procurement and solicitation were and yet be doone unto his majestie and this his realme, in citing his highnesse in his owne person, or by his proctor to appeare at Rome, to make answer to your sute, contrarie to the determination of all lawes, as not onelie the famous universities of christendome, as Paris and Orleance, but also as the most part of the learned men here or elsewhere in that facultie affirme, and as maister deane learned in that facultie can and will testifie unto you, on his conscience, if it shall please you to heare him, and contrarie also to his estate roiall, and to the privileges and prerogatives of this his graces realme. His highnesse perceiving your grace not to regard their advertisements in right and justice, but still to persevere and continue, and rather increase your injurious procurements and solicitations in that behalfe, is not a little greeved and displeased with your continuance and prosecution of this injurie and manifest wrong towards his majestie, and this his graces realme. The continuance of which your unkind dealing hath compelled his highnesse not onelie to absteine from the sight of you, but also to forbeare to receive anie of your tokens, which doo nothing else but renew and refresh his displeasure, inforcing him also to an indignation, to see tokens offered and sent by hir, who continueth in prosecuting of so notable an injurie and manifest wrong towards his majestie, and this his realme, perceiving also what boldnesse other outward princes might take to misintreat his highnesse, when they should understand how his majestie suffreth himselfe to be wronged by his pretended subject, and so notable wrong to be doone to this his realme. And upon this cause and ground, like as the kings highnesse these certeine moneths past, hath dissevered your grace from his presence, so he intendeth yet to continue, and hath commanded us to shew you, that his pleasure is ye shalbe at your libertie, and (as ye shall thinke most commodious) repaire to either of these three places, his manour of Oking, his manour of Estamsteed, or the monasterie of Bisham, and there to continue without further molesting of his highnesse with your sutes or requests to the contrarie, as wherewith ye shall not prevaile; but more and more molesting and troubling his highnesse, procure his further displeasure towards you. And though percase the pope shall desist, as perceiving now the matter of right he will, yet the kings highnesse cannot digest in his stomach this injurie doone, not to be amended or reformed at your graces procurement, but your grace rather suing and instanting the contrarie. And this is the charge, madam, which the kings highnesse hath committed unto us, to be spoken unto you on his highnesse behalfe. And to saie to you as of my selfe, concerning the justnesse of the kings cause, as I have heretofore said, I shall now repeat and rehearse againe unto your grace; which is, that your grace being knowne by prince Arthur, ye be not lawfull wife to the kings highnesse our sovereigne lord in my conscience. This speach ended, others of the companie used their persuasorie talke to the queene; whose words notwithstanding did so little moove hir, that she stood stiffelie in hir first opinion, that she was his true and lawfull wife, and from the same would not by anie meanes be remooved.

On the first of September being sundaie, the K. being come to Windsor,

created the ladie Anne Bullongne marchionesse of Penbroke, and gave to hir one thousand pounds land by the yeare; and that solemnitie finished, he rode to the college, where after that service was ended, a new league was concluded and sworne betwene the king, and the French king, Messire Pomoraie the French ambassador being present. On the tenth of October, the king came to Dover, and on the eleventh daie in the morning at three of the clocke hee tooke shipping at Dover rode, and before ten of the same daie, he with the ladie marchionesse of Penbroke landed at Calis, where he was received with all honour, and lodged at the Eschecker. The king staied at Calis for a convenient wind till Tuesdaie the thirteenth of November at midnight, and then taking his ship, landed at Dover the next daie about five of the clocke in the morning. And herewith upon his returne, he married privilie the ladie Anne Bullongne the same daie, being the fourteenth daie of November, and the feast daie of saint Erkenwald; which marriage was kept so secret, that verie few knew it till Easter next insuing, when it was perceived that she was with child. It was also enacted the same time, that queene Katharine should no more be called queene, but princesse Dowager, as the widow of prince Arthur. In the season of the last summer died William Warham archbishop of Canturburie, and then was named to that sea Thomas Cranmer, the king's chapleine, a man of good learning, and of a vertuous life, which latelie before had beene ambassador from the king to the pope. After that the king perceived his new wife to be with child, he caused all officers necessarie to be appointed to hir, and so on Easter even she went to hir closet openlie as queene; and then the king appointed the daie of hir coronation to be kept on Whitsundaie next following: and writings were sent to all shiriffs, to certifie the names of men of fortie pounds to receive the order of knighthood, or else to make fine. The assesment of the fine was appointed to Thomas Cromwell, maister of the kings jewell house, and councellor to the king, a man newlie received into high favour. He so used the matter, that a great summe of monie was raised to the kings use by those fines. The matter of the queenes appeale whereunto she still sticked, and by no means could be remooved from it, was communed of, both in the parlement house, and also in the convocation house, where it was so handled, that manie were of opinion, that not onelie hir appeale, but also all other appeales made to Rome were void and of none effect: for that in ancient councels it had beene determined, that a cause rising in one province should be determined in the same. This matter was opened with all the circumstances to the ladie Katharine Dowager (for so was she then called) the which persisted still in hir former opinion, and would revoke by no meanes hir appeale to the court of Rome. Whereupon the archbishop of Canturburie accompanied with the bishops of London, Winchester, Bath, Lincolne, and divers other learned men in great number, rode to Dunstable, which is six miles from Ampthill, where the princesse Dowager laie, and there by one doctor Lee she was cited to appeare before the said archbishop in cause of matrimonie in the said towne of Dunstable, and at the daie of appearance she appeared not, but made default, and so she was called peremptorie everie daie fifteene daies togither, and at the last, for lacke of appearance, by the assent of all the learned men there present, she was divorsed from the king, and the mariage declared to be void and of none effect. Of this divorse and of the kings mariage with the ladie Anne Bullongne men spake diverselie; some said the king had doone wiselie, and so as became him to doo in discharge of his conscience. Other otherwise judged, and spake their fansies as they thought good; but when everie man had talked inough, then were they quiet, and all rested in good peace.

In the beginning of Maie, the king caused open proclamations to be made, that all men that claimed to doo anie service, or execute anie office at the solemne

feast of the coronation by the waie of tenure, grant, or prescription, should put their grant three weekes after Easter in the Starrechamber before Charles duke of Suffolke, for that time high steward of England, and the lord chancellor and other commissioners. The duke of Norffolke claimed to be erle marshall, and to exercise his office at that feast; the erle of Arundell claimed to be high butler, and to exercise the same; the erle of Oxford claimed to be chamberlaine; the vicount Lisle claimed to be pantler; the lord Aburgavennie to be chiefe larderer; and the lord Braie claimed to be almoner, and sir Henrie Wiat knight claimed to be ewrer. All these noble personages desired their offices with their fees. Beside these, the maior of London claimed to serve the queene with a cup of gold, and a cup of assaie of the same, and that twelve citizens should attend on the cupboord, and the maior to have the cup and cup of assaie for his labor: which petition was allowed. The five ports claimed to beare a canopie over the queens head the daie of the coronation with foure guilt belles, and to have the same for a reward, which to them was allowed. Diverse other put in petie claimes which were not allowed, bicause they seemed onlie to be doone at the kings coronation. All this season great purveiance was made of all maner of vittels; and lords, knights and esquierrs were sent for out of all countries, which came to London at their daie with a great number of people. After that the kings highnesse had addressed his gratious letters to the maior and communaltie of the citie signifieng to them that his pleasure was to solemnize and celebrate the coronation of his most deare and wellbeloved wife queene Anne at Westminster the Whitsundaie next insuing, willed them to make preparation, as well to fetch hir grace from Greenwich to the Tower by water, as to see the citie ordered and garnished with pageants in places accustomed, for the honor of hir grace. When she shuld be conveied from the Tower to Westminster, there was a common councell called, and commandement was given to the haberdashers (of which craft the maior sir Stephan Pecocke then was) that they should prepare a barge for the bachelors, with a wafter and a foist, garnished with banners and streamers likewise, as they use to doo when the maior is presented at Westminster on the morrow after Simon and Jude. Also all other crafts were commanded to prepare barges, and to garnish them, not alonelie with their banners accustomed, but also to decke them with targets by the sides of the barges, and to set up all such seemelie banners and bannerets as they had in their halles, or could get meet to furnish their said barges, and everie barge to have minstrelsie; according to which commandements great preparation was made for all things necessarie for such a noble triumph. The nineteenth daie of Maie, the maior and his brethren all in scarlet, and such as were knights had collars of S S, and the remnant having good chains, and the counsell of the citie with them, assembled at saint Marie hill, and at one of the clocke descended to the new staire to their barge, which was garnished with manie goodlie banners and streamers, and richlie covered. In which barge were shalmes, shagbushes, and diverse other instruments, which continuallie made goodlie harmonie. After that the maior and his brethren were in their barge, seeing that all the companies to the number of fiftie barges were readie to wait upon them, they gave commandement to the companies that no barge should rowe neerer to another than twise the length of the barge upon a great paine. And to see the order kept, there were three light wheries prepared, and in everie one of them two officers to call on them to keepe their order, after which commandement given, they set foorth in order as hereafter is described. First before the maiors barge was a foist or wafter full of ordinance, in which foist was a great dragon continuallie mooving and casting wild fire: and round about the said foist stood terrible monsters and wild men casting fire, and making hideous noises. Next after the foist a good distance came the maiors

barge: on whose right hand was the bachelors barge, in the which were trumpets and diverse other melodious instruments; the deckes of the said barge and the sailyards, with the top castels, were hanged with rich cloth of gold and silke: at the foreship and the sterne were two great banners rich, beaten with the armes of the king and the queene, and on the top castell also was a long streamer newlie beaten with the said armes. The sides of the barge was set full of flags and banners of the devises of the companie of the haberdashers and merchants adventurers, and the cords were hanged with innumerable penselles, having little belles at the ends, which made a goodlie noise and a goodlie sight, wavering in the wind. On the outside of the barge were three dozen scutchions in mettall of arms of the king and the queene, which were beaten upon square bucram divided so that the right side had the kings colours, and the left side the queenes, which scutchions were fastened on the clothes of gold and silver, hanging on the decks on the left hand. On the left hand of the maior was another foist, in the which was a mount, and on the same stood a white falcon crowned, upon a roote of gold invironed with white roses and red, which was the queens devise; about which mount sat virgins singing and plaieng sweetlie. Next after the maior followed his fellowship the habardashers; next after them the mercers, then the grocers, and so everie companie in his order, and last of all the maior and shiriffes officers, everie companie having melodie in his barge by himselfe, and goodlie garnished with banners, and some garnished with silke, and some with arras and rich carpets, which was a goodlie sight to behold: and in this order they rowed to Greenwich, to the point next beyond Greenwich, and there they turned backeward in another order, that is to wit, the maior and shiriffs officers first, and the meanest craft next, and so ascending to the uttermost crafts in order, and the maior last, as they go to Paules at Christmas, and in that order they rowed downeward to Greenwich towne, and there cast anchor, making great melodie. At three of the clocke the queene appeered in rich cloth of gold, entring into hir barge accompanied with diverse ladies and gentlewomen: and incontinent the citizens set forwards in their order, their minstrelles continuallie plaieng, and the bachelors barge going on the queens right hand, which she tooke great pleasure to behold. About the queenes barge were manie noble men, as the duke of Suffolke, the marques Dorset, the erle of Wilshire hir father, the erles of Arundell, Darbie, Rutland, Worcester, Huntington, Sussex, Oxford, and manie bishops and noble men, everie one in his barge, which was a goodlie sight to behold. She thus being accompanied rowed toward the tower: and in the meane waie the ships which were commanded to lie on the shore for letting of the barges, shot diverse peales of guns, and yer she was landed, there was a marvellous shot out of the tower as ever was heard there. And at hir landing there met with hir the lord chamberlaine with the officers of armes, and brought hir to the king, which received hir with loving countenance at the posterne by the water side, and then she turned backe againe, and thanked the maior and the citizens with manie goodlie words, and so entred into the tower. After which entrie the citizens all this while hovered before the tower, making great melodie, and went not on land, for none were assigned to land but the maior, the recorder, and two aldermen. But for to speake of the people that stood on either shore to behold the sight, he that saw it not would scarse beleeve it. On Fridaie at dinner served the king all such as were appointed by his highnesse to be knights of the bath, which after dinner were brought to their chambers, and that night were bathed and shriven, according to the old usage of England, and the next daie in the morning the king dubbed them according to the ceremonies thereto belonging, whose names insue; the marques Dorset, the erle of Darbie, the lord Clifford, the lord Fitzwater, the lord Hastings, the lord Mounteagle, sir John Mordant, the lord Waur, sir Henrie

Parker, sir William Winsore, sir Francis Weston, sir Thomas Arundell, sir John Hulston, sir Thomas Poinings, sir Henrie Savell, sir George Fitzwilliam, sir John Tindall, sir Thomas Jermeie. To the intent that the horsses should not slide on the pavement, nor that the people should not be hurt by horsses, the high streets where the queene should passe were all gravelled from the tower to Temple Barre, and railed on the one side, within which railes stood the crafts along in their order from Grace church, where the merchants of the stilliard stood till the little conduit in Cheape, where the aldermen stood: and on the other side of the street stood the constables of the citie, apparelled in velvet and silke, with great staves in their hands, to cause the people to keepe roome and good order. And when the streets were somwhat ordered, the maior clothed in a gowne of crimsin velvet, and a rich collar of S S S, with two footmen clad in white and red damaske, rode to the tower to give his attendance on the queene, on whome the shiriffs with their officers did wait till they came to Tower Hill, where they taking their leave, rode downe the high streets, commanding the constables to see roome and good order kept, and so went and stood by the aldermen in Cheape. Now before the queen and hir traine should come, Cornehill and Gratious street were hanged with fine scarlet, crimsin, and other grained cloths, and in some place with rich arras, tapistrie, and carpets; and the most part of the Cheape was hanged with cloth of tissue, gold, velvet, and manie rich hangings, which made a goodlie shew, and all the windowes were replenished with ladies and gentlewomen, to behold the queene and hir traine as they should passe by. The first of the queenes companie that set forward were twelve Frenchmen, which were belonging to the French ambassador clothed in coates of blew velvet, with sleeves of yellow and blew velvet, and their horsses trapped with close trappers of blew sarsenet powdered with white crosses: after them marched gentlemen, esquires and knights two and two: after them the judges, and after them the knights of the bath in violet gownes, with hoods purfled with miniver like doctors; after them abbats, then barons; after them bishops, then earls and marquesses; then the lord chancellor of England; after him the archbishop of Yorke, and the ambassador of Venice, after him the archbishop of Canturburie and the ambassador of France, after rode two esquiers of honor with robes of estat rolled and worne bauldrike-wise about their necks, with caps of estate, representing the dukes of Normandie and Aquitaine: after them rode the maior of London with his mace and garter in his cote of armes, which maior bare his mace to Westminster hall. After all these rode the lord William Howard with the marshalles rod, deputie to his brother the duke of Norffolke marshall of England, which was ambassador then in France: and on his right hand rode Charles duke of Suffolke, for that daie high constable of England, bearing the verder of silver apperteining to the office of constableship, and all the lords for the most part were clothed in crimsin velvet, and all the queenes servants or officers of armes in scarlet. Next before the queene rode hir chancellor bareheaded, the sargeants and officers of armes rode on both the sides of the lords. Then came the queene in a litter of white cloth of gold, not covered, nor bailed, which was lead by two palfries clad in white damaske downe to the ground, head and all, led by hir footmen. She had on a circot of white cloth of tissue, and a mantell of the same furred with ermine, hir haire hanged downe, but on hir head shee had a coife with a circlet about it full of rich stones. Over hir was borne a canopie of cloth of gold, with foure guilt staves and foure silver belles. For the bearing of which canopie were appointed sixteene knights, foure to beare it one space on foot, and other foure another space, according to their owne appointment. Next after the queene rode the lord Borough hir chamberleine, next after him William Coffin maister of the horsses, leading a spare horsse with a side saddle, trapped downe with cloth of

tissue. After him rode seaven ladies in crimsin velvet turned up with cloth of gold and of tissue, and their horsses trapped with cloth of gold, after them two chariots covered with red cloth of gold. In the first chariot were two ladies, which were the old dutchesse of Norffolke, and the old marchionesse Dorset. In the second chariot were foure ladies all in crimsin velvet. Then rode seaven ladies in the same sute, their horsses trappers and all. Then came the third chariot all white, with six ladies in crimsin velvet; next after them came the fourth chariot all red with eight ladies also in crimsin velvet: after whom followed thirtie gentlewomen all in velvet and silke in the liverie of their ladies, on whom they gave their attendance. After them followed the gard in cotes of goldsmiths worke. Thus they rode foorth till they came to Fanchurch, where was made a pageant all with children, apparelled like merchants, which welcommed hir to the citie, with two proper propositions both in French and English. And from thence she rode to Gratious church corner, where was a costlie and a marvelous cunning pageant made by the merchants of the Stilliard, for there was the mount Parnassus with the founteine of Helicon, which was of white marble, and foure streames without pipe did rise an ell high, and met togither in a little cup above the founteine, which founteine ran abundantlie racked Rhenish wine till night. On the mounteine sat Apollo, and at his feet sat Calliope, and on everie side of the mounteine sat foure muses plaieng on severall sweet instruments, and at their feet epigrams and poeses were written in golden letters, in the which everie muse according to hir propertie praised the queene. The queene from thence passed to Leaden-hall, where was a goodlie pageant with a type and a heavenlie roofe, and under the type was a roote of gold set on a little mounteine invironed with red roses and white: out of the type came downe a falcon all white and sat upon the roote, and incontinent came downe an angell with great melodie, and set a close crowne of gold on the falcons head. And in the same pageant sat saint Anne with all hir issue beneath hir, and under Marie Cleoph sat hir foure children, of the which children one made a goodlie oration to the queene of the fruitfulnes of saint Anne and of hir generation, trusting that like fruit should come of hir. Then she passed to the conduit in Cornhill, where were three graces set in a throne, afore whom was the spring of grace continuallie running wine. Afore the founteine sat a poet declaring the properties of everie grace: and that doone, everie ladie by hir selfe, according to hir propertie, gave to the queene a severall gift of grace. That doone, she passed by the great conduit in cheepe, which was newlie painted with armes of devises: out of the which conduit by a goodlie founteine set at the one end ran continuallie wine both white and claret all that afternoone, and so she rode to the Standard which was richlie painted with images of kings and queenes, and hanged with banners of armes, and in the top was marvellous sweet harmonie both of song and instrument. Then she went forward to the crosse, which was newlie guilt, till she came where the aldermen stood, and then master Baker the recorder came to hir with low reverence, making a proper and briefe proposition, and gave to hir in the name of the citie a thousand marks in a purse of gold, which she thankefullie accepted with manie goodlie words, and so rode to the little conduit, where was a rich pageant full of melodie and song. In this pageant was Pallas, Juno and Venus, and before them stood Mercurie, which in the name of the three goddesses gave to hir a ball of gold divided in three, signifieng three gifts which the three goddesses gave to hir, that is to saie, wisedome, riches, and felicitie. As she entered into Paules gate there was a pretie pageant, in which sat three ladies richlie clothed, and in a circle on their head was written *Regina Anna prospere procede et regna.* The ladie in the middes had a tablet, in the which was written *Veni amica coronaberis*, and under the tablet sat an angell with a close crowne, and the ladie sitting on the right hand had a tablet of silver

in which was written, *Domine dirige gressus meos*, and the third ladie had a tablet of gold with letters azure written, *Confido in Domino*, and under their feet was written in legible letters:—*Regina Anna norum regis de Sanguine natum—Cum paries, populis aurea secla tuis.* And these ladies cast downe wafers, on the which the two verses were written. From thence she passed to the east end of Paules churchyard against the schoole, where stood on a scaffold two hundred children well apparelled, which said to hir diverse goodlie verses of poets translated into English, to the honour of the king and hir, which she highlie commended. And when she came to Ludgate, the gate was newlie garnished with gold and bise. And on the leads of saint Martins church stood a goodlie queere of singing men and children, which soong new balads made in praise of hir. After that she was passed Ludgate, she proceeded toward Fleetstreet, where the conduit was newlie painted, and all the armes and angels refreshed, and the chime melodiouslie sounding. Upon the conduit was made a towre with foure turrets, and in everie turret stood one of the cardinall vertues with their tokens and properties, which had severall speeches, promising the queene never to leave hir, but to be aiding and comforting hir: and in the middest of the towre closelie was such severall solemne instruments, that it seemed to be an heavenlie noise, and was much regarded and praised: and beside this the said conduit ran wine claret and red all the afternoone. So she with all hir companie and the maior rode foorth to Temple Barre, which was newlie painted and repared, where stood also diverse singing men and children, till she came to Westminster hall, which was richlie hanged with cloth of arras, and new glased. And in the middest of the hall she was taken out of hir litter, and so led up to the higher deske under the cloth of estate, on whose left hand was a cupbord of ten stages marvellous rich and beautifull to behold: and within a little season was brought to the queene with a solemne service in great standing spice plates, a void of spice and subtilties with ipocras and other wines, which she sent downe to hir ladies, and when the ladies had dranke, she gave hartie thanks to the lords and ladies, with the maior and other that had given their attendance on hir, and so withdrew hir selfe with a few ladies to the Whitehall and so to hir chamber, and there shifted hir, and after went into hir barge secretlie to the king to his manour of Westminster, where she rested that night. On sundaie the maior clad in crimsin velvet and with his collar, and all the aldermen and shiriffes in scarlet, and the counsell of the citie tooke their barge at the Crane by seaven of the clocke and came to Westminster, where they were welcomed and brought into the hall by master treasuror and others of the kings house, and so gave their attendance till the queene should come foorth. Betweene eight and nine she came into the hall, and stood under the cloth of estate, and then came in the kings chappell, and the moonks of Westminster all in rich copes, and manie bishops and abbats in copes and miters which went into the middest of the hall, and there stood a season. Then was there a raie cloth spred from the queenes standing in the hall through the palace and sanctuarie, which was railed on both sides to the high altar of Westminster. After that the raie cloth was cast, the officers of armes appointed the order accustomed. First went gentlemen, then esquiers, then knights, then the aldermen of the citie in their cloks of scarlet, after them the judges in their mantels of scarlet and coiffes. Then followed the knights of the bath being no lords, everie man having a white lace on his left sleeve, then followed barons and vicounts in their parlement robes of scarlet. After them came earls, marquesses and dukes in their robes of estate of crimsin velvet furred with ermine poudered according to their degrees. After them came the lord chancellor in a robe of scarlet open before, bordered with lettise: after him came the kings chapell and the moonks solemnelie singing with procession; then came abbats and bishops mitered, then sargeants and officers of armes, then after them went the

maior of London with his mace and garter in his cote of armes, then went the marquesse Dorset in a robe of estate which bare the scepter of gold, and the earle of Arundell which bare the rod of ivorie with the dove both togither. Then went alone the earle of Oxford high chamberleine of England which bare the crowne, after him went the duke of Suffolke in his robe of estate also for that daie being high steward of England, having a long white rod in his hand, and the lord William Howard with the rod of the marshalship, and everie knight of the garter had on his collar of the order. Then proceeded foorth the queene in a circot and robe of purple velvet furred with ermine in hir here coiffe and circlet as she had the saturdaie, and over hir was borne the canopie by foure of the five ports, all crimsin with points of blue and red hanging on their sleeves, and the bishops of London and Winchester bare up the laps of the queenes robe. The queenes traine which was verie long was borne by the old duches of Norffolke: after hir folowed ladies being lords wives, which had circots of scarlet with narow sleeves, the brest all lettise with bars of borders according to their degrees, and over that they had mantels of scarlet furred, and everie mantell had lettise about the necke like a neckercher likewise poudered, so that by the pouderings their degree was knowen. Then followed ladies being knights wives in gownes of scarlet, with narow sleeves without traines, onlie edged with lettise, and likewise had all the queenes gentlewomen. When she was thus brought to the high place made in the middest of the church, betweene the queere and the high altar, she was set in a rich chaire. And after that she had rested awhile, she descended downe to the high altar and there prostrate hir selfe while the archbishop of Canturburie said certeine collects: then she rose, and the bishop annointed hir on the head and on the brest, and then she was led up againe, where after diverse orisons said, the archbishop set the crowne of saint Edward on hir head, and then delivered hir the scepter of gold in hir right hand, and the rod of ivorie with the dove in the left hand, and then all the queere soong *Te Deum, &c.* Which doone, the bishop tooke off the crowne of saint Edward being heavie and set on the crowne made for hir. Then went she to saint Edwards shrine and there offered, after which offering doone she withdrew hir into a little place made for the nones on the one side of the queere. Now in the meane season everie duches had put on their bonets a coronall of gold wrought with flowers, and everie marquesse put on a demie coronall of gold, everie countesse a plaine circlet of gold without flowers, and everie king of armes put on a crowne of coper and guilt, all which were worne till night. When the queene had a little reposed hir, the companie returned in the same order that they set foorth, and the queene went crowned and so did the ladies aforesaid. Hir right hand was susteined by the earle of Wilshire hir father, and hir left hand by the lord Talbot deputie for the earle of Shrewesburie and lord Forinsall his father. Now when she was out of the sanctuarie and appeered within the palace, the trumpets plaied marvellous freshlie, then she was brought to Westminster hall, and so to hir withdrawing chamber; during which time the lords, judges, maior and aldermen put off their robes, mantels and clokes, and tooke their hoods from their necks and cast them about their shoulders, and the lords sat onlie in their circots, and the judges and aldermen in their gownes. And all the lords that served that daie served in their circots and their hoods about their shoulders: also diverse officers of the kings house being no lords had circots and hoods of scarlet edged with minever, as the treasuror, controllor, and master of the jewell house, but their circots were not guilt. While the queene was in hir chamber, everie lord and other, that ought to doo service at coronations, did prepare them according to their dutie, as the duke of Suffolke high steward of England which was richlie apparalled, his doublet and jacket set with orient pearle, his gowne of crimsin velvet imbrodered, his courser trapped with a

cloth trapper head and all to the ground of crimsin velvet, set full of letters of gold of goldsmiths worke, having a long white rod in his hand; on his left hand rode the lord William, deputie for his brother as earle marshall with the marshals rod, whose gowne was crimsin velvet, and his horse trapper purple velvet cut on white sattin imbrodered with white lions. The earle of Oxenford was high chamberleine, the earle of Essex carver, the earle of Sussex sewer, the earle of Arundell cheefe butler, on whom twelve citizens of London did give their attendance at the cupbord. The earle of Darbie cupbearer, the vicount Lisle pantler, the lord of Aburgaine cheefe larder, the lord Braie almoner for him and his coparteners, and the maior of Oxford kept the buttrie bar, and Thomas Wiat was cheefe eurer for sir Henrie Wiat his father. When all things were redie, the queene under hir canopie came to the hall, and washed and sat downe in the middest of the table under the cloth of estate. On the right side of the chaire stood the countesse of Oxford widow, and on the left side stood the countesse of Worcester all the dinner season, which diverse times in the dinner time did hold a fine cloth before the queenes face when she list to spet or doo otherwise at hir pleasure. At the tables end sat the archbishop of Canturburie on the right hand of the queene, and in the middest betweene the archbishop and the countesse of Oxford stood the earle of Oxford with a white staffe all dinner time, and at the queenes feet under the table sat two gentlewomen all dinner time. When all these things were thus ordered, in came the duke of Suffolke and the lord William Howard on horssebacke, and the sargeants of armes before them, and after them the sewer, and then the knights of the bath bringing in the first course which was eighteene dishes, besides subtilties and ships made of wax marvellous gorgious to behold, all which time of service the trumpets standing in the window at the nether end of the hall plaied melodiouslie. When hir grace was served of two dishes, then the archbishops service was set downe, whose sewer came equall with the third dish of the queenes service on his left hand. After that the queene and the archbishop was served, the barons of the ports began the table on the right hand next the wall, next them at the table sat the masters and clearks of the Chancerie, and beneath them at the table other doctors and gentlemen. The table next the wall on the left hand by the cupbord, was begun by the maior and aldermen, the chamberleine and the councell of the citie of London, and beneath them sat substantiall merchants, and so downeward other worshipfull persons. At the table on the right hand in the middest of the hall sat the lord chancellor, and other temporall lords on the right side of the table in their circots: and on the left side of the same table sat bishops and abbats in their parlement robes: beneath them sat the judges, sargeants, and the kings councell, beneath them the knights of the bath. At the table on the left hand, in the middle part, sat dutchesses, marquesses, countesses, baronesses, in their robes, and other ladies in circots, and gentlewomen in gownes. All which ladies and gentlewomen sat on the left side of the table along, and none on the right side. When all were thus set, they were incontinent served, and so quicklie that it was marvell: for the servitors gave such good attendance, that meat or drinke nor any thing else needed not to be called for, which in so great a multitude was marvell. As touching the fare, there could be devised no more costlier dishes nor subtilties. The maior of London was served with three and thirtie dishes at two courses, and so were all his brethren, and such as sat at his table. The queene had at hir second course foure and twentie dishes, and thirtie at the third course; and betweene the two last courses, the kings of armes cried larges, in three parts of the hall: and after stood in their place, which was in the bekins at the kings bench. And on the right hand out of the cloister of S. Stephans, was made a little closet, in which the king with diverse ambassadors

stood to behold the service. The duke of Suffolke and the lord William rode often times about the hall, chering the lords, ladies, and the maior and his brethren. After they all had dined, they had wafers and ipocras, and then they washed, and were commanded to rise, and to stand still in their places, before the table or on the formes till the queene had washed. When she had taken wafers and ipocras, the table was taken up, and the earle of Rutland brought up the surnap, and laid it at the boords end, which immediatlie was drawne, and cast by master Rode, marshall of the hall: and the queene washed, and after the archbishop, and when the surnap was drawne off, she arose and stood in the middest of the palace hall: to whome the earle of Sussex in a goodlie spice plate brought a void of spice and comfets. After him the maior of London brought a standing cup of gold, set in a cup of assaie of gold, and after that she had droonke, she gave the maior the cup, with the cup of assaie, bicause there was no leiar, according to the claime of the citie, thanking him and all his brethren, for their paine. Then she under hir canopie departed to hir chamber, and at the entrie of hir chamber, she gave the canopie with bels and all, to the barons of the ports, according to their claime, with great thanks. Then the maior of London bearing his cup in his hand, with his brethren, went through the hall to their barge, and so did all other noble men and gentlemen, for it was six of the clocke. On mondaie were the justs at the tilt, before the kings gate, where the maior and his brethren had a goodlie standing: but there were verie few speares broken, by reason the horsses would not cope. On Wednesdaie, the king sent for the maior and his brethren to Westminster, and there he himselfe gave to them hartie thanks, with manie goodlie words. On Midsummer daie after, the ladie Marie the French queene died in Suffolke, who was the late wife to Lewes the twelfe, and after married to Charles duke of Suffolke, and was buried at S. Edmundsburie. The K. kept his progresse about London, bicause of the queene. The seventh of September being sundaie, betweene three and foure of the clocke in the afternoone, the queene was delivered of a faire yoong ladie, on which daie the duke of Norffolke came home to the christening, which was appointed on the wednesdaie next following, and was accordinglie accomplished on the same daie, with all such solemne ceremonies as were thought convenient. The godfather at the font was the lord archbishop of Canturburie, the godmothers, the old dutches of Norffolke, and the old marchionesse Dorset widow; and at the confirmation the ladie marchionesse of Excester was godmother: the child was named Elizabeth.

Upon the daie of the christening, the maior sir Stephan Peacocke, in a gowne of crimsin velvet, with his collar of S S, and all the aldermen in scarlet, with collars and chaines, and all the councell of the citie with them, tooke their barge after dinner, at one of the clocke, and the citizens had another barge, and so rowed to Greenwich, where were manie lords, knights, and gentlemen assembled. All the walles betweene the kings palace and the friers were hanged with arras, and all the waie strawed with greene rushes: the friers church was also hanged with arras. The font was of silver, and stood in the middest of the church, three steps high, which was covered with a fine cloth, and diverse gentlemen with aperns and towels about their necks gave attendance about it, that no filth should come in the font, over it hoong a square canopie of crimsin sattin, fringed with gold, about it was a raile covered with red saie: betweene the quier and the bodie of the church was a close place with a pan of fire, to make the child readie in. When all these things were ordered, the child was brought to the hall, and then everie man set forward; first the citizens two and two, then gentlemen, esquiers and chapleins, next after them the aldermen and the maior alone: next the maior the kings councell, the kings chappell in copes; then barons, bishops, earles, then came the earle of Essex, bearing the covered basins gilt, after him the marquesse of

Excester with the taper of virgin wax, next him the marquesse Dorset bearing the salt. Behind him the ladie Marie of Norffolke, bearing the creesome which was verie rich of pearle and stone, the old dutches of Norffolke bare the child in a mantell of purple velvet, with a long traine furred with ermine. The duke of Norffolke with his marshall rod went on the right hand of the said dutches, and the duke of Suffolke on the left hand, and before them went the officers of armes. The countesse of Kent bare the long traine of the childs mantell, and betweene the countesse of Kent and the child went the earle of Wilshire on the right hand, and the earle of Darbie on the left hand, supporting the said traine: in the middest over the said child was borne a canopie, by the lord Rochford, the lord Husie, the lord William Howard, and by the lord Thomas Howard the elder, after the child followed manie ladies and gentlewomen. When the child was come to the church doore, the bishop of London met it with diverse bishops and abbats mitred. When the ceremonies and christening were ended, Garter cheefe king of armes cried alowd, God of his infinite goodnesse send prosperous life and long to the high and mightie princesse of England Elizabeth: and then the trumpets blew. Then the archbishop of Canturburie gave to the princesse a standing cup of gold, the dutches of Norffolke gave to hir a standing cup of gold, fretted with pearle: the marchionesse of Dorset gave three gilt bolles, pounced with a cover: and the marchionesse of Excester gave three standing bolles graven, all gilt with a cover. Then was brought in wafers, comfets, and ipocrasse in such plentie, that everie man had as much as he would desire. Then they set forwards, the trumpets going before in the same order towards the kings palace, as they did when they came thitherwards, saving that the gifts that the godfather and the godmothers gave were borne before the child by foure persons, that is to saie, First, sir John Dudleie bare the gift of the ladie of Excester, the lord Thomas Howard the yoonger bare the gift of the ladie of Dorset, the lord Fitzwater bare the gift of the ladie of Norffolke, and the earle of Worcester bare the gift of the archbishop of Canturburie, and all the one side as they went was full of staffe torches to the number of five hundred, borne by the gard and other of the kings servants, and about the child were borne manie other proper torches by gentlemen. In this order they brought the princesse to the Q. chamber, and tarried there a while with the maior and his brethren the aldermen, and at the last the dukes of Norffolke and Suffolke came out from the K. thanking them hartilie, who commanded them to give thanks in his name: which being doone with other courtesies they departed, and so went to their barges. From that time forward (God himselfe undertaking the tuition of this yoong princesse, having predestinated hir to the accomplishment of his divine purpose) she prospered under the Lords hand, as a chosen plant of His watering, and after the revolution of certeine yeares with great felicitie and joy of all English hearts atteined to the crowne of this realme, and now reigneth over the same: whose heart the Lord direct in his waies, and long preserve hir in life, to his godlie will and pleasure, and the comfort of all true and faithfull subjects.

The wish to conclude the play with the christening of Elizabeth perhaps led Shakespeare to anticipate, in point of date, the closing scenes in the life of Katharine, the leading incidents of which were derived from the following account given by Holinshed under the year 1536,—"The princesse Dowager, lieng at Kimbalton, fell into hir last sicknesse, whereof the king, being advertised, appointed the emperors ambassador that

was legier here with him named Eustachius Caputius, to go to visit hir, and to doo his commendations to hir, and will hir to be of good comfort. The ambassador with all diligence did his duetie therein, comforting hir the best he might; but she within six daies after, perceiving hirselfe to wax verie weake and feeble, and to feele death approching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir; and further desired him to have some consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further, that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeeres wages beside. This in effect was all that she requested, and so immediatlie hereupon she departed this life the eight of Januarie at Kimbalton aforesaid, and was buried at Peterborow."

The narrative in Foxe's Acts and Monuments, 1562-3, previously referred to, will complete the series of historical materials employed by Shakespeare in the composition of the present drama,—" When night came, the king sent Sir Anthonie Denie about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himselfe to the court, and comming into the galerie where the king walked and taried for him, his highnesse said, Ah, my lorde of Canterbury, I can tell you newes. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the counsaile, that you to-morrowe at nine of the clocke shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplaines (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realme such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared the whole realme being infected with them, no small contention and commotion will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late daies the like was in divers parts of Germanie; and therefore the counsell have requested me for the triall of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witnesse in those matters, you being a counsellor. When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, I am content, if it please your grace, with al my hart, to go thither at your highness commandment; and I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my triall, for there be that have many waies slandered me, and now this way I hope to trie myselfe not worthy of such reporte. The king per-

ceiving the mans uprightnesse, joyned with such simplicitie, said; Oh Lorde, what maner o' man be you? What simplicitie is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers together for your triall, without any such indurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witness against you? Thinke you to have better lucke that waie than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with my selfe to keep you out of their handes. Yet notwithstanding to-morrow when the counsaile shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsailer, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for your selfe as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop, and saie unto them, if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kinges owne person by this token unto you all, for (saide the king then unto the archbishop) so soone as they shall see this my ring, they knowe it so well, that they shall understande that I have reserved the whole cause into mine owne handes and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof. The archbishop perceiving the kinges benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbeare teares. Well, said the king, go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you. My lord, humbling himselfe with thankes, tooke his leave of the kinges highnesse for that night. On the morrow, about nine of the clocke before noone, the counsaile sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the counsaile-chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to waite among the pages, lackies, and serving men all alone. D. Buts the king's physition resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highnesse, and said; My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted; for now he is become

a lackey or a serving man, for yonder hee standeth this halfe hower at the counsaile-chamber doore amongste them. It is not so, (quoth the king,) I trowe, nor the counsaile hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitane of the realme in that sorte, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king) and we shall heare more soone. Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaile-chamber, to whom was alleadged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop aunswered in like sort, as the king had advised him; and in the end when he perceived that no maner of persuasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole counsaile being thereat somewhat amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice confirming his words with a solemn othe, said, when you first began the matter, my lordes, I told you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king would suffer this man's finger to ake? Much more (I warrant you) will he defend his life against brabling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him. And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendring that matter as the order and use was, into his own hands. When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them; ah, my lordes, I thought I had wiser men of my counsaile than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realme, and one of you in office, to wait at the counsaille-chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsailer as wel as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsellor, and not as a meane subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciouslie, and if some of you might have had your mindes, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject (and so solemnlie laying his hand upon his brest, said,) by the faith I owe to God I take this man here, my lord of Canterburie, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whome we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise. And, with that, one or two of the chiefest of the counsaile, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather ment for his triall and his purgation against the common fame and

slander of the worlde, than for any malice conceived against him. Well, well, my lords, (quoth the king,) take him, and well use him, as hee is worthy to bee, and make no more ado. And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather of altogethers, which might easilie be done with that man."

The popularity of Henry the Eighth in the early part of the seventeenth century is incontestible. The character of Henry the Eighth was played by Lowin, who was one of the early performers of Falstaff. This fact is stated on the authority of an old manuscript note in a copy of the second folio at Windsor Castle, and is confirmed by Downes in 1708 and by Roberts the actor in a tract published in 1729,—"I am apt to think, he (Lowin) did not rise to his perfection and most exalted state in the theatre till after Burbage, tho' he play'd what we call second and third characters in his time, and particularly Henry the Eighth originally; from an observation of whose acting it in his later days, Sir William Davenant convey'd his instructions to Mr. Betterton." In all probability, Lowin was the original actor of Henry the Eighth when the play was produced in 1613. According to Downes, Betterton was instructed in the acting of the part by Davenant, "who had it from old Mr. Lowin, that had his instructions from Mr. Shakespeare himself."

As late as the year 1628, this play was sufficiently popular to be "bespoken of purpose" for representation before the Duke of Buckingham. The following passage occurs in a letter from Robert Gell to Sir Martin Stuteville, dated August 9th, 1628, preserved in MS. Harl. 383:—"On Tuesday, his Grace was present at the acting of King H. 8. at the Globe, a play bespoken of purpose by himself, whereat he stayed till the Duke of Buckingham was beheaded, and then departed. Some say he should rather have seen the fall of Cardinall Woolsey, who was a more lively type of himself, having governed this kingdom 18 yeares, as he hath done 14." The latter part of this note seems to imply that the argument of the play was generally known, and we may infer that it was then popular.

Another early notice of the popularity of the play, in reference to the King's perpetual exclamation, occurs in the Fragmenta Aulica, or Court and State Jests in Noble Drollery, 1662, —"A company of little boyes were by their schoolmaster not many yeares since appointed to act the play of King Henry the

eight, and one who had the presence (or the absence rather) as being of a whining voice, puling spirit, consumptive body, was appointed to personate King Henry himselfe, only because he had the richest cloaths, and his parents the best people of the parish; but when he had spoke his speech rather like a mouse then a man, one of his fellow-actors told him, If you speak not *hoh* with a better spirit and voyce, your Parliament will not grant you a farthing." The same story is also told in Fuller's Worthies.

Downes gave it as his opinion that nobody can ever approach to the great excellence which Betterton displayed in acting the king. "Wolsey," says the same stage-historian, "was supported, with great pride, port, and mien, by Harris, an actor of whom we scarce know any thing, except that he played a variety of characters in tragedy and comedy; from that circumstance we may infer, he must have enjoyed very comprehensive abilities for the stage." Betterton and Harris acted in this play when it was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields in December, 1663. Pepys, who saw it the next month, did not think highly of the performance,—"Went to the Duke's house, the first play I have been at these six months, according to my last vowe, and here saw the so much cried-up play of Henry the Eighth; which, though I went with resolution to like it, is so simple a thing, made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done." Pepys speaks of it in the previous month, 10 December, 1663, as a play of Davenant's, but in this he was probably misinformed,—"Calling at Wotton's, my shoemaker's, to-day, he tells me that Sir H. Wright is dying; and that Harris is come to the Duke's house again; and of a rare play to be acted this week of Sir William Davenant's: the story of Henry the Eighth, with all his wives." It is possible, although there is no other authority for the statement, that Davenant may have altered Shakespeare's play, but the story of all the wives being introduced is no doubt an error. Pepys saw the play again at the same theatre in December, 1668, and he then delivered a better opinion of it,—"After dinner, my wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, and there did see King Harry the Eighth; and was mightily pleased, better than I ever expected, with the history and shows of it."

A few other allusions to the play, by writers of the latter half of the seventeenth century, will serve to exhibit its con-

tinued popularity. "Now, gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'l shew you the greatest scene that ever England saw: I mean not for words, for those I do not value; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine, I'l justifie it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great scene in Harry the Eight, and grander too, I gad; for, instead of two bishops, I have brought in two other cardinals," The Rehearsal, 4to. 1672. "To all these reasons, our farce-monger might have added another, which is a *non pareillo*, namely, that which Mr. Bays returned when it was demanded of him, why, in his grand show (grander than that in Harry the VIII.) two of the cardinals were in hats, and two in caps, *because—— By gad I won't tell you*, which after a pause, is a reason beyond all exception," The Transproser Rehears'd, or the Fifth Act of Mr. Bayes's Play, 12mo. Oxford, 1673. "*Bred.* 'Tis a pretty convenient tub, madam. He may lie along in't; there's just room for an old joyn'd stool besides the bed, which one cannot call a cabin, about the largeness of a pantry bin, or a usurer's trunk, there had been dornex curtains to't in the days of yore; but they were now annihilated, and nothing left to save his eyes from the light, but my landladies blew apron, ty'd by the strings before the window, in which stood a broken sixpenny looking-glass, that show'd as many faces as the scene in Henry the Eighth, which could but just stand upright, and then the comb-case fill'd it," Behn's Lucky Chance, 1687. "Henry the Eighth, the Famous History of his Life. This play frequently appears on the present stage; the part of Henry being extreamly well acted by Mr. Betterton," Langbaine's Account of the English Dramatick Poets, 1691. "By this means the audience, who come both willing and prepar'd to be deceiv'd, and indulge their own delusion, can pass over a considerable distance both of time and place unheeded and unminded, if they are not purposely thrown too openly in their way to stumble at. Thus Hamlet, Julius Cæsar, and those historick plays, shall pass glibly; when the audience shall be almost quite shockt at such a play as Henry the 8th, or the Dutchess of Malfey. And why? because here's a marriage and the birth of a child possibly in two acts, which points so directly to ten months length of time, that the play has very little air of reality, and appears too much unnatural," A Farther Defence of Dramatick Poetry, 1698.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
LORD CHANCELLOR.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three other Gentlemen.
Garter King at Arms.
DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Sergeant at Arms.*
Door-keeper of the Council Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner.
A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour.*
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

Prologue.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it: such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too: those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling[1]
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,[2]
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known,
The first and happiest hearers of the town,

Be sad as we would make ye: think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *at one door; at the other, the* Duke of BUCKINGHAM, *and the* Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory,[3] those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,

Till this time, pomp was single ;[4] but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's : to-day the French
All clinquant,[5] all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India : every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams, too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting : now this mask
Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise ; and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one : and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.[6]

Buck. O ! you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal :
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ;
Order gave each thing view ; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.[7]

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he

To do in these fierce vanities?[8] I wonder,
That such a keech[9] can, with his very bulk,
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,[10]
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.
Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him: let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
(Without the privity o' the king) t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.[11]
Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O! many
Have broke their backs,[12] with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.[13]
Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider farther, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You'll find it wholesome. Lo! where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY,[14] (*the Purse borne before him,*) *certain of the* Guard, *and two* Secretaries *with papers. The* Cardinal *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?
1 *Secr.* Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
1 *Secr.* Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt* WOLSEY *and* Train.
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.[16]
Nor. What! are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's th' appliance only,
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He's gone t' the king:
I'll follow, and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,[17]

And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To the king I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend! This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't, his mind and place[18]
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)
Only to show his pomp, as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king, our master,
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.
Nor. Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,[19]
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end,
As give a crutch t' the dead. But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league,
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd: but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd:—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.
Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a* Sergeant at Arms *before him, and two or three of the* Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.
Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo, you, my lord!
The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things.—I obey.—
O! my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—The king
[*To* ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines farther.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king t' attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,[20]—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O! Nicholas Hopkins?[21]
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd already:[22]
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,[23]
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, *the* Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, Attendant. *The* King *enters leaning on the* Cardinal's *shoulder.*

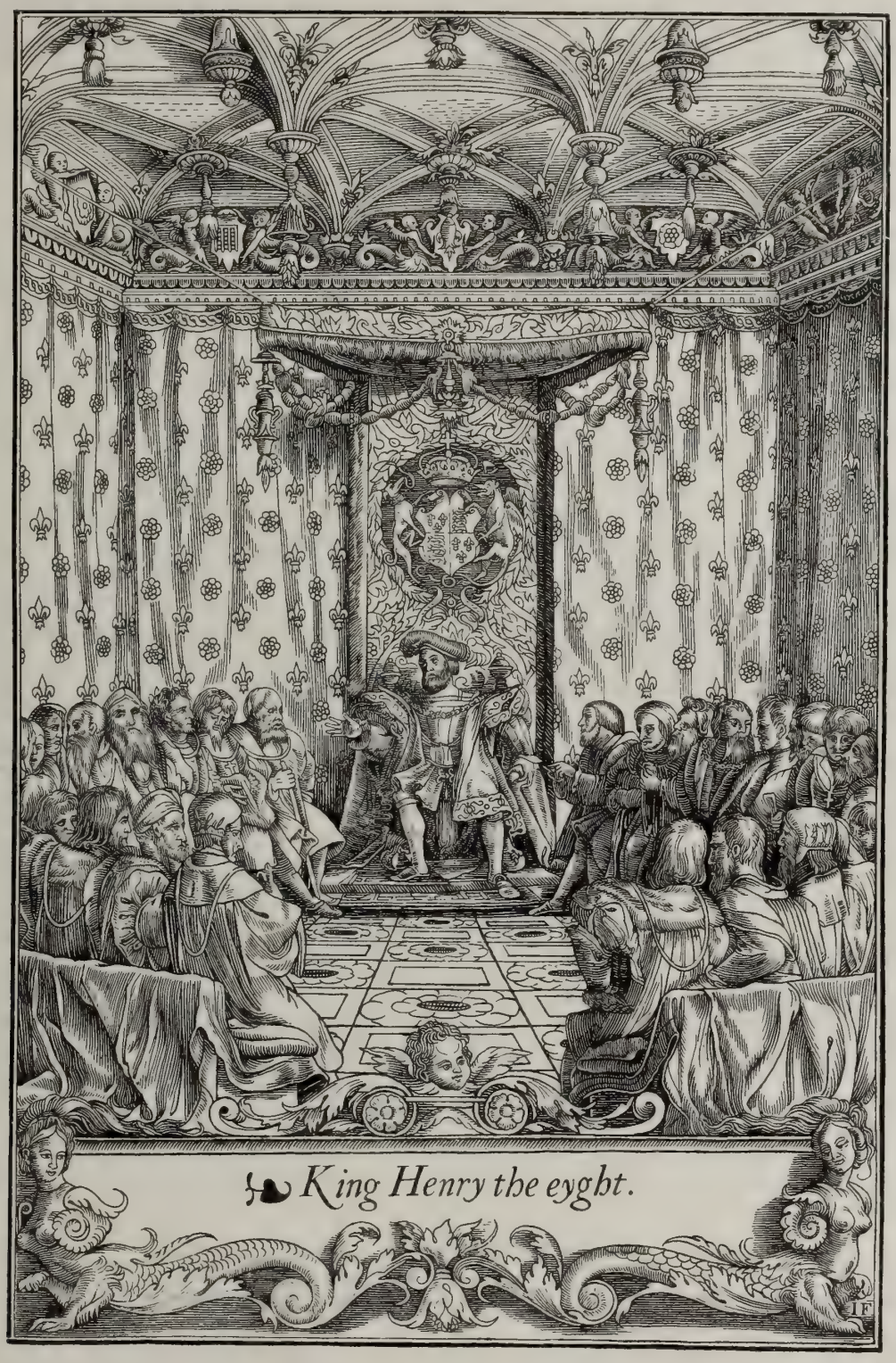
K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,[24]
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the level
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King *takes his State. The* Lords of the Council *occupy their several places. The* Cardinal *places himself under the* King's *feet on his right side.*

A noise within, crying Room for the Queen. *Enter the* Queen, *ushered by the* Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* King *riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor

King Henry the Eighth in the Council Chamber, from a contemporary Engraving Designed by Hans Holbein.



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The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
Whose honour heaven shield from soil! even he escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.[25]
K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in ought
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them: their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave[26]
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.[27]
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters (once weak ones[28]) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit
State statues only.
K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:

Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the* Secretary.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,[29]
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession[30] this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Farther in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd,[31] and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself: yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount

The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.
K. Hen. Speak freely,
Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.
Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.
Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.
K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.[32]
K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit

John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,[33]
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor's heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty:[34] the duke
Shall govern England."

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for him,
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, "Tush!
It can do me no damage:" adding farther,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say farther?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time: being my servant sworn,[35]
The duke retain'd him his.—But on: what hence?

Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,

Made suit to come in's presence, which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."[36]

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee: what say'st?

Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us.—
By day and night,[37]
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *and* Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face;[39] but they are shrewd ones,
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin,
And springhalt[40] reign'd among them.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad 'tis there: now, I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather,[41] that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks;[42]
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches,[43] and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities.
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going.
For, sure, there's no converting of them: now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,[44]
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r-lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, lord Sands:
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O! 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies: there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us:
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal: in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.*[45]

Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, *a longer Table for the* Guests; *then enter* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as* Guests, *at one door; at another door, enter* Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As, first, good company,[46] good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.—O, my lord! y'are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, *and* Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet[47] ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O! that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.
Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another* Lady.
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O! very mad, exceeding mad; in love too;
But he would bite none: just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state.*

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry:—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drum and Trumpets within; Chambers discharged.*[48]

Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a* Servant.
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French tongue:
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—
[*Exit* Chamberlain *attended. All arise, and Tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,
I shower a welcome on ye.—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, *and others, as* Maskers,[49] *habited like Shepherds, ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* Cardinal, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace:—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[Ladies *chosen for the Dance. The* King *takes* ANNE BULLEN.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touched. O, beauty!
Till now I never knew thee.[50] [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord,—
Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me.
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.
[Cham. *goes to the* Maskers, *and returns.*
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see then.—
[*Comes from his State.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.
K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal. [*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,—
The viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.[51]—A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.[52]
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry,
Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.[53]

[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *May see away their shilling.*

See Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, 1614: "If he have but *twelvepence* in his purse, he will give it for the *best room* in a play-house." Again, in a copy of verses prefixed to Massinger's Bondman, 1624:—

Reader, if you have disburs'd *a shilling*
To see this worthy story——

Again, in the Gul's Horn-book, 1609: "At a new play you take up the *twelvepenny room* next the stage, because the lords and you may seem to be hail-fellow well met." So late as in the year 1658, we find the following advertisement at the end of a piece called the Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, by Sir William D'Avenant: "Notwithstanding the great expence necessary to *scenes* and other ornaments, in this entertainment, there is good provision made of places for *a shilling*, and it shall certainly begin at three in the afternoon."—*Malone.*

[2] *To see a fellow in a long motley coat.*

In Marston's 10th Satire there is an allusion to this kind of dress:—

The *long foole's coat*, the huge slop, the lugg'd boot,
From mimick Piso all doe claime their roote.

Thus also Nashe, in his Epistle Dedicatory to Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up, 1596: "—*fooles*, ye know, alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall *fooles*) are suted in *long coats*."—*Steevens.*

[3] *Those suns of glory.*

That is, those glorious suns. The editor of the third folio plausibly enough reads—Those *sons* of glory; and indeed as in old English books the two words are used indiscriminately, the luminary being often spelt *son*, it is sometimes difficult to determine which is meant; *sun* or *son*. However, the subsequent part of the line, and the recurrence of the same expression afterwards, are in favour of the reading of the original copy.—*Malone.*

[4] *Till this time, pomp was single.*

This beautiful personification of increased pomp would hardly have required a note, had it not been for a too subtle explanation given by an early commentator. The meaning is, to use the words of Johnson, that pomp was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before.

[5] *All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods.*

Clinquant, glittering, shining; from the French *clinquant*, tinsel. "*Aginina*, a kind of networke worne over tinsell or cloth of gold to make it shew *clinkant*," Florio's New World of Words, 1611. "His buskins *clinquant* as his other attire," Memorable Masque at Whitehall, 1613. "Like a Romane emperour in a curase of yellow sattin embrodered with silver, his gorget *clincant*, cut round, and on his breast an angels head imbost of gold," Albion's Triumph, 1631. More, in his MS. additions to Ray, gives it as a North country word for "brass thinly wrought out into leaves," the literal meaning of the French term.

Vert. An't please your grace, a gown, a handsome gown now,
An orient gown——
Phil. Nay, take thy pleasure of her.
Vert. Of cloth of tissue—I can fit you, madam;—
My lords, stand out o' the light;—a curious body,—
The neatest body in Spain this day,—with embroider'd flowers;
A *clinquant* petticoat of some rich stuff,
To catch the eye: I have a thousand fashions.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid in the Mill.

[6] *That Bevis was believ'd.*

An allusion to Bevis of Hampton, that is, Southampton, a favourite old English metrical romance, several editions of which were published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A prose version of a later period long continued popular. An account of one of his exploits, which certainly partakes a little of the marvellous, is thus given in an early copy in a Cambridge manuscript,—

Now begynnyth the fyȝt, as y saythe,
Betwene Befyse and the tyte.
Then seyde Befyse hende and gode,
To the people that be hym stode,—
I councelle yow ondo the yate,
And let me wynde owte ther ate.
Then alle the can crye.
ȝylde the, traytur, thou shalt dye!
Tho Befyse smote with herte gode,
And bathed hys swyrde yn ther blode:
V. hundurd men he fellyd to grounde,
And hym-selfe never a wounde;
Alle the blode of tho men
As swete owt of ther bodyes ranne.

[7] *That promises no element in such a business.*

"No element," says Johnson, means "no initiation, no previous practices; elements are the first principles of things or rudiments of knowledge; the word is here applied, not without a catachresis, to a person." More literally, one whose station and character promise no skill in such a business; meaning that parade is not the element of a churchman.

[8] *What had he to do in such fierce vanities?*

Johnson remarks that *fierce* is here used, like the French *fier*, for *proud;* and Steevens observes that the Puritan, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, says, the hobby-horse "is a *fierce* and rank idol." Our ancestors appear to have used the word in the sense of *arrogant, outrageous:* and the use of the Latin *ferox* is as likely to have suggested it as the French *fier*. The word has a different meaning in the passage cited from Timon of Athens, Act iv, Sc. 4. In the Rape of Lucrece we have—"Thy *violent vanities* can never last."—*Singer.*

[9] *Such a keech.*

A *keech* is a *solid lump* or *mass*. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould is called yet in some places, a *keech.*—*Johnson.*

There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolsey* was the son of a *butcher*, and in the Second Part of King Henry IV. a butcher's wife is called—Goody *Keech.*—*Steevens.*

Steevens thinks this term has a peculiar application to Wolsey, as the son of a butcher;—as a butcher's wife is called in Henry IV., Part II., "Goody Keech." But Falstaff, in the First Part, is called by Prince Henry "a greasy tallow keech." A "keech" is a lump of fat; and it appears to us that Buckingham here denounces Wolsey, not as a butcher's son, but as an overgrown bloated favourite, that

— can with his very *bulk*
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun.—*Knight.*

[10] *Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note.*

The line in the first folio stands exactly thus:—"Out of his self-drawing web. O gives us note;" and it is repeated in the same form in the later folios, excepting that a mark of admiration is placed after "O" in the second folio. Steevens corrected "O" to "he." The MS. from which the first folio was printed, perhaps, had "'a gives us note," "he" being often expressed by "'a" in familiar dialogue by Shakespeare: the compositor mistook *a* for *o*, and thinking it an interjection, (without attending to the sense, which is a little obscure,) he inserted a period, and made use of a capital *O:* hence the difficulty. The meaning seems to be that Wolsey "gives us note, or information, that the force of his own merit was the cause of his advancement."—*Collier.*

[11] *Must fetch him in he papers.*

He *papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning.—*Pope.*

It appears from Holinshed, that this expression is rightly explained by Pope in the next note: "*without the concurrence of the council.*" "The peers of the realme receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessarie cause expressed, why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand—*without consent of the whole boarde of the Counsaille.*"—*Malone.*

[12] *Have broke their backs.*

In the ancient Interlude of Nature, apparently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII., there seems to have been a similar stroke aimed at this expensive expedition:—

Pryde. I am unhappy, I se it well,
For *the expence of myne apparell*

Towardys this vyage—
What in horses and other aray
Hath compelled me for to lay
All my land to mortgage.

Chapman has introduced the same idea into his version of the second Iliad:—
Proud-girle-like, that doth ever beare *her dowre upon her backe.—Steevens.*
So, in King John:—

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

Again, in Camden's Remains, 1605: "There was a nobleman merrily conceited, and riotously given, that having lately sold a mannor of an hundred tenements, came ruffling into the court, saying, am not I a mighty man that beare an hundred houses on my backe?"—*Malone.*

So also Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy: "'Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oakes, or an hundred oxen, into a sute of apparell, to weare a whole *manor* on his back," edit. 1634, p. 482.—*Whalley.*

[13] *Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.*

The king, understanding how his subjects were handled at Burdeaux by the French kings commandement in breach of the league, the French ambassadour was called before the councell, and the cardinall laid sore to his charge that contrarie to his promise at all times on the French king his maisters behalfe, affirming that he ment nothing but peace and amitie to be observed in all points with the king of England; yet now the English merchants had not onelie their goods staied at Burdeaux, but also they and their factors were laid in prison, in full breach of all peace and amitie afore time concluded. The ambassadour in woords so well as hee could excused his maister, but in the end hee was commanded to keepe his house: and the French hostages that were appointed heere to remaine for the monie to be paid for the deliverie of Tornaie, were committed unto the safe keeping of the lord of Saint Johns, sir Thomas Lovell, sir Andrew Windsor, and sir Thomas Nevill, everie of them to have one. Herewith, also, all the Frenchmen in London were arrested, committed to prison, and put to their fines; but they were more courteouslie used than the Englishmen were in France. For after they had beene in durance ten daies, they were set at libertie, upon finding suerties to appeare before the maior, or else before the councell at a certeine daie, and to paie the fine upon them asssessed, which fine the king pardoned to diverse of the poorest sort.—*Holinshed's Chronicle*, ed. 1587.

[14] *Enter Cardinal Wolsey, &c.*

The instruction which Shakespeare, in this quotation, has given the actors, is not so generally observed as it ought. The aspect of Wolsey to Buckingham should at once be steady and deliberate, scornful and reproaching. Buckingham's look, in return, should be fierce, indignant, and impatient. The cardinal, in passing by the duke, should still keep his eye fixed upon him, as if demanding some salutation or mark of respect; but, on the duke's persisting silence, he turns to his secretaries, and enquires of them concerning the examination of the duke's surveyor, in a tone not quite loud enough to be heard by the duke. Colley Cibber has been much praised for his assuming port, pride, and dignity, in Wolsey; but his manner was not correspondent to the grandeur of the character. The man who was familiar in the councils and designs of mighty monarchs, must have acquired an easy dignity in action and deportment,

and such as Colley Cibber never understood or practised. If speaking with feeling and energy were all the requisites in the cardinal, Mossop would have excelled greatly; but in spite of the robe, which was of some advantage to him, his action, his step, and whole conduct of his person, were extremely awkward, and unsuitable to the accomplished statesman, the companion of princes. Digges, if he had not sometimes been extravagant in gesture and quaint in elocution, would have been nearer the resemblance of the great minister than any actor I have seen represent it.—*Davies.*

[15] *This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd.*

Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher. Dr. Gray observes that when the death of the Duke of Buckingham was reported to the Emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog.*" Skelton, whose satire is of the grossest kind, in *Why come you not to Court*, has the same reflection on the meanness of Cardinal Wolsey's birth:—

For drede of the *boucher's dog,*
Wold wirry them like an hog.—*Steevens.*

[16] *A beggar's book out-worths a noble's blood.*

That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unlettered, martial nobility.—*Johnson.*

It ought to be remembered that the speaker is afterward pronounced by the King himself a *learned gentleman.—Ritson.*

[17] *But from sincere motions.*

Dr. Johnson explains *sincere motions* to be *honest indignation;* and, for *name not*, would substitute *blame not.* But is not the following the plain sense, without any alteration?—"this top-proud fellow, whom I call so, not from an excess of bitterness, but from a genuine *impulse* of the mind."—*Douce.*

[18] *His mind and place.*

"This," says Warburton, "is very satirical; his mind he represents as highly corrupt, and yet he supposes the contagion of the place of first minister as adding an infection to it." I do not see anything satirical in Buckingham's speech. It is boiling passion, which has not time for satire. He simply says in his anger that the priest's proud and ambitious mind prompted him to this lavish display, and that his place, as well as the opportunity, gave him new incentives to his naturally ambitious spirit; so that each was a spur to the other, urging him on to show his consequence to France and the world at his country's cost.

[19] *The articles o' the combination drew.*

These articles are printed by Holinshed as "the tenour of the said instrument mad by the cardinall," after the passage referring to the same in the extracts given in the Introduction to the play. They bear date on 12 March, 1519.

[20] *One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.*

The old copies have it—his *counsellor;* but I, from the authorities of Hall and Holinshed, changed it to *chancellor.* And our poet himself, in the beginning of the second Act, vouches for this correction:—

At which, appear'd against him his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck, his *chancellor.—Theobald.*

I believe (in the former instance) the author wrote—*And* Gilbert, &c.—*Malone.*

[21] *Nicholas Hopkins.*

Michael Hopkins, ed. 1623. The same person—the "Chartreux friar"—is in the next scene called by "the Surveyor" *Nicholas Henton:* in both these passages the name is changed by the modern editors to *Nicholas Hopkins.* Some confusion is probably saved by this; but we also think that the poet might intend Buckingham to give the *Nicholas Hopkins* of the 'Chronicles' a wrong Christian-name in his precipitation; and that the Surveyor might call him by his more formal surname, *Nicholas Henton*—Nicholas *of* Henton—to which convent he belonged. With this explanation we retain the original text in both cases.—*Knight.*

The old copy has—*Michael* Hopkins. Theobald made the emendation, conformably to the Chronicle: "Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, beside Bristow, called Henton." In the MS. *Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.—Malone.*

It has been pointed out to me by D. D. Hopkyns esq. of Weycliffe that the name was familiar to Shakespeare as a family surname in his own county, and that there was a Nicholas Hopkins who was Sheriff of Coventry in 1561. Mr. Hopkyns possesses an estate bordering on Warwickshire, which has been in possession of his family for nineteen generations.

[22] *My life is spann'd already.*

To *span* is to *gripe*, or *inclose in the hand;* to *span* is also to *measure* by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that "hold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies;" or, that "my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined."—*Johnson.*

Man's life, in scripture, is said to be but a *span* long. Probably, therefore, it means, when 'tis *spann'd* 'tis ended.—*Reed.*

[23] *Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on.*

These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read:—

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts *out.*

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture. Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me:—

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,

whose port and dignity is assumed by the Cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place, "By dark'ning my clear sun."—*Johnson.*

Perhaps Shakespeare has expressed the same idea more clearly in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Antony and Cleopatra, and King John:—

O, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away.

Antony, remarking on the various appearances assumed by the flying vapours, adds:—

—— now thy captain is
Even such a body : here I am Antony,
But cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

Or yet, more appositely, in King John :—

—— being but the shadow of your son
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.

Such another thought occurs in the Famous History of Thomas Stukely, 1605 :—

He is the *substance* of my *shadowed* love.

There is likewise a passage similar to the conclusion of this, in Rollo, or the Bloody Brother, of Beaumont and Fletcher :

—— is drawn so high, that, like an ominous comet,
He *darkens all your light.*

We might, however, read—*pouts* on ; i. e. looks gloomily upon. So, in Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. i. :—

———————— then
We *pout upon* the morning, are unapt
To give, or to forgive.

Again, in Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. iii. :—

Thou *pout'st upon* thy fortune and thy love.

Wolsey could only reach Buckingham through the medium of the King's power. The Duke therefore compares the Cardinal to a cloud, which intercepts the rays of the sun, and throws a gloom over the object beneath it. "I am (says he) but the shadow of poor Buckingham, on whose figure this impending cloud looks gloomy, having got between me and the sunshine of royal favour." Our poet has introduced a somewhat similar idea in Much Ado About Nothing :—

—— the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter ;—like favourites
Made proud by princes ——.

To *pout* is at this time a phrase descriptive only of infantine sullenness, but might anciently have had a more consequential meaning. I should wish, however, instead of, "*By* dark'ning my clear sun," to read—"*Be*-dark'ning my clear sun." So, in the Tempest :

—— I have *be*-dimm'd
The noontide sun.—*Steevens.*

The following passage in Greene's Dorastus and Fawnia, 1588, (a book which Shakespeare certainly had read,) adds support to Dr. Johnson's conjecture : "Fortune, envious of such happy successe,—turned her wheele, and *darkened their bright sunne* of prosperitie with the mistie *cloudes* of mishap and misery."

M. Mason has observed that Dr. Johnson did not do justice to his own emendation, referring the words *whose figure* to Buckingham, when, in fact, they relate to *shadow*. Sir W. Blackstone had already explained the passage in this manner.—*Malone.*

By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, "puts *out*," for "puts *on*," a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines. "I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham : and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun ; that is, the favour of my sovereign."—*Blackstone.*

It is no easy matter on some occasions to comprehend the precise meaning of Shakespeare's metaphors, which are often careless and confused; and of this position the present lines are, doubtless, an example. We have here a double comparison. Buckingham is first made to say that he is but a shadow; in other terms, a dead man. He then adverts to the *sudden* cloud of misfortune that overwhelms him, and, like a shadow, obscures his prosperity.—*Douce.*

My figure, at this instant, puts on a cloud, by the darkening of my clear sun of honor, by calumniating me in the ear of the king, and preventing my innocence shining forth by a public defence.—*Anon.*

[24] *And the best heart of it.*

Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common, and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in Hamlet, mentions the *heart of heart.* Exhausted aud effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart.* The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak.*—*Johnson.*

[25] *And Danger serves among them.*

Could one easily believe that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government.—*Warburton.*

Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified *Danger.* The first, in his Romaunt of the Rose; the second, in his fifth Book, De Confessione Amantis; the third, in his Bouge of Court—"With that, anone out start *dangere;*" and the fourth, in the tenth Canto of the fourth Book of his Fairy Queen, and again in the fifth Book and the ninth Canto.—*Steevens.*

[26] *That tractable obedience is a slave.*

Tractable Obedience seems here a personification, where the virtue stands for the few people who practise it, and who are overborne and made the unwilling slaves of the incensed humours of the many.

[27] *There is no primer business.*

In the old edition—"There is no primer *baseness.*" The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons, which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness;* but rather made use of a word that could not offend the Cardinal, and yet would incline the King to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore:—"There is no primer *business,*" i.e., no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch.—*Warburton.*

[28] *Once weak ones.*

The modern editors read—*or* weak ones; but *once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time or other*, among our ancient writers. So, in the 13th Idea of Drayton:—

This diamond shall *once* consume to dust.

Again, in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "I pray thee, *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring." Again, in Leicester's Commonwealth: "— if God should take from us her most excellent majesty (as *once* he will) and so leave us destitute—."—*Steevens.*

[29] *Let there be letters writ to every shire.*

It is not so marked in the text, but it is scarcely necessary to observe that these lines are spoken aside.

[30] *Through our intercession.*

Wolsey's filching from his royal master the honour of bestowing grace and pardon on the subject, appeared so gross and impudent a prevarication, that, when this play was acted before George I. at Hampton-Court, about the year 1717, the courtiers laughed so loudly at this ministerial craft, that his majesty, who was unacquainted with the English language, asked the lord-chamberlain the meaning of their mirth; upon being informed of it, the king joined in a laugh of approbation.—*Davies.*

[31] *The gentleman is learn'd.*

We understand from "The Prologue of the translatour," that the Knyghte of the Swanne, a French romance, was translated at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. Copland, the printer, adds, "— this present history compyled, named Helyas the Knight of the Swanne, *of whom linially is descended my said lord.*" The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date.—*Steevens.*

[32] *By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.*

In former editions:—"By a vain prophecy of Nicholas *Henton.*" We heard before from Brandon, of one Nicholas Hopkins; and now his name is changed into Henton; so that Brandon and the surveyor seem to be in two stories. There is, however, but one and the same person meant, Hopkins, as I have restored it in the text, for perspicuity's sake; yet it will not be any difficulty to account for the other name, when we come to consider that he was a monk of the convent, called Henton, near Bristol. So both Hall and Holinshed acquaint us. And he might, according to the custom of these times, be called Nicholas of Henton, from the place; as Hopkins from his family.—*Theobald.*

[33] *Under the confession's seal.*

All the editions, down from the beginning, have—*commission's.* But what *commission's* seal? That is a question, I dare say, none of our diligent editors asked themselves. The text must be restored, as I have corrected it; and honest Holinshed, p. 863, from whom our author took the substance of this passage, may be called in as a testimony.—"The *duke* in talk told the *monk*, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of *confession*, to keep secret such matter."—*Theobald.*

[34] *To gain the love of the commonalty.*

For the insertion of the word *gain* I am answerable. From the corresponding passage in Holinshed, it appears evidently to have been omitted through the carelessness of the compositor: "The said monke told to De la Court, neither the king nor his heirs should prosper, and that I should *endeavour to purchase the good wills of the commonalty* of England."—*Malone.* The word *gain* is in ed. 1685, but some editors have altered *to* to *for*, and omitted the verb.

[35] *Being my servant sworn.*

Sir William Blomer, (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*,) was reprimanded by the King in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the King's service for the duke of Buckingham's.—*Edwards's MSS.*

[36] *Have put his knife into him.*

The accuracy of Holinshed, if from him Shakespeare took his account of the accusations and punishment, together with the qualities of the Duke of Buckingham, is proved in the most authentic manner by a very curious report of his case in East. Term. 13 Hen. VIII. in the year books published by authority, fol. 11 and 12, edit. 1597. After, in the most exact manner, setting forth the arrangement of the Lord High Steward, the Peers, the arraignment, and other forms and ceremonies, it says: "Et issint fuit arreine Edward Duc de Buckingham, le derrain jour de Terme le xij jour de May, le Duc de Norfolk donques estant Grand seneschal: la cause fuit, pur ceo que il avoit entend l' mort de nostre Snr. le Roy. Car premierment un Moine del' Abbey de Henton in le countie de Somerset dit a lui que il sera Roy et command' luy de obtenir le benevolence del' communalte, et sur ceo il donna certaines robbes a cest entent. A que il dit que le moine ne onques dit ainsi a lui, et que il ne dona ceux dones a cest intent. Donques auterfoits il dit, si le Roy morust sans issue male, il voul' estre Roy: et auxi que il disoit, si le Roy avoit lui commis al' prison, donques il voul' lui occire ove son dagger. Mes touts ceux matters il denia in effect, mes fuit trove coulp: Et pur ceo il avoit jugement comme traitre, et fuit decolle le Vendredy devant le Feste del Pentecost que fuit le xiij jour de May avant dit. Dieu à sa ame grant mercy—car il fuit tres noble prince et prudent, et mirror de tout courtesie."—*Vaillant.*

[37] *By day and night.*

This, I believe, was a phrase anciently signifying—at all times, every way, completely. In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Falstaff, at the end of his letter to Mrs. Ford, styles himself:—

Thine own true knight,
By day or night, &c.

Again, (I must repeat a quotation I have elsewhere employed,) in the third book of Gower, De Confessione Amantis:—

The sonne cleped was Machayre,
The daughter eke Canacehight,
By daie bothe and eke by night.

The King's words, however, by some critics, have been considered as an adjuration. I do not pretend to have determined the exact force of them.—*Steevens.*

Steevens takes unnecessary pains to explain this phrase. I wonder he could doubt that it was an adjuration. Horatio, in Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 5, says:—"O *day and night*, but this is wond'rous strange."—*Singer.*

[38] *Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.*

Shakespeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the King in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office.—*Malone.*

"Lord Chamberlain—." Charles Somerset, created Earl of Worcester 5 Henry VIII. He was Lord Chamberlain both to Henry VII. and Henry VIII. and continued in the office until his death, 1526. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, in Hants, was created a peer 1524. He became Lord Chamberlain upon the death of the Earl of Worcester in 1526.—*Reed.*

[39] *A fit or two o' the face.*

"A fit of the face" seems to be what we now term 'a grimace,' an artificial

cast of the countenance. Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in the Elder Brother:—

—— learnt new tongues ——
To *vary his face* as seamen do their compass.—*Steevens.*

[40] *And springhalt.*

And, Pope; *a*, ed. 1623; *or*, modern conjecture. The *stringhalt* or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads,) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces. So, in Muleasses the Turk, 1610: "— by reason of a general *spring-halt* and debility in their hams." Again, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair:—"Poor soul, she has had a *stringhalt*."—*Steevens.*

[41] *These remnants of fool and feather.*

This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong,) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's Farewell to Folly, 1617: from whence it appears that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: "— we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by *wearing plumes of feathers in our hands*, which in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads." Again, in his Quip for an upstart Courtier, 1620: "Then our young courtiers strove to exceed one another in vertue, not in bravery; they rode not with *fannes* to ward their faces from the wind," &c. Again, in Lingua, &c. 1607, Phantastes, who is a male character, is equipped with a *fan*.—*Steevens.*

The text may receive illustration from a passage in Nashe's Life of Iacke Wilton, 1594: "At that time (in the court of King Henry VIII.) I was no common squire, no undertroden torchbearer, *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*, my French doublet gelte in the belly, as though (lyke a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had been pluckt out, a paire of side paned hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my *long stock* that sate close to my dock,—my rapier pendant like a round sticke, &c. my blacke cloake of black cloth, ouerspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephantes eare;—and in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a more French*," &c.—*Ritson.*

In Rowley's Match at Midnight, Sim says: "Yes, yes, she that dwells in Blackfryers, next to the sign of *the Fool laughing at a Feather*." But Sir Thomas Lovell's is rather an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps. See a print on this subject from a painting of Jordaens, engraved by Voert; and again, in the ballad of News and no News:—"And feathers wagging in a fool's cap."—*Douce.*

Mr. Fairholt gives me the following note,—"No better illustration of Shakespeare's minute truthfulness in his occasional descriptions could probably be offered than this passage, which so simply, and yet so pointedly, alludes to the

extravagant follies of the French fashions exhibited at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The bas-reliefs of the Hotel Bourgtheroulde have furnished us with this figure selected from those on the English side. A close skull-cap of velvet is worn upon the head, and the bonnet or hat slung at the back of it, with an enormous radiation of feathers set around it, which an old French writer compares to the glories of a peacock's tail."

[42] *As fights and fireworks.*

We learn from a French writer quoted in Montfaucon's Monuments de la Monarchie Françoise, vol. iv., that some very extraordinary fireworks were played off on the evening of the last day of the royal interview between Guynes and Ardres. Hence, our "travelled gallants," who were present at this exhibition, might have imbibed their fondness for the pyrotechnic art.—*Steevens.*

[43] *Tall stockings, short blister'd breeches.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me the following note,—"The proneness of the English to follow the most absurd foreign fashions in dress, was a never-failing source for the satirists of the Shakesperian era to descant severely upon. In this instance, as in the last of our costume illustrations, the minute accuracy of our author again appears. The engraving is copied from an old French print representing a courtier of the era of Francis I. The tall stockings drawn high above the knee, where they are cut into points; the breeches very short, and gathered into close rolls or blisters; shew how accurate is the jesting satire of Sir Thomas Lovell."

[44] *May bring his plain-song.*

The simple notes of an air without ornament or variation, opposed to descant, which was full of flourish and variety. "I wish from the bottom of my heart that the laudable custom of England to teach children their plaine-song and pricke-song were not so decayed throughout all the realme as it is," Ascham's Toxophilus. Nares in v. So, in Damon and Pithias,—

—— all the ladies do plainly report,
That without mention of them you can make no sport;
They are your playne-song to singe descant upon.

[45] *York-Place.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me the following note,—"The very curious view of York place is copied from the bird's-eye View of London, A.D. 1543 by Anthony Van den Wyngrerde in the Sutherland collection, Bodleian Library Oxford. It preserves more interesting details of Wolsey's building than any other view in existence, and is the earliest known. The Great Hall is very clearly shewn, with its gate-house toward the palace of West-

minster; by which the king may have entered, on the night of the memorable Masque. The turretted brick buildings that stretch from thence to the water-side, are very characteristic of Wolsey's favorite brick-work. Holbein's gate is seen to the right, acting as a stately entrance to the outer quadrangle; a smaller gate nearly opposite this leads into the small garden, at the extremity of which are York stairs, where the nobles landed from their stately barges."

[46] *As first good company.*

Theobald proposed to read *first-good*, a compound similar to the modern *first-rate*, capital, excellent; but no instance of such a compound has been discovered. I strongly suspect a corruption in the word *first;* and would venture to suggest instead, *far as.*

[47] *Should find a running banquet.*

A *running banquet*, literally speaking, is a *hasty refreshment*, as set in opposition to a regular and *protracted meal.* The former is the object of this rakish peer; the latter, perhaps, he would have relinquished to those of more permanent desires.—*Steevens.*

A *running banquet* seems to have meant a *hasty banquet.* "Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, (says Habingdon, in his History of King Edward IV.) though by the Earle recalled, found their fate and the winds so adverse, that they could not land in England, to taste this *running banquet* to which fortune had invited them." The *hasty banquet*, that was in Lord Sands's thoughts, is too obvious to require explanation. It should seem from the following lines in the prologue to a comedy called the Walks of Islington, 1657, that some double meaning was couched under the phrase, *a running banquet:*—

> The gate unto his walks, through which you may
> Behold a pretty prospect of the play;
> A play of walks, or you may please to rank it
> *With that which ladies love, a running banquet.—Malone.*

[48] *Chambers discharged.*

A *chamber* is *a gun which stands erect on its breech.* Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows: "—cannons, demi-cannons, *chambers*, arquebuse, musquet." Again, in A New Trick to cheat the Devil, 1636:—

> —— I still think o' the Tower ordinance,
> Or of the peal of *chambers*, that's still fir'd
> When my lord-mayor takes his barge.—*Steevens.*

[49] *As maskers.*

The account of this masquerade was first given by Cavendish, in his Life of Wolsey, which was written in the time of Queen Mary; from which Stowe and Holinshed copied it. Cavendish was himself present. Before the King, &c., began to dance, they requested leave (says Cavendish) to accompany the ladies at *mum-chance.* Leave being granted, "then went the masquers, and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and then opened the great cup of gold filled with crownes, and other pieces to cast at.—Thus perusing all the

gentlewomen, of some they wonne, and to some they lost. And having viewed all the ladies, they returned to the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring downe all their gold, which was above two hundred crownes. At all, quoth the Cardinal, and casting the die, he wonne it; whereat was made great joy."—*Life of Wolsey*, p. 22, edit. 1641.—*Malone.*

Mr. Fairholt communicates the following note and woodcuts,—"A clear idea of the appearance of the actors in this Court-Masque, may be obtained on referring to the Art-works of the era of Henry 8. Thus, the Shepherd's Costume, here engraved, is copied from a bas-relief dated 1530; and very clearly depicts its peculiarities. The close round hat, and hood; the simple tunic, secured by a leathern belt; from which hangs a wallet; and the well-swathed legs; tell of a man whose field-life is frequently inclement. The torch-bearer is copied from a wood-cut dated 1515 representing one in attendance on the court of Henry's great relative, the German Emperor Charles the fifth."

[50] *Till now I never knew thee.*

This incident is not found in the chronicles, and this circumstance of Henry's first sight of Anne Bullen appears somewhat inconsistent with the chamberlain's statement to the king that she was one of the queen's women. It is strange that such could be the case, if it were left to the present accident for Henry to see her for the first time.

[51] *And not to kiss you.*

A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. So, in A dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie, "Imprinted at London, at the long shop adjoining unto saint Mildred's church in the Pultrie, by John Allde:"

> But some reply, what foole would daunce,
> If that when daunce is doon,
> He may not have at ladyes lips
> That which in daunce he woon?—*Steevens.*

This custom is still prevalent, among the country people, in many, perhaps all, parts of the kingdom. When the fiddler thinks his young couple have had musick enough, he makes his instrument squeak out two notes which all understand to say—*kiss her!—Ritson.*

[52] *Your grace is a little heated.*

According to Cavendish, the king, on discovering himself, being desired by Wolsey to take his place under the state or seat of honour, said "that he would go first and shift his apparel, and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where a great fire was made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken up, and the tables spread

with new and sweet perfumed cloths.—Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but set still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose were served two hundred dishes or above. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banquetting," &c.—*Singer.*

[53] *Let the music knock it.*

Cat. The breve and the semiquaver is, we must have the descant you made upon our names, ere you depart.

Flav. Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

Cat. Troth not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

Flav. Pert Catzo, knock it lustily then.

Marston's Antonio and Mellida, 1602.

In Ravencroft's Briefe Discourse, 1614, the following line occurs in the song of the Hunting of the Hare,—"The hounds do *knock it* lustily."

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*A Street in London.*

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?
2 *Gent.* O!—God save you.
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 *Gent.* Were you there?
1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appeared against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.
1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not;
He was never so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—
1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir;
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his Arraignment;* Tipstaves *before him; the Axe with the Edge towards him;* Halberds *on each Side; accompanied with* Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS,[1] *and common* People.

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done upon the premises but justice;
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them.
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.
Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I can not take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave.[2] Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then, give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there!
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:

A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me. I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell: and when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done, and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, *&c.*

1 *Gent.* O! this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it:
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident:
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have out of malice
To the good queen possess'd him with a scruple,

That will undo her: to confirm this, too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark: but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a Letter.*

Cham. "My Lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took them from me; with this reason,—his master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir."
I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so.
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God, he do: he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal; for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,[3]
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these, to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck,[4] yet never lost her lustre:
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,[5]—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in.
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.—
My lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The* King *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*[6]

Suf. How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there? ha!
Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha!
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. Ye are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O! my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[*To* CAMPEIUS.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us, and it.—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.[7] [*To* WOLSEY.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Hen. We are busy: go.
[*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him.
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue. } *Aside.*
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.[8]
Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:
You are the king's now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They walk and whisper.*
Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still;[9] which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit* GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord!
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But conscience, conscience,—
O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Ante-chamber in the* Queen's *Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN, *and an old* Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither:—here's the pang that pinches;
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing,—O! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave, a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,[10] do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.[11]
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again?
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have, too, a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience[12] would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bowed would hire me,[13]
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little:[14]
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing:[15] I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand: it values not your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty

Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender:
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers[16]
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well: [*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—[*To her.*] I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.[17]
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect;
No other obligation. By my life,

That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt.[18] By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess.—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Black-friars.*

Trumpets, Sennet,[19] *and Cornets. Enter Two* Vergers, *with short Silver Wands; next them, Two* Scribes, *in the habits of Doctors; after them, the* Archbishop of CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the* Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the Purse, with the Great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two* Priests, *bearing each a Silver Cross; then a* Gentleman-Usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant at Arms, *bearing a Silver Mace; then two* Gentlemen, *bearing two great Silver Pillars;*[20] *after them, side by side, the* two Cardinals WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *two* Noblemen *with the Sword and Mace. Then enter the* King *and* Queen, *and their* Trains. *The* King *takes place under the cloth of state; the two* Cardinals *sit under him as judges. The* Queen *takes place at some distance from the* King.[21] *The* Bishops *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* Bishops. *The rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,

And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so.—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[*The* Queen *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* King, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person,[22] in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt

Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court,[23] as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge:
You shall not be my judge; for it is you

Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench.—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far farther shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong: therefore, in him
It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,

Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.
[*She curtsies to the* King, *and offers to depart.*
Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.
K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.
Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience.—Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts. [*Exeunt* Queen, *and her* Attendants.
K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)[24]
The queen of earthly queens.—She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.
Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfied)[25] whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
K. Hen. My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd;
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it.—On my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,[26]
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then, mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't.
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating,
A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a spitting power;[27] and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in

By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in[28]
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury;[29] and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till farther day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer!
Pr'ythee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *Sir William Sands.*

The old copy reads—Sir *Walter*. The correction is justified by Holinshed's Chronicle, in which it is said that Sir Nicholas Vaux and Sir *William* Sands received Buckingham at the Temple, and accompanied him to the Tower. Sir William Sands was, at this time, (May, 1521,) only a knight, not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he has already introduced with that title. He fell into the error by placing the king's visit to Wolsey, (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands,) and Buckingham's condemnation, in the same year; whereas the visit was made some years afterwards.—*Malone.*

[2] *No black envy shall mark my grave.*

Make, ed. 1623; *mark*, Warburton's conjecture. Shakespeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, No action expressive of *malice* shall conclude my life. *Envy*, by our author, is used for malice and *hatred*, in other places, and, perhaps, in this. Again, in the ancient metrical romance of Syr Bevys of Hampton:—

> Traytoure, he sayd with great *envy*,
> Turne thee now, I thee defye.

Again:—

> They drew their swordes hastely,
> And smot together with great *envy*.

And Barret, in his Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, thus interprets it. To *make* a grave, however, may mean to *close* it. So, in the Comedy of Errors:—"Why at this time the doors are *made* against you," i.e., *closed*, *shut*. The sense will then be, (whether quaintly or poetically expressed, let the reader determine) "no malicious action *shall close my grave*," i.e., "attend the conclusion of my existence, or terminate my life; *the last action of it* shall not be uncharitable." —*Steevens.*

Envy is frequently used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. I have, therefore, no doubt that Steevens's exposition is right. Dr. Warburton

reads—*mark* my grave; and in support of the emendation it may be observed that the same error has happened in King Henry V.; or at least that all the editors have supposed so, having there adopted a similar correction. Dr. Warburton's emendation also derives some support from the following passage in the Comedy of Errors:—

> A vulgar comment will be made of it;
> And that supposed by the common rout
> Against your yet ungalled estimation,
> That may with foul intrusion enter in,
> And *dwell upon your grave*, when you are dead.—*Malone.*

[3] *The queen's great nephew.*

Great or distinguished nephew, not great-nephew, as it is sometimes printed.

[4] *That has hung twenty years about his neck.*

It was customary in the sixteenth century for gentlemen to wear jewels appended to a ribbon or chain round the neck, some of which were of great rarity and value. The annexed example is copied from a German engraving bearing the date of 1526.

[5] *See this main end.*

Thus the old copy. All, &c. perceive this main end of these counsels, *namely*, the French king's sister. The editor of the fourth folio and all the subsequent editors read—*his;* but *y'* or *this* were not likely to be confounded with *his*. Besides, the King, not Wolsey, is the person last mentioned; and it was the main end or object of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister. *End* has already been used for *cause*, and may be so here,—"The cardinal is the *end* of this."—*Malone.*

[6] *Reading pensively.*

The stage direction, in the old copy, is, "Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively." This stage direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of, the theatre in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time was to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered, as Henry, in the present case, drew back just at the proper time. Rowe, who seems to have looked no further than the modern stage, changed the direction thus: "The scene opens, and discovers the King," &c. but, besides the impropriety of introducing *scenes* when there were none, such an exhibition would not be proper here, for Norfolk has just said—"Let's in,"—and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the King. This, indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to; the King very civilly discovering himself.—*Malone.*

[7] *Have great care I be not found a talker.*

Johnson explains this,—"Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk;" but the answer of the Cardinal does not refer to this so much as to a wish that he would take a part in the conference. It is just possible that a double meaning may be intended, that

which Johnson mentions, and to which Wolsey briefly replies, and a hidden one, understood by the confidential chancellor, that he (the latter) should see that he spoke not overmuch, in other words, more than the Cardinal saw fit to be spoken on the occasion of the embassy of Campeius. This, however, may be refining too much. On the whole, I incline to the second explanation singly, the latter part of the King's speech and the first words of Wolsey's answer being spoken aside.

[8] *I'll venture one heave at him.*

Have, ed. 1623; *heave*, ed. 1632. Mr. Dyce reads have-at-him, a jocular substantive, but no example of such a compound has been produced. I cannot say that I am satisfied with either reading.

[9] *Kept him a foreign man still.*

After the death of the pope, doctor Richard Pace was sent to Rome to make freends in the behalfe of the cardinall of Yorke, who was brought into a vaine hope thorough the kings favour and furtherance, to be elected pope. But Adrian the sixt of that name was chosen before doctor Pace could come to Rome; and so that sute was dashed. Notwithstanding this election of Adrian (as you heare) accomplished; yet doctor Pace kept his journie according to his commission. This Pace was a right worthie man, and one that gave in counsell faithfull advise. Learned he was also, and indued with many excellent good gifts of nature, courteous, pleasant, and delighting in musike, highlie in the kings favour, and well heard in matters of weight. But the more the prince favoured him, the more was he misliked of the cardinall, who sought onelie to beare all the rule himselfe, and to have no partener; so that he procured that this doctor Pace, under color of ambassage, should be sent foorth of the realme, that his presence about the king should not win him too much authoritie and favour at the kings hands.—*Holinshed's Chronicle*, ed. 1587.

[10] *Yet, if that quarrel, Fortune.*

Quarrel seems here used in a singular sense, a quarreller, Fortune being a deity very apt to quarrel with her favourites. I cannot help suspecting a corruption, but cannot think, with Steevens, that the quarrel between Henry and Catharine is here alluded to. The notes of the commentators are added.

She calls Fortune *a quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was *a large arrow* so called. Thus Fairfax:—"twang'd the string, out flew the *quarrel* long."—*Warburton.*

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads: "That *quarreller* Fortune." I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for the *murderer*, the act for the agent.—*Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson may be right. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:—

—— but that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For *Idleness* itself.

Like Martial's—"Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium." We might, however, read:—

Yet if that quarrel fortune *to* divorce
It from the bearer——.

i. e., if any quarrel *happen* or *chance* to divorce it from the bearer. *To fortune* is a verb used by Shakespeare in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

—— I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath *fortuned.*

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. ii. :—

It *fortuned* (high heaven did so ordaine), &c.—*Steevens.*

[11] *Panging as soul and body's severing.*

So, in All's Well That Ends Well: "I grow to you, and our *parting is a tortur'd body.*"—*Steevens.*

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra :—

The soul and body rive not more at parting,
Than greatness going off.—*Malone.*

To pang is used as a verb active by Skelton, in his Boke of Philip Sparow, 1568, sig. R. v. :—

But when I did behold
My sparow dead and cold
No creature but that wold
Have rewed upon me
To behold and see
What heavines did me *pange.*—*Boswell.*

[12] *Your soft cheveril conscience.*

Cheveril, kid leather, Fr. Hence a very flexible conscience was constantly called a cheveril conscience. "The cheveril conscience of corrupted law," Histriomastix, 1610. "*Proverbiale est*, he hath a conscience like a cheverel's skin, i.e., it will stretch," Upton's MS. additions to Junius. "Thy chevril conscience," Ben Jonson's Poetaster. "A cheverell conscience and a searching wit," Drayton's Owl. "One by a cheverell conscienc'd usurer," Taylor's Workes, 1630. "A large cheveril conscience," Optick Glasse of Humors, 1639. "Is it not pity such a pious gogle at the eye, such a melodious twang at the nose, such a splay-mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifiing the ear in private, besides *cheverall* lungs which still stretch forth so far as a seventeenthly," Cleaveland, 1651.

[13] *A three-pence bowed would hire me.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me the following note,—"This allusion to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin (one particularly affected by love-lorn country-folks) here involves an anachronism. No three-pences were coined by Henry 8, nor was the coin known in England until the close of the reign of Edward 6. They are very rare, and appear to have been scarcely issued, except as pattern-pieces. Mary did not attempt their issue. The first large and regular coinage of three-pences took place in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1561 was the first issued, and is represented in the cut; it may be detected from the coins it nearly resembles in weight, by the rose behind the Queen's head. A similar distinction was made with the three-halfpenny and three-farthing piece."

[14] *Pluck off a little.*

Johnson would read, "pluck *up* a little;" but the explanation of Steevens seems the true one, viz. *descend a little.* Anne declares she would not be a queen, nor a duchess; and the old lady then proceeds to "pluck off a little" from rank, and to assert that Anne would consent to be a countess, if she had the opportunity.—*Collier.*

[15] *You'd venture an emballing.*

Dr. Johnson explains this,—you would venture to be distinguished by the ball, the ensign of royalty. Considering the vulgar mind of the speaker, it may be that a cant word is here used. You would venture this for our little England. I would for a single Welsh county.

[16] *Nor my prayers.*

The double negative, it has been already observed, was commonly used in our author's time.

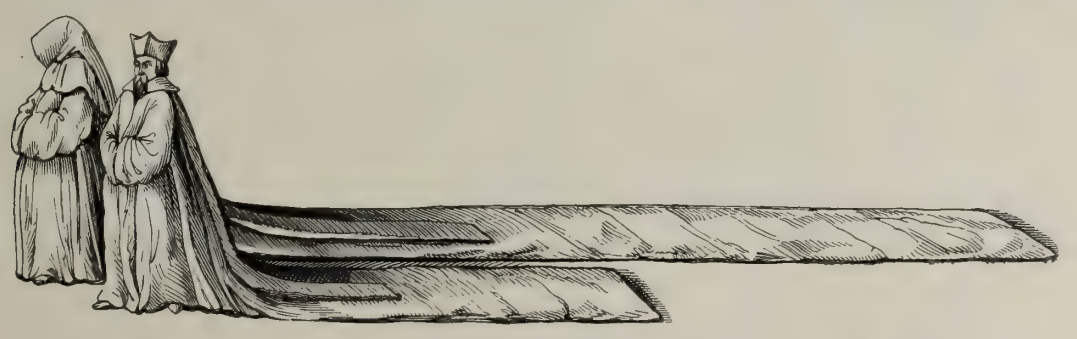
For my prayers, a reading introduced by Mr. Pope, even if such arbitrary changes were allowable, ought not to be admitted here, this being a distinct proposition, not an illation from what has gone before. I know not, (says Anne,) what *external* acts of duty and obeisance I ought to return for such unmerited favour. All I can do of that kind, and even more, if more were possible, would be insufficient: *nor* are any prayers that I can offer up for my benefactor sufficiently sanctified, nor any wishes that I can breathe for his happiness, of more value than the most worthless and empty vanities.—*Malone.*

[17] *Fourty pence.*

The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty-pence* was, in those days, the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds*, *marks*, and *nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. Forty pence, or three and four pence, still remains, in many offices, the legal and established fee. So, in King Richard II. Act V. Sc. v.:—"The cheapest of us is *ten groats* too dear." Again, in All's Well That Ends Well, Act II. the Clown says: "As fit as *ten groats* for the hand of an attorney." Again, in Green's Groundwork of Coneycatching: "— wagers laying, &c. *forty pence* gaged against a match of wrestling." Again, in the Longer Thou Livest, the more Fool Thou Art, 1570: "I dare *wage* with any man *forty pence*." Again, in the Storye of King Darius, 1565, an interlude:—"Nay, that I will not for *forty pence*."—*Steevens.*

[18] *Honour's train is longer than his foreskirt.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me the following note,—"This line is capable of a more literal explanation than at first sight appears. At the close of the fifteenth century, the superfluous use of cloth, and the vast expenses incurred at the funerals of the nobility and gentry, led to the enactment of sumptuary laws, by which the length of the train was regulated by the rank of the wearer. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, undertook in the eighth year of the reign of her son Henry VII. to regulate those of the ladies; those highest in rank "to wear the longest, their



surcoats with a train before and another behind, and their mantles with trains, a tippet at the hood lying a good length upon the mantle." The extravagance of

these fashions will be best understood by our engraving copied from the rare volume published at Nancy in 1608, and consisting of a series of engravings representing the funeral procession of Charles III, Duke of Lorraine. The figures represent the chief mourner the Duke Henry II, and his attendant the Duke of Mantua."

[19] *Sennet.*

A *senet* appears to have signified a short flourish on cornets. In Henry VI. after the King and the Duke of York have entered into a compact in the parliament-house, we find this marginal direction: "*Senet.* Here they (the lords) *come* down (from their seats)." In that place a flourish must have been meant. The direction which has occasioned this note should be, I believe, "Sennet *on* cornets." In Marlowe's King Edward II. we find "Cornets sound a *signate*." *Senet* or *signate* was undoubtedly nothing more than a flourish or sounding. The Italian *Sonata* formerly signified nothing more. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1611, in v. That *senet* was merely the corrupt pronunciation of *signate*, is ascertained by the following entry in the folio MS. of Mr. Henslowe, who appears to have spelt entirely by the ear:—"Laid out at sundry times, of my own ready money, abowt the gainynge of ower comysion, as followeth, 1597.—Laid out for goinge to the corte to the Master of the Requeasts, xij.d. *Item.* Paid unto the clerk of the *Senette*, 40 s."—*Malone.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me the following note, —"There is no good representation of the Royal precinct of Blackfriars. In Aggas's Map, 1560 (here copied), it appears as a confused mass of tenements, extending from Ludgate hill to the Thames one way, and from the Fleet River, to St. Andrew's hill on the other. A small triangular gore of garden ground, with a few grass plots upon it, is at the north-east corner. In the centre of the building, the great hall is indicated by its buttresses and pointed windows. Despite its less favorable appearance the Emperor Charles V. chose this place for his residence when he visited England in 1522; in preference to the contiguous palace of Bridewell where he lodged his suite, for whose convenience a bridge was constructed across the Fleet river. The whole place had the privilege of a sanctuary, was walled in, closed by gates, and the inhabitants permitted to practise their trades even though they were not free of the City."

[20] *Bearing two great silver pillars.*

Ornamented pillars were formerly carried before a cardinal, and Wolsey was remarkable for keeping up this piece of state. He is so described by Holingshed, and other historians. Cavendish, his biographer, speaks of these silver *pillars*, and of his cross-bearers and *pillar-bearers*. Skelton satirically describes him as going—

With worldly pompe incredible.
Before him rydeth two prestes stronge,
And they bear two crosses right longe,
Gapynge in every man's face.

After them folowe two laye-men secular,
And eche of theym holdyng a *pillar*
In their handes, steade of a mace.

These pillars were supposed to be emblematical of the support given by the cardinals to the church. Bishop Jewel, in his Apology, speaking of the pomp of the Roman prelates, says, "Amictum quidem habent illi interdum aliquem, cruces, *columnas*, galeros, tiaras, pallia, quam pompam veteres episcopi Chrysostomus, Augustinus, Ambrosius non habebant." § 9. In a useful modern edition the word *columnas* is put between brackets, as suspected to be wrong; but it is perfectly right, and is in all the best editions.—*Nares.*

At the end of Fiddes's Life of Cardinal Wolsey, is a curious letter of Anstis's on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakespeare.—*Percy.*

Wolsey had two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests, that he could get within the realm. This is from vol. iii. p. 920, of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was the token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop.—*Tollet.*

One of Wolsey's crosses certainly denoted his being Legate, as the other was borne before him either as cardinal or archbishop. "On the —— day of the same moneth (says Hall) the cardinall removed out of his house called Yorke-place, with one crosse, saying, that he would he had never borne more, meaning that by hys crosse which he bore as *legate*, which degree-taking was his confusion." —*Chron.* Henry VIII. 104, b.—*Malone.*

[21] *At some distance from the king.*

In the distribution of the several persons who composed this learned and illustrious assembly, Shakspear had, I think, with great propriety, seated the Queen at some distance from the King. Why modern managers should all concur to make an alteration in his stage-œconomy I can discover no good reason: for if, in the infancy of the stage when they had scarcely room to display their figures to advantage, they could place a throne or seat for such a personage as a Queen, surely, with a much larger area, every embellishment and necessary decoration need not be omitted.—Besides, as it is now managed, the Queen is supposed to wait like a common suitor or culprit till she is summoned into the court: whereas the rising from her seat, when called by the Crier, would be attended with more consequence, and give an opportunity to the actress by her deportment to gain the attention of the spectators.—*Davies.*

[22] *Against your sacred person.*

The word *or* may very well be understood. Mr. Malone's remark that a breach of her honour and matrimonial bond cannot be represented as "something distinct from an offence against the king's person," might be applied with equal or greater force to what precedes; for a breach of her honour would certainly be a breach of her bond to wedlock, and her love and duty: but lesser violations of the respect she owed to his person would not necessarily infer that she had broke her marriage vow.—*Boswell.*

[23] *That longer you desire the court.*

That you desire to *protract* the business of the court; that you solicit a more distant session and trial. "To pray for a *longer* day," i. e. 'a more distant one,

when the trial or execution of criminals is agitated,' is yet the language of the bar.—In the fourth folio, and all the modern editions, *defer* is substituted for *desire.—Malone.*

[24] *Could speak thee out.*

If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise.—*Johnson.*

Rather—had tongues capable of speaking *out* thy merits; i. e. of doing them extensive justice. In Cymbeline we have a similar expression:—"You *speak him far.*"—*Steevens.*

[25] *At once and fully satisfied.*

The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this—I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once;* that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied.—*Johnson.*

[26] *I speak my good lord cardinal to this point.*

The King, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the Cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business.—*Theobald.*

[27] *With a spitting power.*

Spitting, ed. 1623; *splitting*, ed. 1632, and later folios. The first word is the more likely to be genuine, from the old English verb to *speet* or *spit*, to pierce. "If he came, he bad me not sticke to *speet* him," Gammer Gurton's Needle.

[28] *Hulling in the wild sea.*

That is, floating without guidance; tossed here and there. The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull* when she is dismasted, and only her *hull*, or *hulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves. So, in the Alarum for London, 1602:—"And they lye *hulling up and down* the stream."—*Steevens.*

So, in this question, where we cannot go forward to make Moses the first author, for many strong oppositions, and to ly *hulling* upon the face of the waters, and think nothing, is a stupid and lazy inconsideration, which (as Saint Austin says) is the worst of all affections.—*Donne's Essayes in Divinity*, 1651.

[29] *My lord of Canterbury.*

Not Cranmer, but Archbishop Warham. Cranmer was not created archbishop until after the fall of Wolsey. See the next Act.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*The Palace at Bridewell.*[1]

A Room in the Queen's *Apartment.*

The Queen, *and her* Women, *at work.*[2]

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.[3]
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit* Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;[4]
But all hoods make not monks.[5]

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness.
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,[6]
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin:
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest[8])
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?

A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces,[9] but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
[*To her* Women.
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom; where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers;
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Ante-chamber to the* King's *Apartment.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *the* Duke of SUFFOLK, *the* Earl of SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them; if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in's tongue.
Nor. O! fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O! how? how?
Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen."
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to't.
Nor. All men's.
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no:
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried, ha! at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha! louder.
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions,[10] which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be published, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop
Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The Cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe; he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: you he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile.— [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister:[11] he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen? No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord! for thy justice.
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;[12]
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving, yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!

Enter the King, *reading a Schedule*;[13] *and* LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.
K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated,
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. Hen. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Nor. It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.
K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness.
K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,[14]
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
K. Hen. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you: since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What should this mean?
Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours;[15] my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,

Yet fil'd with my abilities.[16] Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,[17]
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own: that am, have, and will be.[18]
(Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this:

[*Giving him Papers.*

And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit* King, *frowning upon* Cardinal WOLSEY: *the* Nobles *throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then, makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so:
This paper has undone me!—'Tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this?—"To the Pope?"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes[19] of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* Earl of SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,[20]
Till you hear farther from his highness.
Wol. Stay:
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now, I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,

As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these fourty hours[21] Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.[22]
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou should'st feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,[23]
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.[24]
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen)
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring-bell,[25] when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it.
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles;[26] and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*

Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Suf. That out of mere ambition you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.[27]
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue.
His faults lie open to the laws: let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels,[28] and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.
Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,[29]
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours.
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,[30]
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.
O! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,

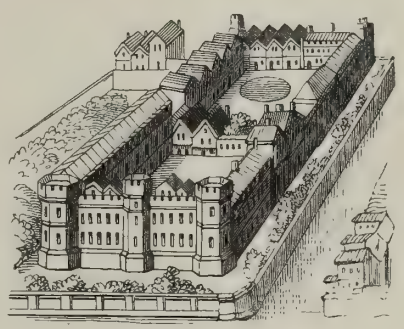
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.[31]
Wol. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury,
Wol. That's news indeed!
Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down, O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego

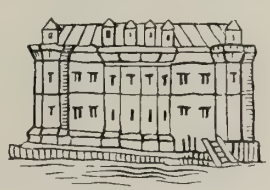
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,—
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:[32]
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,[33]
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God[34] with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *The Palace at Bridewell.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me the following note,—"The old Palace of Bridewell is very minutely and truthfully detailed by Van Den Wyngrerde, 1543, in his birds-eye view of London now in the Bodleian Library. Our cut is enlarged from his drawing that the details may be more clearly rendered. The building appears to have comprehended a double quadrangle, with a small garden to the west, and a raised esplanade bordered with bushes in the south and east sides, where the small river Fleet had its confluence with the Thames. Though a palatial residence from the time of Henry I., the building as here delineated was erected by Henry 8 chiefly to do honor to Charles V of Spain when he visited England. Charles however preferred the house at Blackfriars, and his suite only lodged here. After the trial for Katherine's divorce, the king appears to have taken a dislike to the place, and permitted it to fall to decay. In the reign of Edward VI. the citizens begged the ruined building to convert it into a Workhouse and House of Correction. The appearance of the waterfront in the reign of Elizabeth is preserved in Aggas's woodcut map, here copied."





[2] *At work.*

Her majesty, says Cavendish, on being informed that the cardinals were coming to visit her, "rose up, having a *skein of red silke about her neck*, being at

work with her maidens." Cavendish attended Wolsey in this visit; and the Queen's answer is exactly conformable to that which he has recorded, and which he appears to have heard her pronounce.—*Malone.*

[3] *Wait in the presence.*

That is, in the *presence-chamber.* So, in Peacham's Compleat Gentleman: "The Lady Anne of Bretaigne, passing thorow the *presence* in the court of France," &c.—*Steevens.*

[4] *Their affairs as righteous.*

Affairs for *professions;* and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The *proposition* is they are priests. The *illation*, they are good men; *for* being understood: but if *affairs* be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd.—*Warburton.*

The sentence has no great difficulty: *Affairs* means not their *present errand*, but the *business of their calling.*—*Johnson.*

Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods, &c.—The editor of the second folio, not understanding the line, substituted *are* for *as;* and this capricious alteration (with many others introduced by the same hand) has been adopted by all the modern editors.—*Malone.*

[5] *But all hoods make not monks.*

Cucullus non facit monachum.—To this proverbial expression Chaucer alludes in his Romaunt of the Rose, 6190:—

> This argument is all roignous,
> It is not worth a crooked brere;
> *Habite* ne makith *Monke* ne *Frere;*
> But a clene life and devotion,
> Makith gode men of religion.—*Grey.*

[6] *Envy and base opinion set against them.*

I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me.—*Johnson.*

Envy, in Shakespeare's age, often signified *malice.* So, afterwards:—"Ye turn the good we offer into *envy.*"—*Malone.*

[7] *And that way I am wife in.*

That is, if you come to examine *the title* by which I am the King's *wife;* or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it may be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published:—"And that way I am *wise* in."—*Johnson.*

This passage is unskilfully expressed indeed; so much so, that I don't see how it can import either of the meanings that Johnson contends for, or indeed any other. I therefore think that the modern editors have acted rightly in reading *wise* instead of *wife*, for which that word might easily have been mistaken; nor can I think the passage so amended, nonsense, the meaning of it being this: "If your business relates to me, or to any thing of which I have any knowledge."—*M. Mason.*

[8] *Though he be grown so desperate to be honest.*

Dr. Johnson explains this,—"do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live?" but the line seems to me to refer to Henry, and to be a stroke of satire wrung from a gentle but wounded spirit. It reckons upon the absence of a friend so disinterested as to risk his highness's pleasure in her defence, even though his highness be grown so desperately honest, or taken so desperate a remedy to be honest.

[9] *Ye have angels' faces.*

Johnson considers that there may here be an allusion to the old jingle of Angli and Angeli, but the noble and indignant queen is speaking the language of simple and sublime passion, not that of conceit.

[10] *He is return'd, in his opinions.*

Thus the old copy. The meaning is this: Cranmer, says Suffolk, 'is returned in his opinions,' i. e. with the same sentiments which he entertained before he went abroad, 'which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges' referred to on the occasion.—Or, perhaps the passage (as Tyrwhitt observes) may mean—*He is return'd* in effect, having sent *his opinions*, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him. Rowe altered these lines as follows, and all succeeding editors have silently adopted his unnecessary change:—

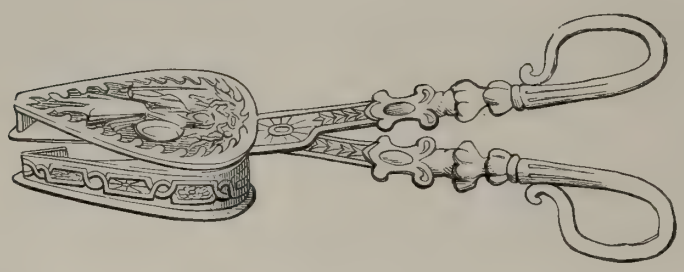
> He is return'd *with* his opinions, which
> Have satisfied the King for his divorce,
> *Gathered from* all *the* famous colleges
> Almost in Christendom——.—*Steevens.*

[11] *The French king's sister.*

This was the Cardinal's favourite but unpopular object. "This time a bill was set up in London, much contrarie to the honour of the cardinall, in the which the cardinall was warned that he should not counsell the king to marrie his daughter into France; for if hee did, he should shew himselfe enimie to the king and the realme, with manie threatning words. This bill was delivered to the cardinall by sir Thomas Seimor, maior of the citie, which thanked him for the same, and made much search for the author of that bill, but he could not be found, which sore displeased the cardinall. And upon this occasion the last daie of Aprill at night he caused a great watch to be kept at Westminster, and had there cart guns readie charged, and caused diverse watches to be kept about London, in Newington, S. Johns street, Westminster, saint Giles, Islington, and other places neere London; which watches were kept by gentlemen and their servants, with housholders, and all for feare of the Londoners bicause of this bill. When the citizens knew of this, they said that they marvelled why the cardinall hated them so, for they said that if he mistrusted them, he loved them not; and where love is not, there is hatred; and they affirmed that they never intended anie harme toward him, and mused of this chance. For if five or six persons had made alarm in the citie, then had entred all these watchmen with their traine, which might have spoiled the citie without cause. Wherefore they much murmured against the cardinall and his undiscreet dooings,"—Holinshed's Chronicle, sub anno 1527.

[12] *I must snuff it.*

The pair of snuffers, here engraved one half the size of the original, are stamped behind with the maker's mark, and the date of 1538.



The action of Colley Cibber, in speaking this, I have heard much commended; he imitated, with his fore-finger and thumb, the extinguishing of a candle with a pair of snuffers. But surely the reader will laugh at such mimicry, which, if practised, would make a player's action as ridiculous as a monkey's.—*Davies.*

[13] *Enter the King, reading a Schedule.*

That the Cardinal gave the King an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakespeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See Holinshed, pp. 796 and 797:—"Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was, after the death of King Henry VII., one of the privy council to Henry VIII. to whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him.—The bishop having written two books, (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his own private affairs,) did bind them both after one sort in vellum, &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book went from the bishop, and after, (in his study by himself,) understanding the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace. Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book into his hands, and briefly informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into the king's head, that if at any time he were destitute of a mass of money, he should not need to seek further therefore than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which, the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect," &c.—*Steevens.*

[14] *To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span.*

The word *leisure* was used to signify, not only relaxation from labor, but time devoted to any occupation; as is evident from the following passage in Sir Thomas Chaloner's translation of Erasmus' Praise of Folly, published in 1549. *Folly* speaks of the difference between studious and careful writers, and those who devote their pens to her.—"Besides the hurte thei susteyn in theyr bodies, decay of beautie, marryng of their eyesight, or also blindnesse, together with pouertie,

enuie, forbearing of pleasures, untimely age, hasted death, and such like disadvantages, which natheless these wise men sticke not at, so they maye have theyr writinges allowed at one or two of these blereied bokewormes handes. But my scribes on the other side have not a litlle more commoditie and pleasure of their folie. Whereas *taking no greate leysure in penninge of theyr mattier*, naie, rather whatsoever toy lighteth in theyr head, or falleth in their thought, be it but theyr dreame, they do put the same straight in writing," &c.—*The Praise of Folie.* 4to. 1549, sig. L.ii. Here *leisure* is evidently used, but a generation before Shakespeare, to mean, the time devoted to labour. It is the same use of the word which is made in a passage in Chaucer's *Tale of Meliboeus*, "Wherefore we axen *leiser* and space to have deliberation in this case to deem." Here the time, or leisure, asked is not for relaxation, but for the labor of deeming, *i. e.* judging a case. "Spiritual leisure" is the time devoted to spiritual affairs.—*R. G. White.*

[15] *Beyond all man's endeavours.*

The sense is, "my *purposes* went beyond all human *endeavour*. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt."—*Johnson.*

I am rather inclined to think that *which* refers to "royal graces;" which, says Wolsey, no human endeavour could requite.—*Malone.*

[16] *Yet, fil'd with my abilities.*

Fill'd, folio eds. My endeavours, though less than my desires, have *fil'd*, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities.—*Johnson.*

So, in a preceding scene:—

—— front but in that *file*
Where others tell steps with me.—*Steevens.*

[17] *Notwithstanding that your bond of duty.*

Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to *be a loyal and obedient subject*, you owe a *particular* devotion of yourself to me, as your *particular* benefactor.—*Johnson.*

[18] *That am, have, and will be.*

A very curious construction, if the text is correct, but it may be thus explained,—I am, have been, and will be the person to labour for your highness' good. If any conjectural emendation be received, the best is that suggested by Singer,—"that I am true, and will be."

[19] *Re-enter the Dukes.*

It may not be improper here to repeat that the time of this play is from 1521, just before the Duke of Buckingham's commitment, to the year 1533, when Queen Elizabeth was born and christened. The Duke of Norfolk, therefore, who is introduced in the first scene of the first Act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey; for Thomas Howard, who was created Duke of Norfolk, 1514, died, we are informed by Holinshed, p. 891, at Whitsuntide, 1525. As our author has here made two persons into one, so, on the contrary, he has made one person into two. The Earl of Surrey here is the same with him who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, as appears from his own mouth; but Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, was at this time the individual above mentioned Duke of Norfolk. The reason for adding the third or fourth person as interlocutors in this

scene is not very apparent, for Holinshed, p. 909, mentions only the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being sent to demand the great seal, and all that is spoken would proceed with sufficient propriety out of their mouths. The cause of the Duke of Norfolk's animosity to Wolsey is obvious, and Cavendish mentions that an open quarrel at this time subsisted between the Cardinal and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.—*Reed.*

[20] *To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's.*

Mr. Fairholt gives me this note,—"Esher house was situated in the village of Esher, near Kingston-upon-Thames, Surry. It was the episcopal residence of the Bishops of Winchester, and built by William Wainfleet, who held the see of Winchester from 1447 to 1486. It was a stately mansion of red brick, situated on the sloping bank of the little river Mole. It was repaired, and partially rebuilt, by Wolsey, after the style of Hampton Court palace. The Gate-house represented in our engraving is all that now remains to attest the pompous tastes of the great Cardinal."

Shakespeare forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of Winchester, unless he meant to say, you must confine yourself to that house which you possess as Bishop of Winchester. Asher, near Hampton-Court, was one of the houses belonging to that Bishoprick.—*Malone.*

Fox, Bishop of Winchester, died September 14, 1628, and Wolsey held this see *in commendam.* Esher therefore was his own house.—*Reed.*

[21] *Within these fourty hours.*

Why *forty* hours? But a few minutes have passed since Wolsey's disgrace. I suspect that Shakespeare wrote—"within these *four* hours,"—and that the person who revised and tampered with this play, not knowing that *hours* was used by our poet as a dissyllable, made this injudicious alteration.—*Malone.*

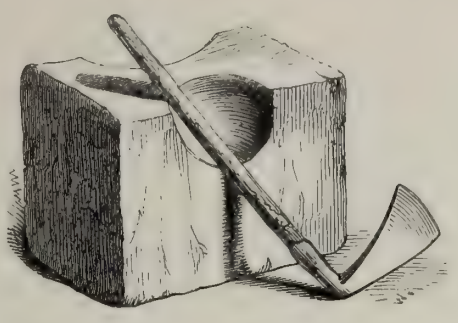
I adhere to the old reading. *Forty* (I know not why) seems anciently to have been the familiar number on many occasions, where no very exact reckoning was necessary. In a former scene, the Old Lady offers to lay Anne Bullen a wager of "*forty* pence;" Slender, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, says—"I had rather than *forty* shillings—;" and in the Taming of the Shrew, "the humour of *forty* fancies" is the ornament of Grumio's hat. Thus also, in Coriolanus:—"on fair ground I could beat *forty* of them."—*Steevens.*

Again, in the first part of Henry the Sixth, "I myself fight not once in fourty years;" and in Twelfth Night, "I had rather than fourty pound," &c.

[22] *Absolv'd him with an axe.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—"In the Tower of London is still preserved an

ancient beheading axe, traditionally reported to have been used by the executioner in the time of Henry 8, particularly at the decapitation of Anne Bullen. It is here engraved resting against the heading-block, which though made for the execution of the rebel lords in 1745 doubtless preserves the older features which characterized it. The breast of the kneeling culprit was placed in the larger semicircular space; the head bowing over into the smaller one; the neck resting on the narrow ridge between them."



[23] *To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet.*

That is, overcrowed, overmastered. The force of this term may be best understood from a proverb given by Cotgrave, in v. Rosse, a *jade*. "Il n'est si bon cheval qui n'en deviendroit *rosse*: It would anger a saint, or *crestfall* the best man living to be so used." Thus in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

> The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
> We have *jaded* out o' the field.—*Singer.*

[24] *And dare us with his cap, like larks.*

So, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 656: "never Hobie so *dared* a *lark*." It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and that one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them. The same thought occurs in Skelton's Why Come Ye Not to Court? i. e. a satire on Wolsey;—

> The red hat with his lure,
> Bringeth al thinges under cure.—*Steevens.*

So in Dryden,—"as larks lie dar'd to shun the hobby's flight."

[25] *Worse than the sacring-bell.*

The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring*, or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer.—Theobald.*

The Abbess, in the Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1608, says:—

> —— you shall ring the *sacring bell*,
> Keep your hours, and toll your knell.

Again, in Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, 1584: "He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass." The now obsolete verb to *sacre*, is used by P. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's Natural History, book x. ch. vi. And by Chapman, in his version of Homer's Hymn to Diana:—"*Sacring* my song to every deity."—*Steevens.*

[26] *Some of these articles.*

They are set out at length by Holinshed, sub anno 1529,—"During this parlement was brought downe to the commons the booke of articles, which the lords had put to the king against the cardinall, the chiefe wherof were these.—First, that he without the king's assent had procured to be a legat, by reason

whereof he tooke awaie the right of all bishops and spirituall persons.—Item, in all writings which he wrote to Rome, or anie other forren prince, he wrote *Ego et rex meus*, I and my king; as who would saie, that the king were his servant.—Item, that he hath slandered the Church of England in the court of Rome. For his suggestion to be legat was to reforme the Church of England, which (as he wrote) was *Facta in reprobum sensum.*—Item, he without the kings assent carried the kings great seale with him into Flanders, when he was sent ambassador to the emperour.—Item, he without the kings assent, sent a commission to sir Gregorie de Cassado, knight, to conclude a league betweene the king and the duke of Ferrar, without the kings knowledge.—Item, that he having the French pockes presumed to come and breath on the king.—Item, that he caused the cardinals hat to be put on the kings coine.—Item, that he would not suffer the kings clerke of the market to sit at saint Albons.—Item, that he had sent innumerable substance to Rome, for the obteining of his dignities, to the great impoverishment of the realme.—These articles, with manie more, read in the common house, and signed with the cardinals hand was confessed by him. And also there was shewed a writing sealed with his seale, by the which he gave to the king all his mooveables and unmooveables."

[27] *Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.*

In the long string of articles exhibited by the Privy Council against Wolsey, which Sir Edward Coke transcribed from the original, this offence composed one of the charges: "40. Also the said Lord Cardinal of his further pompous and presumptuous minde, hath enterprised to joyn and imprint the Cardinal's hat under your armes in your coyn of groats made at your city of York, which like deed hath not been seen to be done by any subject in your realm before this time." 4 *Inst.* 94. —*Holt White.*

This was certainly one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue, than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbrigge, and Warham, were indulged with the same privilege. See Snelling's View of the Silver Coin and Coinage of England.—*Douce.*

[28] *Chattels, and whatsoever.*

The old copy—*castles.* I have ventured to substitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, because the judgment in a writ of *præmunire* is, that the defendant shall *be out of the king's protection;* and his *lands* and *tenements, goods* and *chattels*, forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure. This very description of the *præmunire* is set out by Holinshed, in his Life of King Henry VIII. p. 909.—*Theobald.*

The emendation made by Theobald, is, I think, fully justified by the passage in Holinshed's Chronicle, on which this is founded; in which it is observable that the word *chattels* is spelt *cattels*, which might have been easily confounded with *castles:* "After this, in the King's Bench his matter for the *præmunire* being called upon, two attornies which he had authorised by his warrant signed with his own hand, confessed the action, and so had judgment to forfeit all his landes, tenements, goods, and *cattels*, and to be put out of the king's protection."—*Chron.* vol. ii. p. 909.—*Malone.*

[29] *Nips his root.*

"As spring-frosts are not injurious to the *roots* of fruit-trees," Dr. Warburton reads—*shoot*. Such capricious alterations I am sometimes obliged to mention, merely to introduce the notes of those, who, while they have shewn them to be unnecessary, have illustrated our author.—*Malone.*

Vernal frosts, indeed, do not kill the *root*, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not, in either reading, correspond exactly with nature.—*Johnson.*

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by the following passage in A. W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poesies:—"And frosts so *nip the rootes* of vertuous-meaning minds." See Gascoigne's Works, 1587.—*Steevens.*

[30] *And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer.*

Manifestly borrowed from that fine passage in Isaiah, xiv. ver. 12: "How art thou *fallen* from heaven, O *Lucifer*, son of the morning!"—*Douce.*

Lucifer; the morning-star, sacred to Astarte or Venus (the elder Venus) and peculiarly adored in Tyre; the same painted by Homer as "the star benign," &c., but I have not met with the tradition that should explain that circumstance of its being fallen from Heaven, unless we understand it according to the Sabian doctrine that the power of generation formerly residing in Heaven fell from it in process of Time to the Earth, and was now transferred to the morning-star worshipped in Tyre.—*Blackwell's Letters concerning Mythology*, 1757.

[31] *Sir Thomas More is chosen Lord Chancellor.*

On the foure and twentith of November, was sir Thomas Moore made lord chancellor, and the next day led to the Chancerie by the dukes of Norffolke and Suffolke, and there swoorne.—*Holinshed's Chronicle, sub anno* 1529.

[32] *Cherish those hearts that hate thee.*

Though this be good divinity, and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life, it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or publick minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs to his pupil. It would make a good christian, but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, "to cherish his enemies, and to be in no pain for his friends." I am of opinion the poet wrote:—"cherish those hearts that *wait* thee;" i. e., thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolsey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction: —"Corruption wins not more than honesty," i. e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery, so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence.—*Warburton.*

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolsey to speak only as a *statesman*, but as a *Christian*. Shakespeare would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship.—*Steevens.*

This note of Steevens is so just, that it surprises one the more that Warburton should have called it forth, by a reasoning so contrary to his own calling, and to the obvious intention of the judicious Poet. As it regards the statesmanlike policy, I

think the Cardinal right, and the as proud, but less talented and noble Bishop wrong. A soft word turns away wrath, a tenderness to those that wins them, or at least disarms their powers of injury. The word Honesty, was by old writers (as the French word Honneté) used frequently for goodness.—"Corruption wins not more than *kindness*," this so far from opposing, strengthens the original text —showing why we should cherish our enemies—surely a good statesman may be a good christian, and do his master's bidding "love them that hate you." And the whole six lines, or so, seem to have this bearing—wound up by that beautiful figure—

"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, (for enemies not friends)
To silence *envious tongues*."

And I believe the censure of the Bishop was unjust to the Cardinal, he had nothing parsimonious in him. Take the speech of Griffith telling his virtues.—*Anon.*

[33] *There take an inventory of all I have.*

This inventory Wolsey actually caused to be taken upon his disgrace, and the particulars may be seen at large in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 546, edit. 1631. Among the Harl. MSS. there is one intitled, "An Inventorie of Cardinal Wolsey's rich Householde Stuffe. Temp. Henry VIII. The original book, as it seems, kept by his own officers." See Harl. Catal. No. 599.—*Douce.*

[34] *Had I but serv'd my God.*

We break the very unity of the stage in bringing the old heathen theology to speak English in our own modern subjects, on purpose to give no shadow of offence to the Christian religion, nor to use that Great Name upon a fictitious occasion. 'Tis true the name of God may sometimes but rarely be used, as for instance by Cardinal Woolsey after his disgrace, in the play of Henry the Eighth, —"Had I but served my God," &c. But here, both the solemness of the occasion, and these the express words of Woolsey taken from the chronicle, excuse this liberty.—*A Farther Defence of Dramatick Poetry*, 1698.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*

Enter Two Gentlemen *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* You're well met once again.
2 *Gent.* So are you.
1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?
2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;[1]
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day[2] with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 *Gent.* Never greater;
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward: next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal. You may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!

[*A lively flourish of Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. Two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, *with purse and mace before him.*
3. Choristers *singing.* [Music.
4. Mayor of LONDON *bearing the mace. Then,* Garter *in his coat of arms; and on his head, he wore a gilt copper crown.*
5. Marquess DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the* Earl of SURREY, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove; crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. Duke of SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him the* Duke of NORFOLK, *with the rod of marshalship; a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the* Queen *in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the* Bishops of LONDON *and* WINCHESTER.

8. *The old* Duchess of NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* Queen's *train.*
9. *Certain* Ladies *or* Countesses, *with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know:
Who's that, that bears the sceptre?
1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!
[*Looking on the* Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports.
2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.[3]
1 *Gent.* No more of that.
[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?
3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?
3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.
2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.
3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.
2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd?
3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York-place,[4] that's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.
3 *Gent.* I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
3 Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary;
The other, London.
2 Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?
3 Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 Gent. He will deserve more.[5]
3 Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, *sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O, Griffith! sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,

That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly,[6] and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.[7]

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him:
To whom he gave these words,—"O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,[8] ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom:[9] simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill,[10] and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.[11] May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.[12]
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford![13] one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;[14]
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*
Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, *clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curt'sies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for.
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.[15]
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and* Messenger.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord!
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late:
'Tis like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do; and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name

Banish'd the kingdom.—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.[16]

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope, she will deserve well; and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;[17]
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men:—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.— [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *Their royal minds.*

That is, their minds well affected to their King. Pope unnecessarily changed this word to *loyal.* In King Henry IV. Part II. we have "*royal* faith," that is, faith due to kings; which Sir T. Hanmer changed to *loyal*, and I had too hastily followed Dr. Johnson and the late editions, in adopting the emendation. The recurrence of the same expression, though it is not such a one as we should now use, convinced me that there is no error in the text in either place.—*Malone.*

Royal, I believe, in the present instance, only signifies—*noble.* So Macbeth, speaking of Banquo, mentions his "*royalty* of nature."—*Steevens.*

Malone's explanation of this passage is entirely erroneous: *royal* minds are *high* minds, or as we still say, *princely* dispositions. "To avaunt himself *royally:* Magnifice se efferre," Baret.—*Singer.*

[2] *This day.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:—"*these* days." But Shakespeare meant *such a day as this*, a coronation day. And such is the English idiom, which our author commonly prefers to grammatical nicety.—*Johnson.*

Perhaps we should put the words—"As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward" in a parenthesis, and then—*this day* will be employed in its usual sense. 'They have celebrated this day with shows;' and the answer is, "Never greater."—*Boswell.*

[3] *And, sometimes, falling ones.*

There is, too, an allusion in the second gentleman's speech to falling Countesses, which the other as quickly checks—"No more of that." Does it hint at the fall of the Queen from chastity, when Marchioness, by becoming the King's mistress, and a mother almost before marriage—pregnant long before she was married, or the King *un*married to the good Katharine? or does it prophecy the uncertainty of the state of one so wedded—to Anne Boleyn's misfortunes, which Shakspear would trust himself no further with than this faint hint?—*Anon.*

[4] *You must no more call it York-place.*

"After the cardinall was dead, the king remooved from Hampton Court to Greenwich, where he with queene Katharine kept a solemne Christmasse, and on the Twelfe night he sat in the hall in his estate, whereas were diverse enterludes, rich maskes and disports, and after that a great banket. Now after Christmas he came to his manour of Westminster, which before was called Yorke place; for after that the cardinall was attainted in the premunire, and was gone northward, he made a feoffement of the same place to the king, and the chapiter of the cathedrall church of Yorke by their writing confirmed the same feoffement, and then the king changed the name and called it the kings manor of Westminster, and no more Yorke place," Holinshed's Chronicle, sub anno 1531. "The king having purchased of the cardinall after his attendure in the premunire his house at Westminster, called Yorke place, and got a confirmation of the cardinals feoffement thereof, made of the chapter of the cathedrall church of Yorke, purchased this yeare also all the medows about saint James, and there made a faire mansion and a parke for his greater commoditie and pleasure. And bicause he had a great affection to the said house at Westminster, he bestowed great cost in going forward with the building thereof, and changed the name, so that it was after called the kings palace of Westminster," *Ibid. sub anno* 1532. To the latter notice is appended this marginal note,—"Yorke Place or White Hall, now the palace of Westminster."

[5] *He will deserve more.*

There is perhaps a covert satire in this dry observation, which means, I imagine, that Cromwell is of obsequious stuff that will deserve by doing the king's will, be it what it may. It will be observed that this speaker is of a satirical turn. How fine a touch of satire when, after praising the queen, and speaking of the king's happiness in having such a partner, he adds,—"I cannot blame his *conscience*." There is also another satirical allusion in the reference to falling countesses, which the First Gentleman at once checks.

[6] *He fell sick suddenly.*

In Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, 1641, it is said that Wolsey *poison'd* himself; but the words—"at which time it was apparent that he had poisoned himself," which appear in p. 108 of that work, were an interpolation, inserted by the publisher.—*Malone.*

[7] *He could not sit his mule.*

Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey "rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups." In the representation of the Champ de Drap d'Or, published by the Society of Antiquaries, the Cardinal appears mounted on one of these animals very richly caparisoned. This circumstance also is much dwelt on in the ancient Satire:—

Wat. What yf he will the devils blisse?
Jef. They regarde it no more be gisse
Then waggynge of his *mule's* tayle.
Wat. Doth he then use on *mules* to ryde?
Jef. Ye, and that with so shamful pryde
That to tell it is not possible. . . . .
Then foloweth my lorde on his *mule*
Trapped with golde under her cule
In every poynt most curiously. . . . .

The bosses of his *mulis* brydles
Myght bye Christ and his disciples
As farre as I coulde ever rede.— *Steevens.*

[8] *Of an unbounded stomach.*

That is, of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*. So, Holinshed, speaking of King Richard III. :—"Such a great audacitie and such a *stomach* reigned in his bodie."—*Steevens.*

[9] *Tied all the kingdom.*

The word *suggestion*, says Dr. Warburton, is here used with great propriety and *seeming* knowledge of the Latin tongue: and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from *the late Roman writers and their glossers*. But Shakespeare's knowledge was from Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim* :—"This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he computed himself equal with princes, and by craftie *suggestions* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evil example." Edit. 1587, p. 922. Perhaps, after this quotation, you may not think, that Sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads *tyth'd*—instead of *ty'd all the kingdom*, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle; it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still choose to defend a *cant* acceptation, and inform us, perhaps, *seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, to *tye* is to *equal!* A sense of the word, as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author. But, let us turn from conjecture to Shakespeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed, is very explicit in the demands of the *cardinal:* who having insolently told the *lord mayor* and *aldermen*, "For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your substance were too little," assures them, by way of comfort, at the end of his harangue, that, *upon an average*, the *tythe* should be sufficient: "Sirs, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie the *tenth* parte, and *some* more." And again: "Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, makyng of abbottes, probates of testamentes, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes legantines, had made his *threasure egall with the kynges*." Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143.—*Farmer.*

In Storer's Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, a poem, 1599, the Cardinal says:—

I car'd not for the gentrie, for I had
Tithe-gentlemen, yong nobles of the land, &c.—*Steevens.*

"*Ty'd* all the kingdom," that is, he was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the King and the Pope, he *ty'd*, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play. Act II. Sc. II.: "free us from his slavery," "or this imperious man will work us all from princes into pages; all men's honours," &c. Act III. Sc. II.: "You wrought to be a legate, by which power you *maim'd* the jurisdiction of all bishops." See also Act I. Sc. I. and Act III. Sc. II. This construction of the passage may be supported from D'Ewes's Journal of Queen Elizabeth's

Parliaments, p. 644: "Far be it from me that the state and prerogative of the prince should be *tied* by me, or by the act of any other subject."

Dr. Farmer has displayed such eminent knowledge of Shakespeare, that it is with the utmost diffidence I dissent from the alteration which he would establish here. He would read—*tyth'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinshed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe* of each man's substance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is Queen Katharine speaks here, who, in Act I. Sc. II. told the King it was a demand of the *sixth* part of each subject's substance, that caused the rebellion. Would she afterwards say that he, i. e. Wolsey, had *tythed* all the kingdom, when she knew he had almost *double-tythed* it? Still Dr. Farmer insists that "the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the Chronicle;" that is, the cardinal "by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure." This passage does not relate to a publick tax of the *tenths*, but to the Cardinal's own private acquisitions. If in this sense I admitted the alteration, *tyth'd*, I would suppose that, as the Queen is descanting on the Cardinal's own acquirements, she borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to priests; and means to intimate that the Cardinal was not content with the *tythes* legally accruing to him from his own various pluralities, but that he extorted something equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. So, Buckingham says, Act I. Sc. I.: "No man's pie is freed from his ambitious finger." So, again, Surrey says, Act III. Sc. ult.: "Yes, that goodness of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;" and ibidem: "You have sent *innumerable substance* (by what means got, I leave to your own conscience) to the mere undoing of all the kingdom." This extortion is so frequently spoken of, that perhaps our author purposely avoided a repetition of it in the passage under consideration, and therefore gave a different sentiment declarative of the consequence of his unbounded pride, that must humble all others.—*Tollet.*

The word *tythes* was not exclusively used to signify the emolument of priests. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth:—

> Why, sir, the kingdom's his; and no man now
> Can come to Corinth, or from Corinth go,
> Without his licence; he puts up *the tithes*
> *Of every office* through Achaia.—*Boswell.*

[10] *Of his own body he was ill.*

A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body.* Thus, in the Manciple's Tale, by Chaucer:—"If *of hire body dishonest* she be." Again, in Holinshed, p. 1258: "—he laboured by all meanes to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing *evill of her bodie* with him."—*Steevens.*

So, the Protector says of Jane Shore, Hall's Chronicle, Edw. IV. p. 16: "She was *naught of her bodye.*"—*Malone.*

[11] *Their virtues we write in water.*

This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in Sir Thomas More's History of Richard III. whence Shakespeare undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity, More adds, "Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and whoso doth us a good turne, we write it in duste."—More's Works, 1557, p. 59.—*Percy.*

[12] *From his cradle.*

When Shakespeare says that Wolsey was "a scholar from his cradle," he had probably in his thoughts the account given by Cavendish, which Stowe has copied: "Cardinal Wolsey was an honest, poor man's sonne—who, *being but a child, was very apt to learne;* wherefore by means of his parents and other his good friends he was maintained at the university of Oxford, where in a short time he prospered so well, that in a small time, (as he told me with his owne mouth,) he was made bachelour of arts, when he was but fifteen years of age, and was most commonly called *the boy batchelour.*" See also Wolsey's Legend, Mirrour for Magistrates, 1587. I have here followed the punctuation of the old copy, where there is a full point at *honour*, and "From his cradle" begins a new sentence. This punctuation has likewise been adopted in the late editions. Theobald, however, contends that we ought to point thus:—"Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle." And it must be owned that the words of Holinshed, here thrown into verse, "This cardinall was a man undoubtedly BORN to *honour*," strongly supports his regulation. The reader has before him the arguments on each side. I am by no means confident that I have decided rightly.—*Malone.*

The present punctuation,

—— From his cradle
He was a scholar——,

seems to be countenanced by a passage in King Henry V.:

Never was such a *sudden* scholar made.—*Steevens.*

I have made no alteration in the text, but I am convinced that Theobald was right. "To be a scholar from his cradle," is being a very *sudden* scholar indeed."—*Boswell.*

[13] *Ipswich and Oxford.*

You have heard before how the cardinall was attainted in the premunire, and how he was put out of the office of the chancellor, and laie at Asher. In this Lent season (1530) the king by the advise of his councell licenced him to go into his diocesse of Yorke, and gave him commandement to keepe him in his diocesse, and not to returne southward without the kings speciall licence in writing. So he made great provision to go northward, and apparelled his servants newlie, and bought manie costlie things for his houshold; and so he might well inough, for he had of the kings gentlenesse the bishoprikes of Yorke and Winchester, which were no small things. But at this time diverse of his servants departed from him to the kings service, and in especiall Thomas Crumwell one of his chiefe counsell, and chiefe dooer for him in the suppression of abbeies. After that all things necessarie for his journie were prepared, he tooke his waie northward till he came to Southwell, which is in his diocesse, and there he continued this yeare, ever grudging at his fall, as you shall heare hereafter. But the lands which he had given to his colleges in Oxford and Ipswich were now come to the kings hands by his atteindor in the premunire; and yet the king of his gentlenesse and for favour that he bare to good learning, erected againe the college in Oxford, and where it was named the cardinals college, he called it the kings college, and indowed it with faire possessions, and put in new statutes and ordinances. And for bicause the college of Ipswich was thought to be nothing profitable, therefore he left that dissolved.—*Holinshed's Chronicle*, ed. 1587.

In the text of Holinshed the college at Oxford is termed the King's College, but a marginal note says "the Kings College in Oxford, otherwise called Christs Church."

Mr. Fairholt sends me the following note,—"All that remains of the college founded at Ipswich by Wolsey, is the brick gate here represented. It adjoins the eastern side of St. Peter's church in College Street. Wolsey was most unscrupulous in setting about this work; he obtained from the Pope a bull for the suppression of the Monastery of Sts. Peter and Paul which stood on the site; he then got letters patent from the King presenting him with the estates of the Priory, and that of ten smaller religious foundations in the county. The first stone was laid in 1528, by John Longland Bishop of Lincoln, who also laid the first stone of the Cardinal's other College at Oxford, to which the Ipswich College was intended as a preparatory school. The building was scarcely completed when the Cardinal's disgrace occurred, and in 1534 the building and grounds estimated at six acres passed into the possession of Thomas Alverde."

[14] *Unwilling to outlive the good that did it.*

Unwilling to survive that virtue which was the cause of its foundation, Pope and the subsequent editors read—the good *he* did it; which appears to me unintelligible. "The good *he* did it," was laying the foundation of the building and endowing it; if therefore we suppose the college unwillingly to outlive the good he did it, we suppose it to expire instantly after its birth. "The college unwilling to live longer than its founder, or the goodness that gave rise to it," though certainly a conceit, is sufficiently intelligible.—*Malone.*

Good, I believe, is put for *goodness*. So, in the same Act,

—— May it please your highness
To hear me speak his *good* now?—*Steevens.*

[15] *Go to, kneel.*

Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as a *Queen*, but as *Princess Dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See Hall, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says, all the women about her still called her Queen. Burnet, p. 162.—*Reed.*

[16] *To deliver this to my lord the king.*

This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it:—"My most dear lord, king, and husband,—The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles,—But I forgive you

all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."—*Malone.*

The legal instrument for the divorce of Queen Katharine is still in being; and among the signatures to it is that of Polydore Virgil.—*Steevens.*

[17] *Let him be a noble.*

Was it not the etiquette to match the ladies of queens to noblemen? Katharine retains her state with virtuous pride to the last, and desires this proof of her queenhood now she no longer stands in the way of her husband's desires.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of WINCHESTER, a Page *with a torch before him; met shortly afterwards by* Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights;[1] times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas:
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero[2]
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: y'are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; farther, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,[3]
With which the time will load him. Th' archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council,[4] that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him) hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.
Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* King, *and the* Duke of SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night:[5]
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what! is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles:
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.
Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.
Cran. I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror: all's not well.
K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
T' attend your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us: where I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till farther trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cran. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.
K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance,[6] farther.
Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on, is my truth, and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you: such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps:
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit* CRANMER.] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell,—

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit* King.
Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment:
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, *&c., attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.
Cran. 'Tis Butts, [*Aside.*
The king's physician. As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow counsellor
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King *and* BUTTS, *at a window above.*[7]

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
(At least good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;[8]
We shall hear more anon.— [*Exeunt.*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor,[9] *the* Duke of SUFFOLK, *the* Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* Chancellor *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the* Archbishop of CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.[10]
[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh;[11] few are angels: out of which frailty,

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a councillor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,

From hence you be committed to the Tower:
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers, then, would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's farther pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords:
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.[12]
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain,
How much more is his life in value with him.
Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.

Enter the King, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence:
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*To* CRANMER.] sit down. Now, let me see the proudest,
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.[13]

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a councillor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him: if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather,[14] and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.[15]
You shall have two noble partners with you;
The old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquess Dorset:
Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*[16]

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter[17] *and his* Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden?[18] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible,
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning;[19] which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colebrand,[20]
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any,
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port, What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake[21] did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit[22] near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer[23] fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, clubs![24] when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples;[25] that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill,[26] or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*,[27] and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles,[28] that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:
There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads

Clap round fines for neglect. Y'are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales else.[29] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Palace at Greenwich.*

Enter Trumpets, *sounding; then two* Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, *with his Marshal's staff*, Duke of SUFFOLK, *two* Noblemen *bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts: then, four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* Duchess of NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a* Lady: *then follows the* Marchioness of DORSET, *the other godmother, and* Ladies. *The* Troop *pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King, *and* Train.

Cran. And to your royal grace, and the good queen, [*Kneeling.*
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.
[*The* King *kisses the* Child.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.
Cran. Amen.
K. Hen. My noble gossips,[30] ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.
Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant,—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her.
In her days, every man shall eat in safety[31]
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die
(She must; the saints must have her) yet a virgin;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O, lord archbishop!
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And you, good brethren, I am much beholding:
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house, for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—"that's witty,"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em. If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *Not for delights.*

Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the King's diversion, which keeps him in attendance.—*Johnson.*

[2] *And left him at primero.*

Primero was a favourite but complicated game at cards, perpetually alluded to by our old writers. According to the Compleat Gamester, ed. 1721, p. 49, it went rapidly out of fashion after the introduction of the game of ombre. The same authority informs us that primero was played with six cards, and was similar to the latter game; but I suspect there were several forms of the game. One of the most curious accounts of it, contemporary with Shakespeare, is that given in Minsheu's Dialogues, 1599,—

O. Now to take away all occasion of strife, I will give a meane, and let it be Primera.—*M.* You have saide very well, for it is a meane betweene extremes.—*L.* I take it that it is called Primera, because it hath the first place at the play at cardes.—*R.* Let us goe, what is the summe that we play for?—*M.* Two shillings stake, and eight shillings rest.—*L.* Then shuffle the cardes well.—*O.* I lift to see who shall deale; it must be a coate card, I would not be a coat with never a blanke in my purse.—*R.* I did lift an ace.—*L.* I a fower.—*M.* I a sixe, whereby I am the eldest hand.—*O.* Let the cardes come to me, for I deale them, one, two, three, fower, one, two, three, fower.—*M.* Passe.—*R.* Passe.—*L.* Passe.—*O.* I set so much.—*M.* I will none.—*R.* Ile none.—*L.* I must of force see it, deale the cards.—*M.* Give me fower cards, Ile see as much as he sets.—*R.* See heere my rest, let every one be in.—*M.* I am come to passe againe.—*R.* And I too.—*L.* I do the selfe same.—*O.* I set my rest.—*M.* Ile see it.—*R.* I also.—*L.* I cannot give it over.—*M.* I was a small prime.—*L.* I am flush.—*M.* I would you were not.—*L.* Is this good neighbourhood?—*M.* Charitie well placed, doth first beginne with ones selfe.—*O.* I made five and fiftie, with which I win his prime.—*L.* I flush whereby I draw.—*R.* I play no more at this play.

[3] *Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments.*

Trade, i. e. course or way. "*Iter* pro incepto et instituto, a *way*, *trade*, or

course."—Cooper. Again, in Udal's Apothegms, p. 75, "Althoughe it repent them of the *trade* or way that they have chosen." So in a letter from the Earl of Leicester to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, among the Conway Papers:—"But methinks she had rather you followed the *trade* you take, and did what you with your credit might." See King Richard II. Act iii. Sc. 3:—"Some way of common *trade*."—*Singer.*

[4] *Incens'd the lords o' the council.*

Incens'd or *insensed* in this instance, and in some others, only means *instructed, informed:* still in use in Staffordshire. It properly signifies *to infuse into the mind*, to *prompt* or *instigate.* Invidiæ stimulo mentes Patrum fodit Saturnia: Juno *incenseth* the senators' minds with secret envy against," &c.—*Cooper.—Singer.* Palsgrave, 1530, has, "I insence with folye, *je infatue.*"

[5] *Charles, I will play no more to-night.*

This little incident is excellently told. Suffolk propitiates the displeasure of the king at being beaten by professing that he had never been victor before. Henry is appeased by the courteous avowal, and accepts the homage as due to his better skill, when he keeps his mind at its purpose, with a right princely arrogance.

[6] *Without indurance.*

Indurance, durance, imprisonment. The term is used more than once in Foxe's narrative quoted in the Introduction to this play, and thence Shakespeare doubtlessly took it in this sense.

[7] *At a window above.*

The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peepholes may still be found in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. Among Andrew Borde's instructions for building a house, (see his Dietarie of Health,) is the following: "Many of the chambers to have a view into the chapel." Again, in a Letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1573: "And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, at a *window opening thereunto.*" Without a previous knowledge of this custom, Shakespeare's scenery, in the present instance, would be obscure. —*Steevens.*

[8] *And draw the curtain close.*

A passage which has been produced from the play of Acolastus, proves that the common theatres were furnished with some rude pieces of machinery, which were used when it was necessary to exhibit the descent of some god or saint; but it is manifest from all the contemporary accounts, that the mechanism of our ancient theatres seldom went beyond a tomb, a painted chair, a sinking cauldron, or a trap-door, and that none of them had moveable scenes. When King Henry VIII. is to be discovered by the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, reading in his study, the scenical direction in the first folio, 1623, is, "The King draws the curtain, [i. e. draws it open] and sits reading pensively;" for, beside the principal curtains that hung in the front of the stage, they used others as substitutes for scenes, which were denominated *traverses.* See Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, acted at the Globe and Blackfriars, and printed in 1623: "Here is discovered behind a *traverse* the artificial figures of Antonio and his children, appearing as if they were dead." In the Devil's Charter, a tragedy, 1607, the following stage-

direction is found: "Alexander draweth (that is, draws open) *the curtaine of his studie*, where he discovereth the devill sitting in his pontificals." Again, in Satiromastix, by Decker, 1602: "Horace sitting in his *study, behind a curtaine*, a candle by him burning, books lying confusedly," &c.—*Malone.*

[9] *Enter the Lord Chancellor.*

Shakespeare in this act so entirely ignores chronological accuracy, it is doubtful if he had any particular Lord Chancellor in his mind. I add, however, the notes of the commentators.

This Lord Chancellor, though a character, has hitherto had no place in the Dramatis Personæ. In the last scene of the fourth Act, we heard that Sir Thomas More was appointed Lord Chancellor: but it is not he whom the poet here introduces. Wolsey, by command, delivered up the seals on the 18th of November, 1529; on the 25th of the same month, they were delivered to Sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of Queen Elizabeth's birth, (which brings it down to the year 1534,) Sir Thomas Audlie must necessarily be our poet's chancellor; who succeeded Sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years.—*Theobald.*

In the preceding scene we have heard of the birth of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolsey was Chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October, 1530, on which day the seals were given to Sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th of May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed Lord *Keeper*. He therefore is the person here introduced; but Shakespeare has made a mistake in calling him Lord *Chancellor*, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth.—*Malone.*

Theobald, forgetting that Shakespeare had, in this instance, broke through his original design, by introducing the conspiracy against Cranmer, will have it that the chancellor of the scene was Sir Thomas Audley, successor of Sir Thomas More; but he died in 1544, two years before the plan was concerted to ruin the archbishop. Wriothesly, a cruel bigot and flattering courtier, was Audley's successor, and, consequently, the chancellor whom Shakespeare meant.—*Davies.*

[10] *Your grace may enter now.*

It is not easy to ascertain the mode of exhibition here. The inside and the outside of the council-chamber seem to be exhibited at once. Norfolk *within* calls to the Keeper *without*, who yet is *on the stage*, and supposed to be with Cranmer, &c. at the outside of the door of the chamber. The Chancellor and counsellors probably were placed behind a curtain at the back part of the stage, and spoke, but were not seen, till Cranmer was called in. The stage-direction in the old copy, which is, "Cranmer *approaches* the council-table," not, "Cranmer *enters* the council-chamber," seems to countenance such an idea. With all the "appliances and aids" that modern *scenery* furnishes, it is impossible to produce any exhibition that shall precisely correspond with what our author has here written. Our scrupulous ancestors were contented to be *told*, that the same spot, without any change of its appearance, (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain,) was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber.—*Malone.*

The old stage direction at the commencement of this scene is, "A Councell table brought in with chayres and stooles, and placed under the state."—*Boswell.*

How the outside and inside of a room can be exhibited on the stage at the

same instant, may be known from many ancient prints in which the act of listening or peeping is represented. See a famous plate illustrating the Tale of Giocondo, and intitled Vero essempio d' Impudicitia, cavato da M. L. Ariosto; and the engraving prefixed to Twelfth-Night, in Rowe's edition.—*Steevens.*

[11] *And capable of our flesh.*

Capable, conscious. We are by nature frail, and conscious of our frailty. So Hamlet uses the term *incapable* in the sense of *unconscious*, "as one *incapable* of her own distress."

[12] *This is the king's ring.*

It seems to have been a custom, begun probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. Instances abound in the history of almost every nation. See Procopius de Bell. Vandal. l. i. p. 15, as quoted in Farnworth's Machiavel, vol. i. p. 9. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited. See Birch's Negotiations, p. 206.—*Reed.*

[13] *This place.*

Malone has the following explanation:—"Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also? who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy-counsellor as he is?—Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—'*this* place.'" Assuredly, Rowe did well in making the alteration: "*this* place" is the place which Cranmer has just taken at the king's command—"Good man, *sit down.*" The misprint of "his" for "this" is one of the commonest.—*A. Dyce.*

[14] *You must be godfather.*

Our prelates formerly were often employed on the like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI. See Hall, fo. 232. Archbishop Warham to Henry's eldest son by Queen Katharine; and the Bishop of Winchester to Henry himself. See Sandford, 479, 495.—*Reed.*

[15] *You'd spare your spoons.*

It was the custom, long before the time of Shakespeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.—*Steevens.*

So previously, "the spoons will be the bigger, sir."

In the year 1560 we find entered on the books of the Stationers' company, "a spoyne, of the gyfte of master Reginold Wolfe, all gylte with the pycture of *St. John.*" Ben Jonson also, in his Bartholomew Fair, mentions spoons of this kind: "— and all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to

eat caudle in." So, in Middleton's comedy of A chaste Maid of Cheapside, 1620:—

2 *Gos.* What has he given her?—what is it, gossip?
3 *Gos.* A faire high standing cup, and two great *'postle spoons*, one of them gilt.
1 *Pur.* Sure that was Judas then with the red beard.

Again:—"E'en the same gossip 'twas that gave the *spoons*."

At one period it was the mode to present gifts of a different kind. "At this time," (the first year of Queen Elizabeth) says the continuator of Stowe's Chronicle, "and for *many yeeres before*, it was not the use and custome, as *now* it is, (1631,) for godfathers and godmothers generally to give plate at the baptism of children, (as *spoones*, cups, and such like,) but only to give *christening shirts*, with little hands and cuffs wrought either with silk or blue thread; the best of them for chief persons weare edged with a small lace of blacke silke and golde; the highest price of which for great men's children were seldom above a noble, and the common sort, two, three, or four and five shillings a piece." Whether our author, when he speaks of apostle-spoons, has, as usual, attributed the practice of his own time to the reign of Henry VIII. I have not been able to ascertain. Probably, however, he is here accurate; for we know that certain pieces of plate were, on some occasions, then bestowed; Hall, who has written a minute account of the christening of Elizabeth, informing us that the gifts presented by her sponsors were a standing cup of gold, and six gilt bowls, with covers. Chron. Hen. VIII. fol. 218.—*Malone.*

Shake-speare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christ'ning, being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheere him up, and ask't him why he was so melancholy? "No, faith, Ben, (sayes he) not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last." "I pr'y the, what?" sayes he. "I' faith, Ben, I 'le e'en give him a douzen good Lattin Spoones, and thou shalt translate them."—*L'Estrange, No.* 11. *Mr. Dun.*

[16] *The Palace Yard.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"This interesting locality, as it appeared in 1543, is represented in the cut, copied from Anthony van den Wyngrerde's Map of London in the Bodleian Library. It shews the entire precinct from the Thames. To the right is Westminster Hall; in the centre of the yard stands the old conduit and clock-tower; the latter built by Edward I. from the proceeds of a fine of 800 marks levied on Chief Justice Sir Ralph de Hingham for altering a record. The old tower of St. Margaret's peeps above the

houses on the upper side of the quadrangle; and the gate-house forming the entrance to the Palace Yard is seen to the right. Before this is enacted this scene of the Poet's drama."

[17] *Enter Porter.*

Decker, in his Knight's Conjuring, gives a description of a porter such as we may well imagine the present character to have been,—"You mistake if you imagine that Plutoes porter is like one of those big fellowes that stand like gyants at lordes gates (having bellyes bumbasted with ale in lambs-wool and with sacks) and cheeks strutting out (like two footeballes,) beeing blowen up with powder beefe and brewis: yet hee's as surly as those key-turners are, but lookes a little more scurvily."

[18] *Do you take the court for Paris-garden?*

This celebrated bear-garden on the Bankside was so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. *Rot. claus.* 16 R. II. *dors.* ii. Blount's Glossograph.—*Malone.*

So, in Sir W. D'Avenant's News from Plimouth:—

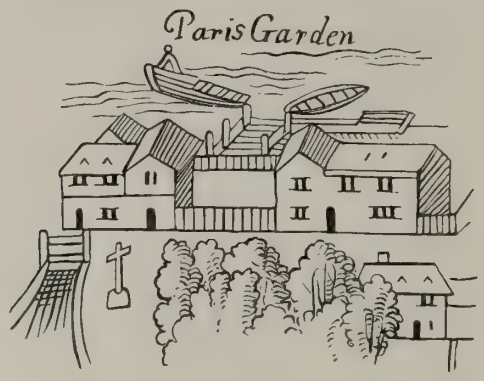
——— do you take this mansion for Pict-hatch?
You would be suitors: yes, to a she-deer,
And keep your marriages in *Paris-garden?*

Again, in Ben Jonson's Execration on Vulcan:—

And cried, it was a threatning to the *bears*,
And that accursed ground the *Paris-garden.*

The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. St. Mary Overy's church is not far from London Bridge, and almost opposite to Fishmongers' Hall. Winchester House was over against Cole Harbour. *Paris-garden* was in a line with Bridewell, and the *Globe* playhouse faced Blackfriars, Fleet-ditch, or St. Paul's. It was an hexagonal building of stone or brick. Its roof was of rushes, with a flag on the top. See a south view of London, as it appeared in 1599, published by T. Wood, in Bishop's Court, in Chancery Lane, in 1771.—*Steevens.*

Paris Garden stairs, leading to this noisy locality, was situated somewhere about the spot where the Blackfriars Bridge Road is now made. The annexed engraving is from the map of Aggas, 1560.



Sure hee's a mad dog, for where-soever he bites it rankles to the death: his eyes are ever watching, his eares ever listning, his pawes ever catching, his mouthes are gaping: in-so-much that day and night he lyes howling to be sent to Paris garden, rather then to be us'de so like a curre as he is.—*Decker's Knight's Conjuring.*

[19] *May-day morning.*

The observance of May-day is still retained in the poet's native county, and I believe is more marked in Warwickshire than elsewhere in England. In

Shakespeare's time, the custom of going out into the fields early on May-day, to celebrate the return of spring, was observed by all ranks of people. "Edwarde Hall hath noted," says Stowe, "that K. Henry the Eighth, in the 7th of his raigne, on May-day in the morning, with Queene Katheren his wife, rode a *Maying* from Greenwitch to the high ground of Shooter's Hill," Survey of Lond. p. 72, where some curious sports then devised for him are described. Stowe says also, "In the moneth of May the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or thre parishes together, had their several *Mayings*, and did fetch in May-poles," &c. Page 73. The citizens were much attached to this recreation, which was, indeed, a very natural and salutary one.—*Nares* in v.

[20] *Nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand.*

Colebrand was the name of the Danish giant whom Guy of Warwick subdued at Winchester. The story is told at full length in the old English metrical history of Sir Guy.

[21] *That fire-drake.*

Jocularly for a man with a red face. A *fire-drake* is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *dipsas*, and a name formerly given to a Will o' the Wisp, or *ignis fatuus*. So, in Drayton's Nymphidia:—

> By the hissing of the snake,
> The rustling of the *fire-drake*.

Again, in Cæsar and Pompey, a tragedy, by Chapman, 1607:—

> So have I seen a *fire-drake* glide along
> Before a dying man, to point his grave,
> And in it stick and hide.

Again, in Albertus Wallenstein, 1640:—

> Your wild irregular lust, which like those *fire-drakes*
> Misguiding nighted travellers, will lead you
> Forth from the fair path, &c.

A *fire-drake* was likewise an artificial *firework*. So, in Your Five Gallants, by Middleton, 1608:—

> ——— but like *fire-drakes*,
> Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell.—*Steevens.*

A *fire-drake* is thus described by Bullokar, in his Expositor, 8vo. 1616: "*Fire-drake*. A *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night, like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal *exhalation*, inflamed betweene two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile."—*Malone.*

Meteors like "flying dragons, or as Englishmen call them, *fire-drakes*," are mentioned in Fulke's Meteors, 12mo. 1670, p. 21.

[22] *A haberdasher's wife of small wit.*

Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his Induction to the Magnetick Lady; "and all *haberdashers of small wit*, I presume."—*Malone.*

A haberdasher was frequently called a "haberdasher of small wares," and hence the joke, such as it is. The scene, however, is altogether one of exquisite drollery and humour, and should not, as is generally the case, be omitted in the representation.

[23] *Till her pinked porringer fell off her head.*

So says Petruchio, speaking of a cap,—"why, this was moulded on a porringer, a velvet dish," Taming of the Shrew, act iv. Nash, in the Unfortunate Traveller, 1594, speaks of "a scull-crowned hat of the fashion of an old deep porringer."

Mr. Fairholt sends me the following note,—"This seems to be an allusion to the Milan bonnet extremely fashionable at this period. Its form will be clearly understood by a glance at the engraving, copied from a wood-cut dated 1546. They were generally made of velvet, and certainly bore an unlucky resemblance to an inverted porringer. The French court, much as it ruled fashions, did not at this period monopolize their laws. Germany and Italy rivalled the inventions of their tailors with considerable success; Milan was a peculiar emporium of taste, and the term *Milliner* was derived from those fashion-mongers who dealt in its productions."

[24] *Who cried out, clubs!*

Clubs! was the outcry for assistance, upon any quarrel or tumult in the streets. So, in the Renegado:

——— if he were
In London among the *clubs*, up went his heels
For striking of a prentice.

Again, in Greene's Tu Quoque:—

—— Go, y' are a prating jack;
Nor is't your hopes of crying out for *clubs*,
Can save you from my chastisement.—*Whalley.*

So, in the third Act of the Puritan, when Oath and Skirmish are going to fight, Simon cries, "Clubs, clubs!" and Aaron does the like in Titus Andronicus, when Chiron and Demetrius are about to quarrel. Nor did this practice obtain merely amongst the lower class of people: for in the First Part of Henry VI. when the Mayor of London endeavours to interpose between the factions of the Duke of Gloster, and the Cardinal of Winchester, he says:—"I'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away."—*M. Mason.*

It has been observed, in illustration of this practice of crying out *clubs*, that it was usually adopted in any quarrel or tumult in the streets; but it remains to point out the persons that were so called, because the watchmen's weapon was the *bill*. Stowe informs us that "when prentizes and journeymen attended upon their masters and mistresses in the night, they went before them carrying a lanthorne and candle in their hands, and a *great long club on their neckes*," Annales, p. 1040, edit. 1631. The frequency of this exclamation in nocturnal quarrels might in process of time adapt the expression to general occasion.—*Douce.* "Here's sword and buckler by me; call for clubs," Historye of Captaine Stukeley, 1605.

[25] *And fight for bitten apples.*

All kinds of misrule pervaded the economy of the theatrical audiences of the time of Shakespeare. The popularity of apple-eating amongst them is exemplified by a story told in Tarlton's Jests, 1611. As Tarlton was performing some part "at the Bull in Bishops-gate-street, where the Queenes players oftentimes played," while he was "kneeling down to aske his fathers blessing," a fellow in the gallery

threw an apple at him, which hit him on the cheek. He immediately took up the apple, and advancing to the audience, addressed them in these lines:—

Gentlemen, this fellow, with his face of mapple,
Instead of a pippin hath throwne me an apple;
But as for an apple he hath cast a crab,
So instead of an honest woman God hath sent him a drab.

"The people," says the relater, "laughed heartily; for the fellow had a quean to his wife."

[26] *The Tribulation of Tower-hill.*

These satirical allusions have not been satisfactorily explained, but if they refer to the Puritans, the observation respecting their patient endurance is, I presume, jocularly meant. The notes of the commentators on this passage really explain nothing.

[27] *In limbo patrum.*

He means, in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase, in the same sense, at this day. The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old Fathers and Patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. See note on Titus Andronicus, Act III. Sc. I.—*Reed.*

[28] *The running banquet of two beadles.*

A public whipping.—*Johnson.* This phrase, otherwise applied, has already occurred,—

——— some of these
Should find a *running banquet* ere they rested.

A *banquet*, in ancient language, did not signify either dinner or supper, but the desert after each of them. So, in Thomas Newton's Herbal to the Bible, 8vo. 1587: "—and are used to be served at the end of meales for a junket or *banquetting* dish, as sucket and other daintie conceits likewise are." To the confinement, therefore, of these rioters, a whipping was to be the *desert.*—*Steevens.*

[29] *I'll pick you o'er the pales else.*

Pick, to pitch or throw, spelt *peck* in ed. 1623, but *pick* in Coriolanus, where the same word occurs. "I holde a grote I pycke as farre with an arowe as you," Palsgrave, 1530 "To picke or cast," Baret's Alvearie, 1580. "To pick a dart, *jaculor*," Coles, 1679.

[30] *My noble gossips.*

Gossib, now corrupted to *gossip*, properly signified a relation, or sponsor in baptism; all of whom were to each other, and to the parents, *God sibs;* that is, *sib*, or related, by means of religion. Todd has found it also in the intermediate state of *Godsip*. From the intimacy often subsisting between such persons, it came also to mean a familiar acquaintance.—*Nares.*

Our Christian ancestors understanding a spiritual affinity to grow between the parents, and such as undertooke for the child at baptisme, called each other by the name of *Godsib*, that is, of kin together through God: and the child in like manner called such his godfathers and godmothers.—*Verstegan*, p. 223.

Besides, they two are call'd the common *gossips*,
To witness at the font for poor men's children.
None they refuse that on their help do call;
And, to speak truth, they're bountiful to all.
If You Know Me, You Know Nobody, 1606.

[31] *Every man shall eat in safety.*

This part of the prophecy seems to have been burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in the Beggar's Bush, where orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars:—

> Each man shall eat his stolen eggs, and butter,
> In his own shade, or sunshine, &c.

The original thought, however, is borrowed from the 4th chapter of the first book of Kings: "Every man dwelt safely under his vine."—*Steevens.*

A similar expression is in Micah, iv. 4: "But they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid."—*Reed.*

Troilus and Cressida.

INTRODUCTION.

The story of Troilus and Cressida was introduced to the English public in the fifteenth century by Chaucer, whose celebrated poem on the subject enjoyed a wide and long-continued popularity. It was printed separately by Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and Pynson, and is included in the various collective editions of Chaucer's works which appeared in the sixteenth century. It appeared in 1565 in the form of a ballad, entered on the Stationers' Registers in that year as "a ballet intituled the History of Troilus, whose troth had well been tryed." A copy of this ballad will be found in the Notes to the Third Act. Another ballad on the same subject, in the form of a dialogue, was published by Edward White in 1581, in the June of which year there was "lycenced unto him under thandes of the wardens a proper ballad dialoge wise betwene Troylus and Cressida;" but no copy of this is known to exist. In 1599 the story was dramatized by Decker and Chettle, as appears from the following entries in Henslowe's Diary,—"Lent unto Thomas Downton, to lende unto Mr. Dickers and Harey Cheattell, in earneste of ther boocke called Troyeles and Creassedaye, the some of iij.*li*, Aprell 7 daye, 1599.—Lent unto Harey Cheattell and Mr. Dickers, in parte of payment of ther boocke called Troyelles and Cresseda, the 16 of Aprell, 1599, xx.*s*." This drama seems to have been afterwards called Agamemnon, that title being interlined over the previous one in the first of the following entries in the same diary,—"Lent unto Mr. Dickers and Mr. Chettell the 26 of Maye, 1599, in earneste of a boocke

called the tragedie of Agamemnon, the some of xxx.*s.*—Lent unto Robarte Shawe the 30 of Maye, 1599, in full paymente of the boocke called the tragedie of Agamemnone, to Mr. Dickers and Harey Chettell, the some of iij.*li.* v.*s.*—Paid unto the Master of the Revelles man for lycensynge of a boocke called the tragedie of Agamemnon the 3 of June, 1599, vij.*s.*" It is clear from these entries that in this play, as in Shakespeare's, Chaucer's story was combined with the incidents of the siege of Troy.

It was possibly owing to the success of the above-named play under the auspices of Henslowe that the same story was made the subject of a drama produced not long afterwards by the company to which Shakespeare belonged. This latter play must have been written in or before the year 1601, for on February 7th, 1601-2, Roberts, the publisher of several early editions of Shakespeare's dramas, procured the following entry to be made on the books of the Stationers' Company,—"Mr. Robertes; Entered for his copie in full court holden this day to print, when he hath gotten sufficient aucthority for yt, the booke of Troilus and Cresseda as yt is acted by my Lo: Chamberlens men, vj.*d.*" No edition of this date having been discovered, Roberts probably failed in obtaining the requisite authority, in consequence of which the drama was not printed until 1609, in which year, under the date of 28 January, 1608-9, occurs the following entry in the same registers,—"Ri: Bonion, Henry Walleys; Entred for their copy under thandes of Mr. Segar, deputy to Sir George Bucke, and Mr. Warden Lownes, a booke called the History of Troylus and Cressula, vj.*d.*" The names of these publishers, as connected with Shakespeare's works, are peculiar to this play, which they issued in the same year under the following title,—"The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loves, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Church-yeard, over against the great North doore. 1609." This impression which, like most other single plays of the time, was published at sixpence, was introduced to the public by the following exceedingly interesting prefatory observations,—

A never Writer to an ever Reader. Newes.—Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your

Facsimile of the Title Page and the first Part of the Preface to the first Edition of Troilus and Cressida

THE Famous Hiſtorie of

Troylus *and* Creſſeid.

Excellently expreſſing the beginning of their loues, with the conceited wooing of *Pandarus* Prince of *Licia*.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

LONDON
Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and are to be ſold at the ſpred Eagle in Paules Church-yeard, ouer againſt the great North doore.
1609.

A neuer writer, to an euer reader. Newes.

ETernall reader, you haue heere a new play, neuer ſtal'd with the Stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet paſſing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that neuer vnder-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: And were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of Commodities, or of Playes for Pleas; you ſhould ſee all thoſe grand cenſors, that now ſtile them ſuch vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their grauities: eſpecially this authors Commedies, that are ſo fram'd to the life, that they ſerue for the moſt common Commentaries, of all the actions of our liues. Shewing ſuch a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the moſt diſpleaſed with Playes, are pleaſd with his Commedies. And all ſuch dull and heauy-witted worldlings, as were neuer capable of the witte of a Commedie, comming by report of them to his repreſentations, haue found that witte there, that they neuer found in them-ſelues, and haue parted better wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte ſet vpon them, more then euer they dreamd they had braine to grinde it on. So much and ſuch ſauored ſalt of witte is in his Commedies, that they ſeeme (for their height of pleaſure) to be borne in that ſea that brought forth Venus. *Amongſt all there is none more witty then this: And had I time I would comment vpon it, though I know it needs not, (for ſo much*

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(r. *that*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleasd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuft in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you: since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them [i. e. his comedies] rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

The writer of this preface is careful to mention that the drama had never appeared on the public stage, and he calls it a new play, so that to reconcile his statements with the belief that the copy entered by Roberts in 1602 was written by Shakespeare, it will be necessary to assume that it had been acted previously before the Court, and that the poet had altered and improved the play in the year 1608. The "grand possessors," meaning the proprietors of the Globe, were averse to the publication, the secret history of which will probably never be discovered, but that the manuscript was obtained by some artifice may be gathered from the use of the word *scape* in the preface just quoted. The play was first acted at the Globe in the year 1609, after which, the preface, no longer appropriate to the occasion, was withdrawn, and the publishers reissued the impression without the preface and with the following title,—"The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Churchyeard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609." The grandiloquence of the first title is here softened down, in consequence

perhaps of its popularity at the Globe rendering it unnecessary. The play was reprinted, with variations, in the folio of 1623, but it there appears immediately after the histories, with only two pages numbered, and those erroneously, so that it is not unlikely that the editors of that folio had to wait for it pending some arrangement as to the copyright, going on in the mean time with Coriolanus and the other plays, which commence with a new series of signatures. Having concluded the tragedies and inserted the imprint, they were then compelled to insert Troilus and Cressida in the middle of the volume.

That Shakespeare's play was written before the close of the reign of Elizabeth is rendered probable by an almost certain allusion to it in the old comedy of Histriomastix. This comedy was not published until the year 1610, but that it was written before the death of Elizabeth is apparent from the way that sovereign is panegyrized in it under the name of Astræa. The allusion is to the scene in Shakespeare where, upon parting, Troilus gives Cressida his sleeve, the lady in return presenting him with her glove; an incident which is thus burlesqued in Histriomastix,—

Troil. Come, Cressida, my Cressit light,
Thy face doth shine both day and night,
Behold, Behold, *thy garter blue*
Thy knight his valiant elbow wears,
That when he shakes his furious speare,
The foe, in shivering fearful sort
May lay him down in death to snort.
Cress. O knight, with valour in thy face,
Here, take my skreene, weare it for grace;
Within thy helmet put the same,
Therewith to make thy enemies lame.

There was a play on the subject of the siege of Troy, called the Greeks and Trojans, which appears to have been popular in the seventeenth century. The following curious notice of it occurs in Gayton's Festivous Notes upon Don Quixot, 1654,— "Our Don is not so much transported with Belianis his blowes as a passionate butcher of our nation was, who being at the play, called the Greeks and Trojans, and seeing Hector over-powred by Mirmydons, got upon the stage, and with his good battoone tooke the true Trojans part so stoutly, that he routed the Greeks, and rayled upon them loudly for a company of cowardly slaves to assault one man with so much odds. He strooke moreover such an especiall acquaintance with Hector, that for a long time Hector could not obtaine leave of him to be kill'd, that the play

might go on; and the cudgelled Mirmydons durst not enter againe, till Hector, having prevailed upon his unexpected second, return'd him over the stage againe into the yard from whence he came." The boisterous character of this play is ascertained from another notice of it in the same work,—"or if it be on holy dayes, when saylers, water-men, shoomakers, butchers and apprentices are at leisure, then it is good policy to amaze those violent spirits with some tearing tragœdy full of fights and skirmishes: As the Guelphs and Guiblins, Greeks and Trojans, or the three London Apprentises, which commonly ends in six acts, the spectators frequently mounting the stage, and making a more bloody catastrophe amongst themselves then the players did." It is perhaps to this drama that Davenant alludes in the following lines in the Prologue to the Unfortunate Lovers, 1643,—

> For ten times more of wit then was allow'd
> Your silly ancestors in twenty yeere,
> Y' expect should in two houres be given you here:
> For they he sweares, to th' theatre would come
> Ere they had din'd to take up the best roome;
> There sit on benches, not adorn'd with mats,
> And graciously did vaile their high-crown'd hats
> To every halfe dress'd player, as he still
> Through th'hangings peep'd to see how th'house did fill.
> Good easie judging soules, with what delight
> They would expect a jigge or target fight,
> A furious tale of Troy, which they ne're thought
> Was weekly written, so 'twere strongly fought.

An alteration of the following play was published by Dryden in 1679 under the title of, Troilus and Cressida, or Truth Found too Late, a Tragedy, as it is acted at the Dukes Theatre, 4to. 1679. The following extract from Dryden's preface to this alteration will suffice to exhibit the manner in which he dealt with Shakespeare's play,—"The original story was written by one Lollius a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English: intended I suppose a satyr on the inconstancy of women: I find nothing of it among the ancients; not so much as the name once Cressida mention'd. Shakespear, as I hinted in the aprenticeship of his writing, model'd it into that play, which is now call'd by the name of Troilus and Cressida; but so lamely is it left to us, that it is not divided into acts; which fault I ascribe to the actors, who printed it after Shakespear's death; and that too, so carelesly, that a more uncorrect copy I never saw. For the play it self,

the author seems to have begun it with some fire; the characters of Pandarus and Thersites are promising enough; but as if he grew weary of his task, after an entrance or two, he lets 'em fall; and the later part of the tragedy is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms. The chief persons, who give the name to the tragedy, are left alive: Cressida is false, and is not punish'd. Yet after all, because the play was Shakespear's, and that there appear'd in some places of it, the admirable genius of the author; I undertook to remove that heap of rubbish, under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly bury'd. Accordingly, I new model'd the plot; threw out many unnecessary persons; improv'd those characters which were begun, and left unfinish'd: as Hector, Troilus, Pandarus and Thersites; and added that of Andromache. After this, I made with no small trouble, an order and connexion of all the scenes; removing them from the places where they were inartificially set: and though it was impossible to keep 'em all unbroken, because the scene must be sometimes in the city, and sometimes in the camp, yet I have so order'd them that there is a coherence of 'em with one another, and a dependence on the main design; no leaping from Troy to the Grecian tents, and thence back again in the same act; but a due proportion of time allow'd for every motion. I need not say that I have refin'd his language, which before was obsolete; but I am willing to acknowledg, that as I have often drawn his English nearer to our times, so I have somtimes conform'd my own to his: and consequently, the language is not altogether so pure, as it is significant. The scenes of Pandarus and Cressida, of Troilus and Pandarus, of Andromache with Hector and the Trojans, in the second act, are wholly new: together with that of Nestor and Ulysses with Thersites; and that of Thersites with Ajax and Achilles. I will not weary my reader with the scenes which are added of Pandarus and the lovers, in the third; and those of Thersites, which are wholly alter'd: but I cannot omit the last scene in it, which is almost half the act, betwixt Troilus and Hector. The occasion of raising it was hinted to me by Mr. Betterton: the contrivance and working of it was my own. They who think to do me an injury, by saying that it is an imitation of the scene betwixt Brutus and Cassius, do me an honour, by supposing I could imitate the incomparable Shakespear: but let me add, that if Shakespears scene, or that faulty copy of it in Amintor and

Melantius had never been, yet Euripides had furnish'd me with an excellent example in his Iphigenia, between Agamemnon and Menelaus: and from thence indeed, the last turn of it is borrow'd. The occasion which Shakespear, Euripides, and Fletcher, have all taken, is the same; grounded upon friendship: and the quarrel of two virtuous men, rais'd by natural degrees to the extremity of passion, is conducted in all three, to the declination of the same passion; and concludes with a warm renewing of their friendship. But the particular groundwork which Shakespear has taken, is incomparably the best; because he has not only chosen two the greatest heroes of their age, but has likewise interested the liberty of Rome, and their own honors, who were the redeemers of it, in this debate. And if he has made Brutus who was naturally a patient man, to fly into excess at first; let it be remembred in his defence, that just before, he has receiv'd the news of Portia's death: whom the Poet on purpose neglecting a little chronology, supposes to have dy'd before Brutus, only to give him an occasion of being more easily exasperated. Add to this, that the injury he had receiv'd from Cassius had long been brooding in his mind; and that a melancholy man, upon consideration of an affront, especially from a friend, would be more eager in his passion, than he who had given it, though naturally more cholerick. Euripides whom I have follow'd, has rais'd the quarrel betwixt two brothers who were friends. The foundation of the scene was this: The Grecians were wind-bound at the Port of Aulis, and the Oracle had said, that they could not sail, unless Agamemnon deliver'd up his daughter to be sacrific'd: he refuses; his brother Menelaus urges the publick safety, the father defends himself by arguments of natural affection, and hereupon they quarrel. Agamemnon is at last convinc'd, and promises to deliver up Iphigenia, but so passionately laments his loss, that Menelaus is griev'd to have been the occasion of it, and by a return of kindness, offers to intercede for him with the Grecians, that his daughter might not be sacrific'd. But my friend Mr. Rymer has so largly, and with so much judgement describ'd this scene, in comparing it with that of Melantius and Amintor, that it is superfluous to say more of it: I only nam'd the heads of it, that any reasonable man might judge it was from thence I model'd my scene betwixt Troilus and Hector. I have been so tedious in three acts, that I shall contract my self in the two last. The beginning scenes of the fourth act are either added,

or chang'd wholly by me; the middle of it is Shakespear alter'd, and mingled with my own, three or four of the last scenes are altogether new. And the whole fifth act, both the plot and the writing are my own additions." In another place Dryden observes that Troilus and Cressida "was, in all probability, one of his (Shakespeare's) first endeavours on the stage." This opinion appears to be merely conjectural.

The outline of the love-story of Troilus and Cressida, and a few other incidents, were taken by Shakespeare from Chaucer, but he has moulded the characters in a different form. Shakespeare's other chief authority for his incidents was the third book of the prose Auncient Historie of the Destruction of Troy, originally translated from the French of Raoul le Fevre by Caxton, but "newly corrected, and the English much amended, by William Fiston," 1596 and 1597; reprinted in 1607 and 1617. The third book bears the following quaint title,—"In these two Bookes precedent we have (by the helpe of God) treated of the two first destructions of Troy, with the noble acts and deeds of the strong and puissant Hercules, that undertooke and did so many wonders that the wit and skill of all men may wel marvell; and also how he slew the king Laomedon, beate downe and put his citie of Troy to ruine. Now in the third and last book, God assisting, we will tell how the said Citie was by Priamus, son of the said King Laomedon, reedified and repaired more strong and more fortified then ever it was before; and afterward, howe for the ravishment of dame Helene, wife of King Menelaus of Greece, the said citie was totally destroied, and Priamus with Hector and al his sons slain, with nobles out of number, as it shal appeare in the processe of the Chapters. Imprinted at London by Valentine Simmes, 1597," 4to. The two former parts had been printed by Thomas Creede in 1596. Chaucer and this prose history were Shakespeare's sole authorities for most of the incidents in the play, but he appears also to have been occasionally influenced by recollections of parts of Chapman's translation of Homer.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
his Sons.

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,
Trojan Commanders.

CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

MARGARELON, *a Bastard Son of Priam.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
Grecian Commanders.

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.

Prologue.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,[1] their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides,[2] with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,[3]
Sperr up the sons of Troy.[4]
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd,[5]—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited

In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter Troilus *armed; and* Pandarus.

Tro. Call here my varlet,[6] I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried?

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor! when she comes!——When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have—as when the sun doth light a storm,[7]—
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more comparison between the women.—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her.—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense[8]
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.[9]

Tro. Good Pandarus! how now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit* PANDARUS. *An Alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But, Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?
Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*
Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA *and* ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.
Cres. What was his cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.
Cres. Good; And what of him?
Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,[10]
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium?[11] Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cres. So he is.

Pan. ——' Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;——

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour,—for so 'tis, I must confess,—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good

complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,[12]—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?[13]

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then;—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin!—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.[14]

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs,* quoth he, *and one white; That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forked one,* quoth he, *pluck it out and give it him.* But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,[15] I can tell you; and he's a good man enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.[16]

HECTOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over.*

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By God's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day: That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel,

where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris!—Paris is dirt to him; and I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye,[17]—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty;

my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit* Boy.
I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,[18]——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—
[*Exit* PANDARUS.
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command;[19] ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content[20] firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* AGAMEMNON'S *Tent.*

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,[21]
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse:[22] Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune.[23] Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,[24]
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, Why, then the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.[25]

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To* AGAMEMNON.
And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
[*To* NESTOR.
I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,[26]
Should with a bond of air—strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides—knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,

When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.
Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,[27]
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture,[28] to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprize is sick? How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,

And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,—
Between whose endless jar justice resides,—
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below: he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and aukward action—
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,—
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,[29]—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending;[30] with terms unsquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—*Excellent!—'Tis* Agamemnon *just.—*
Now play me Nestor;—*hem, and stroke thy beard,*
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels: as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor *right! Now play him me,* Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,[31]
Shake in and out the rivet;—And at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough,* Patroclus;—
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—
Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,—many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites—
A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,—
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war;

Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine:
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Agam. What trumpet? look Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from the eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,

As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords, and Jove's accord[32]
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan: lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud. [*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce[33]
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,—
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,—
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,

Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now:
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,[34]
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;[35]
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world; His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* ULYSSES *and* NESTOR.

Ulyss. Nestor,——

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride

That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:[36]
And, in the publication, make no strain,[37]
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,
It is most meet: Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech :—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?
Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on,[38] as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

The Gates of Troy, from an Engraving in an old French edition of Raoul le Fevre's History of Troy, 1529.

To face p. 251.

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *The princes orgulous.*

Orgulous, that is, proud, disdainful; *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is used in the ancient romance of Richard Cueur de Lyon:—"His atyre was *orgulous*." Again, in Froissart's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 115, b: "—but they wyst nat how to passe the ryver of Derna whiche was fell and *orgulous* at certayne tymes," &c.—*Steevens.*

[2] *Antenorides.*

Antenonidus, ed. 1623. "In this citie were sixe principall gates, of which the one was named Dardane, the second Timbria, the third Helias, the fourth Chetas, the fift Troyen, and the sixt Antenorides," Destruction of Troy, third book, ed. 1597. In the Troy Boke of Lydgate the name is printed Anthonydes, but Caxton's word is much nearer the original text.

[3] *Fulfilling bolts.*

To *fulfill*, in this place, means to fill till there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete. So, in Gower, De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 114:—

A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,
Fulfilled of all curtosie.

Again:—

Fulfilled of all unkindship.—*Steevens.*

To be "*fulfilled* with grace and benediction" is still the language of our liturgy.—*Blackstone.*

"I fulfyll, I fyll plentuously or to the full with anythyng, *je remplis.* This vessell is nat yet fulfylled, it wanteth a great deale, *ce vaisseau nest pas encore remply, il sen fault beaucoup*," Palsgrave, 1530.

[4] *Sperr up the sons of Troy.*

Stirre vp, ed. 1623. The correction was made by Theobald. To *sperr*, in the sense of, to fasten, is common in our old writers, and was long, perhaps is, retained

in our provincial dialects. "To *spar* the door, to bolt, bar, pin, or shut it, *ab AS.* Sparran, *obdere, claudere.* This word is also used in Norfolk, where they say *spar the door an emis he come*, i. e. shut the door lest he come in."—Ray's Collection of English Words, ed. 1691.

They wolle not to bed gan,
Tylle on the morrow the day spronge,
Thus awey to ffare.
Torrant *sperryd* the gattys i-wyse,
Alle that he lyst he clepyd hys,
The keys and thyng he bare.—*Torrent of Portugal.*

[5] *A prologue arm'd, &c.*

I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour: not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play.—*Johnson.*

The *vaunt*, i. e. the *avant*, what went before. So, in King Lear:—"*Vaunt*-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts." The *vaunt* is the *vanguard*, called, in our author's time, the *vaunt*-guard.—*Percy.*

Firstlings, a scriptural phrase, signifying *the first produce or offspring.* So, in Genesis, iv. 4: "And Abel, he also brought of the *firstlings* of his flock."—*Steevens.*

[6] *Call here my varlet.*

This word, which we have from the old French *varlet* or *vadlet*, anciently signified a groom, a *servant* of the meaner sort. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt, says, "Diverse were releeved by their *varlets* and conveied out of the field." Cotgrave says, "In old time it was a more honourable title; for all young gentlemen untill they came to be eighteen yeres of age were so tearmed." He says, the term came into disesteem in the reign of Francis I. till when the gentlemen of the king's chamber were called *valets de chambre.* In one of our old statutes, 1 Henry IV. c. 7, anno 1399, are these words:—"Et que nulle *vadlet* appellé *yoman* preigne ne use nulle liveree du roi ne de null autre seignour sur peine demprisonement."—*Singer.*

[7] *As when the sun doth light a storm.*

A scorn, old editions, a reading on which I find the following curious note in an anonymous manuscript,—"Quasi illudens, a particula otiosa more veterum præposita, as when the sun doth light a-scorn, *i. e.* hiding itself behind a cloud, and sometimes peeping out for a moment, as it were in mockery: *scorning* etiam exponitur *changing*, a Fr. *escorner*, deformare, *i. e.* vultum mutans in pejus," MS. Additions to Junius.

[8] *And spirit of sense.*

In comparison with Cressida's hand, says he, *the spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his Exercitations, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman.—*Johnson.*

[9] *She has the mends in her own hands.*

She may mend her complexion by the assistance of cosmetics.—*Johnson.*

I believe it rather means—'She may make the best of a bad bargain.' This is a proverbial saying. So, in Woman's a Weathercock, 1612: "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands.*" Again, in S. Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "— turne him with his back full of

stripes, and *his hands loden with his own amendes.*" Again, in the Wild Goose Chase, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

The *mends are in mine own hands*, or the surgeon's.

Again, in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 605: "—and if men will be jealous in such cases, *the mends is in their owne hands*, they must thank themselves."—*Steevens.*

[10] *A very man per se.*

The ordinary expression in Shakespeare's time was *a per se*, or *a per se a*, in signification of pre-eminence. The expression is used in the poem of Chaucer which we know to have been read by Shakespeare,—"faire Creseide, the floure and *a per se* of Troye and Greece."

London! thowe arte of townes *a per se*,
Soveragne of cities, most symbliest by sight,
Of high renowne, riches, and royaltie,
Of lordis, barons, and many goodly knyght.—*MS. Lansd.* 762.

Of this peerless piece of work, which may be called the Great A., or *A per se*, which is, as it were, to stand alone, unmatchable by any work of a like subject within the whole realm of England.—*Manship's History of Great Yarmouth*, 1619.

[11] *Ere ye came to Ilium.*

Ilium, or *Ilion*, was, according to Lydgate, and the author of the Destruction of Troy, the name of Priam's palace, which is said by these writers to have been built upon a high rock.—*Malone.*

[12] *Into a compassed window.*

A *compassed* window is a *circular* bow window. In the Taming of the Shrew the same epithet is applied to the cape of a woman's gown: "— a small *compassed* cape."—*Steevens.*

A *coved* ceiling is yet in some places called a *compassed* ceiling.—*Malone.*

[13] *And so old a lifter.*

The word *lifter* is used for a *thief*, by Greene, in his Art of Coneycatching, printed 1591: on this the humour of the passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter.* Ben Jonson uses the expression in Cynthia's Revels:—"One other peculiar virtue you possess is, *lifting.*" Again, in the Roaring Girl, 1611: "—cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foists, puggards, courbers." Again, in Holland's Leaguer, 1633: "Broker or pandar, cheater or *lifter.*"—*Steevens.*

Liftus, in the Gothick language, signifies a *thief.* See Archælog. vol. v. p. 311.—*Blackstone.*

"Talke not of the gayle, 'tis full of limetwigs, *lifts*, and pickpockets," Nobody and Somebody.

[14] *With mill-stones.*

I doubt not, observes Whiter, but that the idea of the eyes dropping *mill stones*, which is familiar to our ancient poets, was suggested by the coarse imitation of tears in tapestry and paintings. So our author twice uses this expression in Richard III.—"Your *eyes drop mill-stones*, when fools' eyes drop tears."

Clar. Bid Gloster think on this, and he will *weep.*
1st *Murd.* Ay, *mill-stones;* as he lesson'd us to *weep.*

[15] *That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit.*

Anthenor was———
Copious in words, and one that much time spent
To jest, when as he was in companie,
So driely, that no man could it espie;
And therewith held his countenaunce so well,
That every man received great content
To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
When he was pleasant, and in merriment:
For tho' that he most commonly was sad,
Yet in his speech some jest he always had.—*Lydgate*, p. 105.

Such, in the hands of a rude English poet, is the grave Antenor, to whose wisdom it was thought necessary that the art of Ulysses should be opposed. Et moveo Priamum, Priamoque *Antenora* junctum.—*Steevens.*

[16] *The rich shall have more.*

The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, signify *a silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressid means, that a *noddy* shall have more nods. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist!—*Johnson.*

To *give the nod*, was, I believe, a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. This game is perpetually alluded to in the old comedies.—*Steevens.*

[17] *With no date in the pie.*

To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in Romeo and Juliet:—"They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry." Again, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act I.: "—your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge, than in your cheek."—*Steevens.*

[18] *To bring, uncle.*

The modern editors appear not to have understood this passage: they have no notes on it; and, in opposition to the old copies, erroneously put a break, as Mr. Collier does, at the end of Cressida's speech, supposing it to be incomplete. When Pandarus says, "*I'll be with you*, niece, by and by," Cressida catches at the words "*I'll be with you*," and subjoins "*to bring*,"—just as Pandarus catches at "*to bring*," and adds, "Ay, a token," &c. The expression, *to be with a person to bring*, is one of which I can more easily adduce examples than explain the exact meaning: its import, however, may be gathered from the following passages;

And I'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing
That he hath promis'd me, and then *I'll be with him to bring:*
Well, such shifting knaves as I am, the ambodexter must play,
And for commodity serve every man, whatsoever the world say.
Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes,—Peele's *Works*, iii. 44, ed. Dyce.

And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;
And, Balthazar, *I'll be with thee to bring*,
And thee, Lorenzo, &c.—
Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, act iv.

E. Love. I would have watch'd you, sir, by your good patience,
For ferreting in my ground.

Lady. You have been with my sister?
Wel. Yes, *to bring.*
E. Love. An heir into the world, he means.
Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, act v. sc. 4.

The modern editors of B. and F., like those of Shakespeare, erroneously deviate from the old eds. in placing a break after "*to bring.*"—*A. Dyce.*

[19] *Achievement is command.*

Steevens justly terms this an obscure line, though a meaning may be extracted from it—that meaning being, that when women have once yielded, or have been achieved, they are commanded, but while they are ungained, they are besought. The Rev. Mr. Harness has suggested a very easy and plausible change, which gives the full sense of the author in very distinct terms:—

Achiev'd *men us* command, ungain'd beseech.

To print "achievement is," for *achiev'd men us*, would be an easy error for a compositor to commit; but, nevertheless, we do not feel authorized in varying from the ancient text, which expresses the intention of the poet, though not as clearly, perhaps, as could be desired. "This maxim," as Cressida calls it, is unusually printed in Italic in the folios and quartos.—*Collier.*

[20] *My heart's content.*

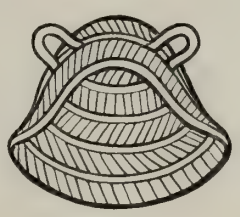
Content, for *capacity*. On considering the context, it appears to me that we ought to read—"my heart's *consent*," not *content.—M. Mason.*

"—my heart's *content.*" Perhaps means, my heart's satisfaction or joy; my well pleased heart. So, in our author's Dedication of his Venus and Adonis to Lord Southampton: "I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your *heart's content.*" This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*contents.—Malone.*

My *heart's content*, I believe, signifies—*the acquiescence of my heart.—Steevens.*

[21] *Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me the following note,—"The form of the old winnowing-fan is well-depicted in the armorial bearings of the Septvans family, who originally bore seven fans on their shield, in allusion to their name. Our cut is a copy of one of the fans emblazoned on the shield of Sir R. de Septvans (who died 1306) in Chartham Church, near Canterbury. These fans were of wicker-work, and when used were held by the handles and the corn tossed upward to allow the wind to blow off the chaff."



[22] *Like Perseus' horse.*

Mercury, according to the fable, presented Perseus with *talaria*, but we no where hear of his horse. The only flying horse of antiquity was Pegasus; and he was the property, not of Perseus, but Bellerophon. But our poet followed a more modern fabulist, the author of the Destruction of Troy, a book which furnished him with some other circumstances of this play. Of the horse alluded to in the text he found in that book the following account:—"Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head] there engendered Pegasus, or the *flying horse.*

By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood, that of her riches issuing of that realme he [Perseus] founded and made a *ship* named Pegase,—and *this ship was likened unto an horse flying*," &c. Again: "By this fashion Perseus conquered the head of Medusa, and did make Pegase, the most swift ship that was in all the world." In another place the same writer assures us, that this ship, which he always calls Perseus' flying horse, "flew on the sea like unto a bird." *Dest. of Troy*, 4to. 1617, p. 155—164.—*Malone.*

[23] *Or made a toast for Neptune.*

The word *toast* in this passage does not seem to be very intelligible. Can it be an error for *boast?* I cannot say that I think the following note by Pye altogether satisfactory,—"It is very obvious that bread can only be made a toast literally by holding it to the fire; but as toasts so made are often soaked in ale or water, or other liquid, any thing thus immersed in water may be surely called metaphorically a toast; surely the French use of it now, and the common use of it lately for a health, rendered the aid of commentators unnecessary. Did Mr. Seymour never hear the origin of calling a lady, whose health is drunk in her absence, a toast?" The original text may, however, be thought supported by a subsequent allusion to the waters making "a sop of all this solid globe."

[24] *The herd hath more annoyance by the brize.*

The brize is a common old term, still retained in the provincial dialect, for a gad-fly. "Brese, a long flye, *prestre*," Palsgrave, 1530. So, in Spenser's Faerie Queene,—

> But he them all from him full lightly swept,
> As doth a steare, in heat of summer's day,
> With his long taile the *bryzes* brush away.

[25] *Returns to chiding fortune.*

Retires to, old eds. Pope altered this as in our text, and Hanmer to *replies*, both meaning the same. Mr. Dyce suggests *retorts*, which is less obscure, for at the first reading few perceive that the sense is that he returns to chiding Fortune the language she gives, in vulgar talk, gives as good as she sends.

[26] *Hatch'd in silver.*

Ulysses says that both their speeches should be held up in tablets of brass, and then that Nestor's experienced years, typified by his silvery head, had given them a speech exciting to union by a bond of air tying them to each other. To hatch, to inlay, and hence metaphorically to adorn. "Thy chin is hatch'd with silver," Love in a Maze. "All high-way rogues that sells callico for cambricke, watered white yron hilts for hatched silver, Dutch sixe-penny blades for upright Toledoes."—Muld Sacke, 1620.

[27] *When that the general is not like the hive.*

The meaning is,—When the general is not *to the army* like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused.—*Johnson.*

[28] *In evil mixture.*

I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture.*—*Johnson.*

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates.—*Anon.*

[29] *And, like a strutting player, &c.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me the following note,—"The temporary scaffold of a mountebank player has altered in the course of centuries less than the permanent stage did during the career of Shakespeare. The cut depicts a singular scene of burlesque performance, as represented on a Greek Vase in the Hope collection. Apollo, as a quack doctor, is assisting Chiron, who is old and blind, to mount the steps of his stage, while an attendant pushes him upward. All wear the grotesque masks used by the classic comedians. The stage is covered by a pent-house roof, and bears an exact resemblance to that used by mountebanks and quack-doctors in the last century."

[30] *'Tis like a chime a-mending.*

The word *chime* is here used in the sense of the chiming bell and its machinery,—"To this comparison the praise of originality must be allowed. He who, like myself, has been in the tower of a church while the chimes were repairing, will never wish a second time to be present at so dissonantly noisy an operation," *Steevens.* It is difficult to imagine that Shakespeare could have made this comparison unless he had himself been present at some time at such an operation, perhaps at the Guild Chapel at Stratford-on-Avon. "Payd to Abell the joiner the first day of Aprill for mending the wheele of the little bell at they Chappell, viij.*d.*," Chamberlains' Accounts, Stratford-on-Avon, 1592. "Item, for trussinge up the great bell like to have fallen out of the frame," ibid., 1595.

> And by his power all sacred and divine,
> So fram'd the world as if he had wrought by line,
> Set all in order working in their time,
> Like to the wheeles within a clocke or chime,
> To serve the turne of Adam and his race,
> And all these made but full in sixe dayes space.
>
> *Peyton's Glasse of Time*, 1623.

[31] *And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget.*

Mr. Fairholt thus notes,—"The allusion to such a gorget is an anachronism, referring as it does to the armour of the poet's era, rather than to that of the period of the play. It was a defence for the chest and throat fastened by rivets to the breastplate, as shewn in our cut from one of the Elizabethan era, in the Londesborough Collection."

[32] *And Jove's accord.*

When they have the accord of Jove on their side, nothing is so courageous as the Trojans. In the present instance, Jove's accord is like the Jove probante of Horace.—*Steevens.* It appears to me that Shakespeare has used the word accord in an unusual sense for meeting in martial conflict, and means to say, that in battle the Trojans were more valiant than Jove himself.—*Harness.*

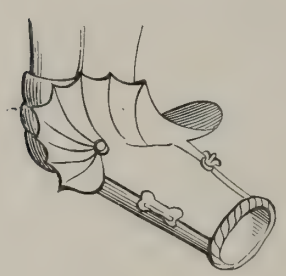
[33] *Who in this dull and long-continued truce.*

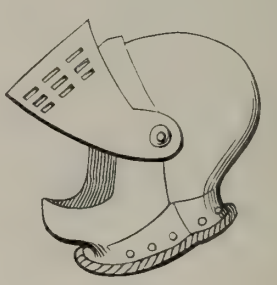
Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very Act it is said, that "Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle."—*Johnson.*

Here we have another proof of Shakspeare's falling into inconsistencies, by sometimes adhering to, and sometimes deserting, his original. Of this dull and "long-continued truce" (which was agreed upon at the desire of the Trojans, for six months,) Shakspeare found an account in the seventh chapter of the third book of the Destruction of Troy. In the fifteenth chapter of the same book the beautiful daughter of Calchas is first introduced.—*Malone.*

[34] *I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver.*

Upon this line Mr. Fairholt observes,—"The poet here speaks familiarly of Greek armour as if it was constructed in the same way as the European armour of the sixteenth century. Both allusions in these lines are anachronisms; the *beaver* was a moveable covering for the face, never used by the Greeks, or generally adopted till the middle of the fifteenth century. The *vant-brace* (from the French, *avant-bras*,) was a close covering for the arm from the wrist to the elbow, the latter often covered by a shell-shaped *garde-bras*, as shewn in our engraving, from an example in the Meyrick collection at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire."





[35] *And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn.*

Avant-bras, French. Defensive armour for the arm.

His left arm wounded had the king of France,
His shield was pierc'd, his *vant-brace* cleft and split.
Fairf. Tasso, xx. 139.

From his large limbs th' imbrodered roabes hee shakes,
And leapes out of his garments with proude scorne,

In stead of which, he a rich *vaunt-brace* takes,
Which buckling on, growes proud to see it worne,
The wanton guirles first wonder what he makes,
With sword and armes (his garments having torne:)
But when he frown'd, the ladies grow affrayde
Of him so arm'd, with whom but late they playde.
Heywood's Troia Britanica, 1609.

[36] *Whose grossness little characters sum up.*

That is, the purpose is as plain as *body* or substance; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression.—*Warburton.*

Substance is *estate*, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small *characters*, i. e. *numerals*. So, in the prologue to King Henry V.:—

—— a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million.

The *gross sum* is a term used in the Merchant of Venice. *Grossness* has the same meaning in this instance.—*Steevens.*

[37] *And, in the publication, make no strain.*

Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, Ulysses says: "I do not *strain* at the position," i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it.—*Theobald.*

[38] *Must tarre the mastiffs on.*

Tarre, an old English word, signifying to provoke or urge on. See King John, Act IV. Sc. I.:

—— like a dog,
Snatch at his master that doth *tarre* him on.—*Pope.*

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*Another Part of the* Grecian *camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run, then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord![1]

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven,[2] speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not, my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldest strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf![3]

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers[4] with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch![5]

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego[6] may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLES.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Ajax. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Ajax. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX *offers to strike him,* ACHILLES *interposes.*

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brooch[7] bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:
That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,[8]
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not our's; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fye, fye, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,[9]
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason ; reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.
Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them: nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,[10]
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds—old wranglers—took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.[11]
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,—
As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*—
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,—
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*—why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,[12]
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought[13]

Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now,
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—

I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;[14]
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* ACHILLES' *Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus;* if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons,[15] and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation:[16] but it is no matter: Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let

thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles:—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool, to serve such a fool: and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery,[17] such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore: A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He shent our messengers;[18] and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But, why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy:[19] his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,[20]
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,

But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.
Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lines,[21] his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.
Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*
Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter. [*Exit* ULYSSES.
Ajax. What is he more than another?
Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.
Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?
Agam. No question.
Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?
Agam. No, noble Ajax, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.
Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange? [*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it[22]
Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;[23]
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord

Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash[24] him
Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze[25] his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow,——

Nest. How he describes
Himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven
Chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Agam. He'll be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men
Were o'my mind,——

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:——

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises:
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To* AGAMEMNON.

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now——
Ulyss. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praise?
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?
Dio. Or strange or self-affected?
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield[26]
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *Thou mongrel beef-witted lord.*

So, in Twelfth-Night: "— I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my *wit*."—*Steevens.*

He calls Ajax *mongrel* on account of his father's being a *Grecian* and his mother a *Trojan*. See Hector's speech to Ajax, in Act IV. Sc. v.:—"Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son," &c.—*Malone.*

[2] *Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak.*

Unsalted leaven means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. Shakspeare wrote first *unsalted;* but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd.*—*Johnson.*

The want of salt is no fault in leaven; but leaven without the *addition* of salt will not make good bread: hence Shakspeare used it as a term of reproach.—*Malone.*

Unsalted is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's Works, 1602, says: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and hoarie with over long lying." Again, in Tho. Newton's Herbal to the Bible, 8vo. 1587:—"For being long kept they grow hore and *vinewed*."—*Steevens.*

In the Preface to James the First's Bible, the translators speak of *fenowed* (i. e. vinewed or mouldy) traditions.—*Blackstone.*

The folio has—thou *whinid'st* leaven; a corruption undoubtedly of *vinnewdst* or *vinniedst:* that is, thou most *mouldy* leaven. In Dorsetshire they at this day call cheese that is become mouldy, *vinny* cheese.—*Malone.*

"*Venny, vinny*, fenny, mouldy, as, venny chees, Wilts," Kennett's Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033.

The folio has "thou *whinid'st* leaven," a corruption undoubtedly of *vinew'dst* or *vinniedst*, i. e. *mouldy* leaven. Thou *unsalted leaven*, is as much as to say "thou *foolish lump.*" Thus Baret:—"Unsavoury, foolish, *without smacke of salt;* without wisdome, that hath no grace, that hath no pleasant facion in wordes or gesture; that no man can take pleasure in. *Insulsus.*"—*Singer.*

[3] *Cobloaf.*

A crusty, uneven, gibbous loaf, is in some counties called by this name.—*Steevens.*

A *cob-loaf*, says Minsheu, in his Dictionary, 1616, is "a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire. G. *Bignet*, a *bigne*, a knob or lump risen after a knock or blow." The word *Bignet* Cotgrave, in his Dictionary, 1611, renders thus: "Little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meale, oyle, or butter, and reasons: bunnes, lenten loaves." *Cob-loaf* ought, perhaps, to be rather written *cop-loaf.*—*Malone.*

Cob is used in composition to express large, as *cob-nut*, *cob-swan*, &c. But if Ajax uses it to Thersites, he must mean to imply awkwardness and deformity. *Tro. & Cress.* ii. 1. The passage stands thus, in the modern editions:

Ther. Thou grumblest, and railest every hour on Achilles; and art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.
Aj. Mistress Thersites!
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.
Aj. Cobloaf!
Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a bisket. *loc. cit.*

This is desperately corrupt. Of "Mistress Thersites," I can make nothing; but the 4to. suggests the true reading of the rest, after transposing only one word, by giving the whole to Thersites.

Ther. Shouldst thou strike him, Ajax, *cobloaf!*
He would pun thee into shivers, &c.

The commentators, to explain the other reading, say that *cob-loaf* means "a crusty uneven loaf," that it may suit Thersites; and Steevens says it is so used in the midland counties; but Steevens finds an usage where he wants it. Whereas, if Thersites calls Ajax *cob-loaf*, it then retains its analogous sense, of a "large, clumsy loaf," and the succeeding allusion to a biscuit is natural, and in its place. "Though you are like a large loaf, Achilles would pound you like a biscuit." The passage little deserves the labour of correcting, had not the correction been so obvious. Stealing of *cob-loaves* was a Christmas sport. *Popular Ant.* i. 358. —*Nares.*

[4] *He would pun thee into shivers.*

Pun is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for—*pound.* It is used by P. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's Natural History, book xxviii. ch. xii.: "—*punned* altogether and reduced into a liniment." Again, book xxix. ch. iv.: "The gall of these lizards *punned* and dissolved in water."—*Steevens.*

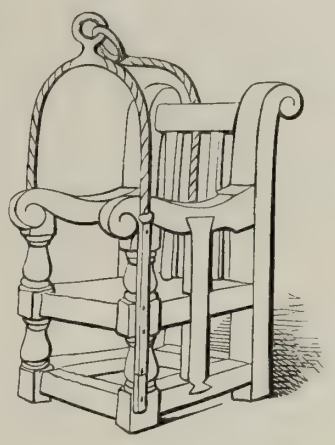
Cole, in his Dictionary, renders it by the Latin words *contero, contundo.* Pope, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads—*pound*, and was followed by three subsequent editors.—*Malone.*

Dr. Johnson has borne testimony that this term is still current in the midland counties; and, in fact, it is related of a Staffordshire servant who lived with Miss Seward, at Lichfield, that, hearing his mistress knock with her foot to call up her attendant, he often said, "Hark! madam is *punning.*" How it was transferred to the sense in which it is now current, may be doubted; perhaps it means to beat and hammer upon the same word.—*Nares.*

"To stampe or *punne* in a morter," Florio.

[5] *Thou stool for a witch!*

In one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse.—*Grey.*



Some writers imagine that there is here an allusion to the cucking-stool, but I cannot discover that that mode of punishment was ever used to witches. I find the passage thus explained in an anonymous note,—"alluding to the bow'd back of the deformed buffoon, to which his legs answered as the legs of a table or stool."

The subjoined engraving represents a specimen of the ducking-stool belonging to the corporation of Ipswich.

[6] *An assinego may tutor thee.*

Assinego, properly an ass-driver, or ass-keeper; hence, a stupid fellow. Ben Jonson thus puns on the name of Inigo Jones:—

> Or are you so ambitious 'bove your peers,
> You'd be an *ass-inigo* by your ears.

I have knowne a gallant that at the age of fiveteene hath beene a pregnant wittie youth, but before twenty he hath beene turned into a right asinego.—*Melton's Astrologaster*, 1620.

[7] *Achilles' brooch.*

That is, hanger on. This is the original reading; *broach* or *broche* means an ornament worn about the person, and may therefore be not ill applied to Patroclus. Rowe and the modern editors read *brach*, i. e. *a lurcher* or *beagle*, which can scarcely be right, as the word generally, if not always, refers to the female.—*Harness.*

[8] *Many thousand dismes.*

Disme, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the Prologue to Gower's Confessio Amantis, 1554:—"The *disme* goeth to the battaile." Again, in Holinshed's Reign of Richard II. where it means the tax of a tenth: "—so that there was levied, what of the *disme*, and by the devotion of the people," &c.—*Steevens.*

[9] *You bite so sharp at reasons.*

Here is a wretched quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*, which, in Shakspeare's time, were, I believe, pronounced alike. Dogberry, in Much Ado About Nothing, plays upon the same words: "If Justice cannot tame you, she shall never weigh more *reasons* in her balance."—*Malone.*

The present suspicion of a quibble on the word—*reason*, is not, in my opinion, sufficiently warranted by the context.—*Steevens.*

> Grete reysons with resons be now reprobitante,
> For reysons ar no resons, but resons currant.
> *Skelton's Works*, ii. 22, ed. Dyce.

Dame Lickorish was in a monstrous fume,
Against the lushious *Reasons of the sunne*,
The Trinidado smoake avoids the roome,
Whil'st Gum-armoniack sweares she is undone.
The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

[10] *We do not throw in unrespective sieve.*

That is, unto a *common voider*. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads: "—— unrespective *same*;" for which the second folio and modern editions have silently printed: "—— unrespective *place*.—"*Johnson*.

It is well known that *sieves* and half-*sieves* are baskets to be met with in every quarter of Covent Garden market; and that, in some families, baskets lined with tin are still employed as voiders. With the former of these senses *sieve* is used in the Wits, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

—— apple-wives
That wrangle for a *sieve*.

Dr. Farmer adds, that, in several counties of England, the baskets used for carrying out dirt, &c. are called *sieves*. The correction, therefore, in the second folio, appears to have been unnecessary.—*Steevens*.

[11] *And makes stale the morning.*

So in the folio. Though Mr. Collier declares that *stale* cannot be right, I think that Mr. Knight has done well in adopting it: *stale* is more properly opposed to "freshness" than "pale;" and compare the following lines of Lyly's Maydes Metamorphosis, 1600;—

Amidst the mountaine Ida groues,
Where Paris kept his Heard,
Before the other Ladies all,
He would haue thee preferd:
Pallas for all her painting than,
Her face would seeme but pale;
Then Juno would have blusht for shame,
And Venus looked *stale*.—*A. Dyce*.

[12] *And do a deed that fortune never did.*

If I understand this passage, the meaning is, "Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune hath not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained.—*Johnson*.

The meaning, I believe, is: Act with more inconstancy and caprice than ever did fortune.—*Henley*.

Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are now going to do what fortune never did. Such, I think, is the meaning.—*Malone*.

[13] *Whom Aristotle thought.*

Let it be remembered, as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add, that even classic authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of Statius's Thebaid, Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. If on this occasion, somewhat should be attributed to his

augural profession, yet if he could so freely mention, nay, even quote as examples to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they must all have been prophets as well as himself, or they could not have understood him. Hector's mention of Aristotle, however, is not more absurd than the following circumstance in the Dialogues of Creatures Moralysed, where we find God Almighty quoting Cato. See Dial. IV. I may add, on this subject, that during an altercation between Noah and his Wife, in one of the Chester Whitsun Playes, the Lady swears by—Christ and Saint John.—*Steevens.*

How comes he to have been guilty of the grossest faults in chronology, and how come we to find out those faults? In his tragedy of Troylus and Cressida, he introduces Hector speaking of Aristotle, who was born a thousand years after the death of Hector. In the same play mention made of Milo, which is another very great fault in chronology.—*Dennis's Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespear*, 8vo. Lond. 1712.

[14] *Whilst emulation in the army crept.*

That is, envy, factious contention. *Emulation* is now never used in an ill sense; but Shakspeare meant to employ it so. He has used the same with more propriety in a former scene, by adding epithets that ascertain its meaning.—*Malone.*

[15] *Without drawing their massy irons.*

That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web.* They use no means but those of violence.—*Johnson.*

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*the* massy irons. In the late editions *iron* has been substituted for *irons*, the word found in the old copies, and certainly the true reading. So, in King Richard III.:

> Put in their hands thy bruising *irons* of wrath,
> That they may crush down with a heavy fall
> The usurping helmets of our adversaries.—*Malone.*

Bruising irons, in this quotation, as Henley has well observed *in loco*, signify —*maces*, weapons formerly used by our English cavalry. See Grose on ancient Armour, p. 53.—*Steevens.*

[16] *Slipped out of my contemplation.*

Here is a plain allusion to the counterfeit piece of money called a *slip*, which occurs again in Romeo and Juliet, and which has been happily illustrated by Reed, in a note on that passage. There is the same allusion in Every Man in his Humour, Act II. Sc. V.—*Whalley.*

[17] *Here is such patchery.*

Patchery means something quite opposed to *folly*, viz. 'a patching up to deceive,—roguery.' The word occurs again in a passage of Timon of Athens.—*A. Dyce.*

[18] *He shent our messengers.*

That is, rebuked, rated. This word is used in common by all our ancient writers. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, book iv. c. vi.:—

> Yet for no bidding, not for being *shent*,
> Would he restrained be from his attendement.

Again, ibid.:—

> He for such baseness shamefully him *shent*.

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne, p. 41 :—

——— hastowe no mynde
How the cursed Sowdan Laban
All *messengeris he doth shende.—Steevens.*

The quarto reads—*sate ;* the folio—*sent.* The correction was made by Theobald. Sir T. Hanmer reads—He sent *us* messengers. I have great doubts concerning the emendation now adopted, though I have nothing satisfactory to propose. Though *sent* might easily have been misprinted for *shent*, how could *sate* (the reading of the original copy) and *shent* have been confounded?—*Malone.*

[19] *But none for courtesy.*

So, in All's Lost by Lust, 1633 :—

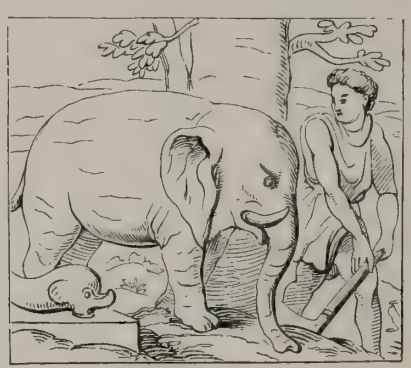
—— Is she pliant?
Stubborn as an *elephant's leg, no bending* in her.

Again, in All Fools, 1605 :—

I hope you are no *elephant*, you have *joints.*

In the Dialogues of Creatures Moralysed, is mention of "the *olefawnte* that *bowyth not the kneys ;*" a curious specimen of our early natural history.—*Steevens.*

Sir T. Browne was not the first to expose this vulgar error. In the voyages of Cada Mosto, the Venetian, first published in 1509, and reprinted in 1613, an entertaining narrative, which when it first appeared was probably as much read as the *Pseudodoxia* itself, is the following passage. I quote from the translation in Kerr's Collection of Voyages and Travels, vol. ii. p. 233 :—"Before my voyage to Africa I had been told that the elephant could not bend its knee, and slept standing ; but this is an egregious falsehood, for the bending of their knees can be plainly perceived when they walk, and they certainly lie down and rise again like other animals."—*Anon.*



Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"The popular opinion regarding the elephant in the middle ages was that he had no flexibility of legs, that they were jointless, and that he rested, and slept, by leaning against a tree ; which being adroitly cut down, threw him on his side at the mercy of his captors. In the illustrated books of moral emblems, popular in the sixteenth century, this fabulous natural history was turned to good account, and Geffrey Whitney borrowed from Alciati the illustration here copied. The descriptive verse tells us,

The olephant so huge, and stronge to see,
No perill fear'd : but thought a sleepe to gaine,
But foes before had undermin'de the tree,
And downe he falles ; and so by them was slaine.

"Whitney's Emblems was printed at Leyden in 1596, and is known to have been read by Shakespeare."

[20] *And this noble state.*

Person of high dignity; spoken of Agamemnon. *Noble state* rather means 'the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.' Patroclus had already addressed Agamemnon by the title of "your greatness."—*Steevens.*

State was formerly applied to a single person. So, in Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614: "The archbishop of Grenada saying to the archbishop of Toledo, that he much marvelled, he being so great a *state*, would visit hospitals —." Again, in Harrington's translation of Ariosto, 1591:—

> The Greek demands her, whither she was going,
> And which of these two great *estates* her keeps.

Yet Steevens's interpretation appears to me to agree better with the context here.—*Malone.*

[21] *His pettish lines.*

This is the reading of the old folio, and means, I presume, *the capricious and changeful lineaments of his face.* Sir Thomas Hanmer, whom the later editors have followed, reads *lunes.—Harness.*

[22] *The death-tokens of it.*

The spots (otherwise called God's tokens) are commonly of the bignesse of a flea-bitten spot; sometimes much bigger. Their colour is according to the prædominancie of the humor in the body: namely red, or reddish if choler; pale-blew or darke-blew if flegme; and leaden or blackish if melancholy abound. But they have ever a circle about them; the red ones a purplish-circle, and the others a redish circle. They appeare most commonly on the breast and backe: and sometimes on the neck, armes, and thighes. On the breast and back, because the vitall spirits strive to breath out the venom the nearest way. In some bodyes there will be very many, in some but one or two, or very few; according to the quantity of the venom, and the strength of the spirits to drive them out. They usually shew themselves on the 3, 4, 5, or 7 day; sometimes not till death, the venom yet tyrannizing over the dead carkas. Somtimes they appeare together with the sores; but for the most part without. The cause is the venemous matter condensed and hardened in the act of penetrating the pores of the skin; if they be skilfull dissected in the dead body, you may finde some halfe way deep into the flesh and some in muskles of the brest have bin followed with the incision knife even to the rib bones. The reason why they are thus congealed is, the thicknes of the venemous matter and the coldnesse of it: for it is the most phlegmaticke part of the bloud, yet mixed also with the other humors according to the colors. They appeare in dead bodies most, because nature fainting in her labor to thrust out the venom through the skin lifes heat going out the privation therof, and the nearnesse of the outward aire do congeale them presently: and because many times at the last gasp nature gives the stoutest struggle; it comes to passe they are not so far thrust forth as to appeare, til death. All these symptomes must be looked to very diligently and skilfully. As for the sores, there are many good and known medicines, and hands skilful enough in chyrurgical way, and I understand the Colledge of Physitions have a booke now comming forth full of good medicines. Therefore I will here desist; but methinkes one puls mee by the sleeve, and askes me what I meane, to say that all these symptoms must be looked to; doe I meane the tokens, for they were the last of them? Yes, even the tokens; my grandfather in a manuscript of his of the plague, affirmeth that he recovered some that had the best colored of them, and

those but few also. And I have often heard my father, who was an honest true tongu'd man, and a skilfull physitian, say that in the yeare 1593 my mother, being then visited with this sicknesse, had, besides a carbuncle under the tip of her left eare, two spots on her breast. And shee was recovered and lived till the yeare 1629, yet the spots appeared together with the carbuncle, which is accounted a prognosticke to have no hope of curing the soare, or caring for the life of the patient. To this, let mee joyne an experience of mine owne, in the last dreadfull visitation, anno 1625. Myselfe did in Golding-lane recover a woman that was sicke of the plague in childe-bed, and that very case alone is rarely cured, who besides other symptomes, as her suddaine taking, faintings, and pestilent feavor, had two spots in her breast of a reddish colour with purple circles. I discouraged not those about her, because I meant to try what might (by God's assistance) be done; the childe dyed, but she recovered, and is alive at this day. Now if any man shall say, these last were spots of a malignant feavor onely, I answer, they were not purple but red ones, and circled with purple circles so are not the faint spots. But if my skill in these spots shall yet bee doubted, know that this was when there dyed betwixt foure and five thousand of the plague that weeke; and I will beleeve no man that shall tell mee that any malignant feavor must not needs turne to the plague itselfe within the ayre of London at that time.—*Bradwell's Physick for the Sicknesse commonly called the Plague*, 1636.

[23] *With his own seam.*

Seam, lard. "Seame or hog's tallow, *sain*," Sherwood's Dictionarie English and French, 1632.

On the other side, Dame Niggardize, his wife, in a sedge rugge kirtle, that had beene a matte time out of mind, a course hempen rayle about her shoulders, borrowed of the one ende of a hop bag, an apron made of almanackes out of date, such as stand upon screenes, or on the backside of a dore in a chandlers shop, and an old wives pudding pan on her head, thrumd with the parings of her nayles, sate barrelling up the droppings of her nose, in steed of oyle, to *sayme* wool withall, and would not adventure to spit without halfe a dozen of porrengers at her elbow. —*Nash's Pierce Penilesse.*

[24] *I'll pash him over the face.*

To pash, to knock, to beat. "He passhed out his braynes with a stone,' Palsgrave, 1530.

Comming to the bridge, I found it built of glasse so cunningly and so curiously, as if nature herself had sought to purchase credit by framing so curious a peece of workmanship; but yet so slenderly, as the least waight was able to *pash* it into innumerable peeces.—*Greene's Gwydonius*, 1593.

[25] *I'll pheeze his pride.*

To *pheeze*, to chastize, or beat. Dr. Johnson gives two interpretations of this word; the one from Sir Thomas Smith, *de Sermone Anglico*, which explains it *in fila diducere*, to separate a twist into single threads; the other to comb or curry. Whatever may have been the original meaning, the allusive sense, in which it occurs, is evidently to chastise or humble. "Come, will you quarrel? I will *feize* you, sirrah," B. Jons. Alch. v. 5. Gifford, who is a West-country man, acknowledges it as a word of that country. He says, "It does not mean, as Whalley supposes, to *drive;* but to *beat*, to *chastize*, to *humble*, &c. in which sense *it may be heard every day.*" That is, in the west of England. *Note on the above passage.* Stanyhurst, however, used it for to *drive away*:—

We are touzed, and from Italy *feased.*

Here it means to *humble*:—

O peerles you, or els no one alive
Your *pride serves* you to *feaze* them all alone.
Partheniade apud Puttenh. p. 180.

All this note is from Nares.

[26] *His addition yield.*

That is, yield his *titles*, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, showing his degree, occupation, &c. as esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c. Our author here, as usual, pays no regard to chronology. Milo of Croton lived long after the Trojan war.—*Malone.*

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.[1]

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,——

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.[2]

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love still more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.—A Retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,

Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same.* PANDARUS' *Orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant, *meeting.*

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?
Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?
Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Servant.
Pan. Have you seen my cousin?
Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!
Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.
[*Exit* PANDARUS.
Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repured nectar?[3] death, I fear me:
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse:
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.[4]—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.[5] How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel,[6] for all the ducks i'the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.[7]

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, —that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.
Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?
Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.
Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.
Pan. Pretty, i'faith.
Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.
Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?
Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,——
Cres. Pray you, content you.
Tro. What offends you, lady?
Cres. Sir, mine own company.
Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.
Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you:
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.
Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.
Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;

Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,—
As, if it can, I will presume in you,—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.
Cres. In that I'll war with you.
Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,[8]
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,[9]
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.
Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses,[10] all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.[11]

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things to Jove,[12]
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.
Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you,—often have you thanks therefore,—
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,[13]
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.
Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.
Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass[14]
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord; either greet him not,

Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better.
[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit* MENELAUS.
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus?
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.
[*Exit* AJAX.
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?
Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,[15]
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,—
That most pure spirit of sense,—behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.
Ulyss. I do not strain at the position.
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,—
Though in and of him there be much consisting,—
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,[16]
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.
Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.
Achil. Ha! known?
Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery—with whom relation
Durst never meddle—in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump:

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves;
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;[17]
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so

prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,——

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent!——

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go

one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo[18] get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *I shall know your honour better.*

The servant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better, and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of *grace*. The second of these speeches has been pointed, in the late editions, as if he had asked, of what *rank* Pandarus was.—*Malone.*

[2] *With my disposer, Cressida.*

Disposer, a person inclined to wanton mirth, a substantive formed from the participle *disposed*, so inclined.

[3] *Love's thrice-repured nectar.*

So some copies of ed. 1609, others reading *thrice-reputed*, a lection followed by all editors until the true reading was pointed out by Mr. Collier.

[4] *We'll put you i' the fills.*

That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon. The editor of the second folio, for *fills*, the reading of the first folio, substituted *files*, which has been adopted in all the modern editions. The quarto has *filles*, which is only the more ancient spelling of *fills*. The words "*draw* backward" show that the original is the true reading.—*Malone.*

[5] *So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.*

These were technical terms in the game of bowls, the meaning of which may be gathered from the following curious account of the game which occurs in Taylor's Workes, 1630, p. 193,—"One said that Bias the Philosopher was the first bowler; and that ever since the most part of bowles doe in memory of their originall, weare his badge of remembrance, and very dutifully hold bias. Now to tell you, this bias was one of the 7. Sages or Wise-men of Greece. My authors to prove him the inventer of bowling, are Shamrooke, a famous Scithian Gimnosophist in his ninth booke of Rubbing and Running; of which opinion Bal-

ductus, the Theban oratour, seemes to bee in his third treatise of court performances: the likeliest conjecture is, that it was devised as an embleme to figure out the worlds folly and unconstancy; for though a childe will ride a sticke or staffe with an imagination that hee is on horsebacke; or make pyes of dirt, or houses of cards, feed with two spoones, and cry for three pieces of bread and butter, which childish actions are ridiculous to a man: yet this wise game of bowling doth make the fathers surpasse their children in apish toyes and most delicate dogtrickes. As first for the postures, first, handle your bowle: secondly, advance your bowle: thirdly, charge your bowle: fourthly, ayme your bowle: fiftly, discharge your bowle: sixtly, plye your bowle: in which last posture of plying your bowle, you shall perceive many varieties and divisions, as wringing of the necke, lifting up of the shoulders, clapping of the hands, lying downe of one side, running after the bowle, making long dutifull scrapes and legs, sometimes bareheaded, entreating him to flee, flee, flee, with pox on't when 'tis too short; and though the bowler bee a gentleman, yet there hee may meet with attendant rookes, that sometimes will bee his betters six to foure, or two to one. I doe not know any thing fitter to bee compared to bowling then wooing, or lovers, for if they doe not see one another in two dayes, they will say, Good Lord, it is seven yeeres since we saw each other, for lovers doe thinke that in absence time sleepeth, and in their presence that hee is in a wild gallop: So a bowler, although the allye or marke bee but thirty or forty paces, yet sometimes I have heard the bowler cry, rub, rub, rub, and sweare and lye that hee was gone an hundred miles, when the bowle hath beene short of the blocke two yards, or that hee was too short a thousand foot, when hee is upon the head of the jacke, or ten or twelve foot beyond. In a word, there are many more severall postures at bowles, then there are ridiculous idle tales or jests in my booke. Yet are the bowlers very weake stomackt, for they are ever casting: somtimes they give the stab, at the alley head, but, God be thanked, no bloud shed, and sometimes they bestow a pippin one upon the other, but no good apple I'l assure you. The marke which they ayme at hath sundry names and epithites, as a blocke, a jacke, and a mistris: a blocke, because of his birth and breeding, shewing by his mettle of what house he came; a jacke, because he being smooth'd and gotten into some handsome shape, forgets the house hee came of, suffering his betters to give him the often salute whilest hee like Jack Sauce neither knowes himselfe, nor will know his superiors. But I hold a mistresse to be the fittest name for it, for there are some that are commonly termed mistresses, which are not much better then mine aunts: and a mistris is oftentimes a marke for every knave to have a fling at, every one strives to come so neere her that hee would kisse her: and yet some are short, some wide, and some over, and who so doth kisse, it may perhaps sweeten his lips, but I assure him it shall never fill his belly, but rather empty his purse. So much for bowling: that I feare mee I have bowled beyond the marke."

[6] *The falcon as the tercel.*

The engraving representing a falconer on the border of a lake arousing the ducks to flight that the hawk may strike them, is copied from a drawing of the fourteenth century, known as Queen Mary's Psalter; now in the British Museum; Royal MS. 2. B. VII.

(1581.) Vicesimo Tercio die Junij

Edward white — Lycenced vnto him vnder thandes of the wardens a proper ballad dialoge wise betwene Troylus and Cressida — iiijd

7 febr (1602)

Mr Robertes. — Entred for his copie in full Court holden this day to print when he hath gotten sufficient aucthority for yt, The booke of Troilus and Cresseda as yt is acted by my lo: Chamberlens Men — vjd

28 Januarij (1608)

Ri. Bonion
Henry Walleys — Entred for their Copy vnder thandes of Mr Segar deputy to Sr George Bucke & Mr warden Lownes a booke called The history of Troylus & Cressida — vjd

The 31th of October 1646

Mr Moseley. Assigned ouer vnto him by vertue of a Note vnder the hand & seale of Mr Waterson & both the wardens All the Estate right Title & Interest wch the said Mr Waterson hath in these Playes following (viz) — iijs

The Elder Brother his part
Mounsieur Thomas.
The Noble Kinsman — by Mr ffletcher

M. Mason observes, that the meaning of this difficult passage is, "I will back the falcon against the tiercel, I will wager that the falcon is *equal* to the tiercel." —*Steevens.*

[7] *You have bereft me of all words, lady.*

In the Ashmole collection of manuscripts, No. 48, fol. 120, is preserved an early copy of the ballad on Troilus and Cressida noticed in the Introduction (see p. 217) as having been entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company in 1565. It was directed to be sung "to the tune of Fayne woold I fynd sum pretty thynge to geeve unto my lady," and runs as follows,—

When Troylus dwelt in Troy towne,
A man of nobell fame-a,
He schorned all that loved the lyne
That longd to merry game-a.

He thawght his hart so overthwart,
His wysdom was so suer-a,
That nature could not frame by art
A bewty hym to lure-a.

Tyll at the last he cam to Churche,
Where Cressyd sat and prayed-a;
Whose lookes gave Troylus suche a lurche,
Hys hart was all dysmayde-a!

And beynge wrap in bewtyse bands,
In thorny thawghts dyd wander;
Desyrynge help, of hys extreemes,
Of her dere unkell Pandare.

When Pandar dyd perceve the payne
That Troylus dyd endure-a,
He fownde the mene to lurch agayne
The hart with Troylus lured.

And to hys neece he dyd commend
The state of Troylus then-a;
Wyll yow kyll Troylus? God defend!
He ys a nobell man-a.

With that went Troylus to the fyld,
With many a lusty thwake-a,
With bluddy steede and battred sheeld,
To put the Grecians bak-a.

And whyle that Cressyd dyd remayne,
And sat in Pandares place-a,
Poore Troylus spared for no rayne,
To wyn hys ladyse grace-a.

Yet boldly thowgh he cowld the waye
The spere and sheeld to breke-a,
When he came where hys lady lay,
He had no power to speke-a.

But humbly kneelynge on hys knee,
With syghes dyd love unfolde-a;
Her nyght-gowne then delyvered she,
To keepe hym from the colde-a.

For shame, quoth Pandar to hys neece,
I spek yt for no harme-a;
Of yower good bed spare hym a peece,
To keepe hys body warme-a.

With that went Troylus to her bed,
With tremblynge foote, God wot-a!
I not remembrynge what the dyd,
To fynysh love or not-a.

Then Pandare, lyke a wyly pye,
That cowld the matter handell,
Stept to the tabell by and by,
And forthe he blewe the candell.

Then Cressyd she began to scryke,
And Pandare gan to brawle-a;
Why, neece, I never sawe yower lyke,
Wyll yow now shame us all-a?

Away went Pandare by and by,
Tyll mornynge came agayne-a;
God day, my neece, quoth Pandare, je!
But Cressyd smyled then-a.

In faythe, old unkell, then quoth she,
Yow are a frend to trust-a?
Then Troylus lawghed, and wat yow why?
For he had what he lust-a.

Allthowghe there love began so coye,
As lovers can yt make-a;
The harder won the greter joy,
And so I dyd awake-a!

[8] *As plantage to the moon.*

Plantage, anything that is planted. From a book entitled the Profitable Art

of Gardening, by Tho. Hill, Londoner, the third edition, printed in 1579, I learn, that neither sowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the increase or waning of the moon.—Dryden does not appear to have understood the passage, and has therefore altered it thus:—"As true as *flowing tides* are to the moon."—*Steevens.*

This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft: "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutefull: so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength; decaieing in the *wane;* and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade."—*Farmer.*

[9] *As truth's authentic author.*

Our Lady of Loretta, for her share,
Doth for his Holynes ech yeare prepare
A hundred thousand ducats duely paid;
Authentick authors longe since thus much said.
The Newe Metamorphosis, a Poem written about 1600, MS.

[10] *Let all constant men be Troiluses.*

Though Sir T. Hanmer's emendation (*inconstant*) be plausible, I believe Shakspeare wrote—*constant.* He seems to have been less attentive to make Pandar talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names. Now it is certain that, in his time, *a Troilus* was as clear an expression for *a constant lover*, as *a Cressida* and *a Pandar* were for *a jilt* and *a pimp.—Tyrwhitt.*

I entirely agree with Tyrwhitt, and am happy to have his opinion in support of the reading of the old copy, from which, in my apprehension, we ought not to deviate, except in cases of extreme necessity. Of the assertion in the latter part of his note, relative to the constancy of Troilus, various proofs are furnished by our old poets. So, in A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 4to. 1578:—

But if thou me forsake,
As Cressid that forgot
True Troilus, her make, &c.

Again, ibid.:—

As *Troilus' truth* shall be my shield,
To kepe my pen from blame,
So Cressid's crafte shall kepe the field,
For to resound thy shame.

M. Mason objects, that *constant* cannot be the true reading, because Pandarus has already supposed that they should *both* prove *false* to each other, and it would therefore be absurd for him to say that *Troilus* should be quoted as an example of *constancy.* But to this the answer is, that Shakspeare himself knew what the event of the story was, and who the person was that did prove false; that many expressions in his plays have dropped from him, in consequence of that knowledge, that are improper in the mouth of the speaker; and that, in his licentious mode of writing, the words, "if ever you prove false to one another," may mean, not, if you *both* prove false, but, "if it should happen that any falsehood or breach of faith should disunite you, who are now thus attached to each other." This might and did happen, by *one* of the parties proving false, and breaking her engagement. The modern editions read—if ever you prove false *to one another;* but the reading of the text is that of the quarto and folio, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age.—*Malone.*

It is clearly the intention of the poet that this imprecation should be such a one

as was verified by the event, as it is in part to this very day. But neither was Troilus ever used to denote an *inconstant* lover, nor, if we believe the story, did he ever deserve the character, as both the others did in truth deserve that shame here imprecated upon them. Besides, Pandarus seems to adjust his imprecation to those of the other two preceding, just as they dropped from their lips; as *false as Cressid*, and, consequently, *as true* (or *as constant*) *as Troilus.—Heath.*

Notwithstanding all the reasoning of the critics, the emendation of Hanmer is not only plausible, but absolutely necessary. Pandarus is not uttering a prophecy, but an imprecation on the lovers and himself in case Troilus and Cressida are false one to the other. Nor why Troilus should always be called constant, if he proved false to Cressida, these critics would have done well to explain. M. Mason's objection to constant, which, by the way, I have almost transcribed, is unanswerable; though attempted, in vain, to be answered by Malone.—*Pye.*

[11] *Calchas.*

Calchas, according to Shakspeare's authority, the Destruction of Troy, was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demaunds for them of Troy, Apollo (says the book) aunswered unto him, saying; Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achylles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Troyans by the agreement of the Gods." *Hist. of the Destruction of Troy*, translated by Caxton, 5th edit. 4to. 1617.

[12] *Through the sight I bear in things to Jove.*

This passage, in all the modern editions, is silently depraved, and printed thus:

"—— through the sight I bear in things to *come*,—"

The word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning.—*Johnson.*

I do not perceive why *love*, the clear and evident reading of both the quartos and folios, should be passed over without some attempt to explain it. In my opinion it may signify—"No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of *love*, to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen." —*Steevens.*

[13] *Is such a wrest in their affairs.*

Wrest is not misprinted for *rest*, as Malone supposes, in his correction of Dr. Johnson, who has certainly mistaken the sense of this word. It means an instrument for tuning the harp by *drawing up* the strings. Laneham, in his Letter from Kenilworth, p. 50, describing a minstrel, says, "his harp in good grace dependaunt before him; his *wreast* tyed to a green lace and hanging by." And again, in Wynne's History of the Gwedir Family: "And setting forth very early before day, unwittingly carried upon his finger the *wrest of his cosen's harpe*." To *wrest*, is to *wind*. See Minsheu's Dictionary. The form of the *wrest* may be seen in some of the illuminated service books, wherein David is represented playing on his harp; in the second part of Mersenna's Harmonies, p. 69: and in the Syntagmata of Prætorius, vol. ii. fig. xix.—*Douce.*

[14] *Pride hath no other glass.*

Mr. Fairholt communicates this note,—"The allusion seems borrowed from

the emblematic pictures of Pride, common to the Shaksperian era; and which were often reproduced in the masques on state occasions. Our cut depicts her in a fantastic dress, with a halo of peacock's feathers around her head, and holding aloft a hand-glass, toward which she is casting glances. This imaginary goddess was thus personated by a masked female in the great festivities at Stuttgard given by the Grand Duke of Wurtemburg in November, 1609; and our cut is copied from the very rare volume by Balthasar Kuchlein illustrating the event."

[15] *How dearly ever parted.*

However excellently endowed, with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned.—*Johnson.*

Johnson's explanation of the word *parted* is just. So, in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, he describes Macilente as a man well *parted;* and in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence, Sanazarro says of Lydia:—

> And I, my lord, chose rather
> To deliver her better *parted* than she is,
> Than to take from her.—*M. Mason.*

So, in a subsequent passage:—

> —— no man is the lord of any thing,
> (Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
> Till he communicate his *parts* to others.—*Malone.*

[16] *And give to dust, that is a little gilt.*

"And goe to dust," old eds. The world is led away by appearances, and values what is only dust gilded over more than real gold which is over-covered with dust, not seeing that, when the dust is removed, the mass is gold.

[17] *Seals a commission to a blank of danger.*

In other words, seals a blank commission, which is sure to be afterwards filled by words replete with danger.

[18] *The fiddler Apollo.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"The substitution of a *fiddle* for a *lyre* in the hands of Apollo, was common in the mythological art of the Shaksperian era, and would not be accepted as an anachronism at that time. In book illustrations it is constant, and when the God was personated in masques, or pageants, he appeared as *a fiddler*. Our example is copied from the rare volume descriptive of the festivities at Antwerp in 1582, given to welcome the Duke of Anjou, after his sojourn at the Court of our Queen Elizabeth. On this occasion, one of the pageants represented the nine muses seated at the foot of Parnassus; the god occupying a rocky throne on its summit, and delighting the spectators with his fiddling."

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, Æneas, *and* Servant, *with a Torch; at the other,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, *and others, with Torches.*

Par. See, ho! who's that there?
Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.
Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas: take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,

By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid;
Let's have your company; or if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,—
Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,—
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore; I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time,
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true.
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her—

Not making any scruple of her soilure,—
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her—
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,—
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;[1]
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.[2]

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris.—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.[3]
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Court before the House of* PANDARUS.

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants empty of all thought!

Cres. Good-morrow then.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights[4] she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—
You men will never tarry.——
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.
Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?
Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.[5]

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,——
Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?—
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?
Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good;
Nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchio![6] hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*
Cres. Did I not tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'the head!—
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Tro. Ha, ha!
Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—
[*Knocking.*

How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. [*going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:
What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither:
Go.

As PANDARUS *is going out, enter* TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* ÆNEAS.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? what is the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman! —A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before* PANDARUS' *House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Tro. Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in* PANDARUS' *House.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine,[7] full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!
Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,——

———O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it. —How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.
Cres. Have the gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.
Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?
Tro. A hateful truth.
Cres. What, and from Troilus too?
Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.
Cres. Is it possible?
Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrazures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,[8]
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.[9]

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die,—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,——

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,—
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and* DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,[10]
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust:[11] And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come to the port.—I tell thee Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, *and* DIOMED.—*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, *armed;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain,[12] till thy sphered bias cheek[13]
Out-swell the colick of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpets sound.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine;
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o'the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then.
Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again and his.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.
[DIOMED *leads out* CRESSIDA.
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks;[14] her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.[15]
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,[16]
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.[17] [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojan's trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed;* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other* Trojans, *with* Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided

By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.
Agam. Which way would Hector have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like Hector: but securely done,[18]
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?
Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.
Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;[19]
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.
Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath; the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
[AJAX *and* HECTOR *enter the lists.*
Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.
Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?
Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought[20] with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*
Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why, then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt,[21] should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus[22] so mirable—

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he*,—could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,—
As seld' I have the chance,—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[*To* TROILUS.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,[23]
Must kiss their own feet.
Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,

The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,[24]
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag.
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach;[25] the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.
Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure, and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tambourines, let the trumpets blow
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but* TROILUS *and* ULYSSES.
Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night:
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.
Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?
Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece.*

That is, according to Warburton, a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown; but the expression is peculiar, and, if the explanation is correct, inapplicable to Helen. I am in doubt as to the accuracy of the word *tamed.* May we read *tainted?*

[2] *But he as he, the heavier for a whore.*

Diomed is doing as Paris asked him, balancing their deserts to the possession of a strumpet. The passage is exceedingly clear, and although Johnson's proposed alteration of *the* to *each* is admissible in his own antithetic style, it is by no means necessary for the sense of the line,—*he as he*, both alike, six of one and half-a-dozen of the other; their base demerits, although different, are so equally matched, that they both deserve such a strumpet. The words of Diomed for strength of expression are above praise. He has the force and vigour of Edmund in Lear, and the virtue the brave bastard wanted.

[3] *We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*

I believe the meaning is only this: 'though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her.'—*Johnson.*

Dr. Warburton would read—*not* sell.—The sense, I think, requires we should read—*condemn.—Tyrwhitt.*

When Dr. Johnson says, they meant "to sell Helen dear," he evidently does not mean that they really intended to sell her at all, as he has been understood, but that the Greeks should pay very dear for her, if they had her. We'll not commend what we intend to make you *pay* very dear for, *if you have her.* So, Ajax says, in a former scene: "—however, he shall pay for me, ere he has me." *Commend* is, I think, the true reading, our author having introduced a similar sentiment in two other places. In Love's Labour's Lost, we have—"To things of *sale* a seller's *praise* belongs." Again, in his 21st Sonnet:—"I will not *praise* that purpose *not* to *sell.*" This passage favours Dr. Warburton's emendation;

but *intend not sell* sounds very harsh. However, many very harsh combinations may be found in these plays, where rhymes are introduced.—*Malone.*

Surely Dr. Warburton's reading is the true one:

"We'll not *commend* what we *intend not sell*,"

is evidently opposed to—

"*Dispraise* the thing that you *desire to buy*:"

in the same speech. Of such elliptical phraseology as is introduced by Dr. Warburton's emendation, our author's plays will afford numerous examples.—*Steevens.*

[4] *With venomous wights.*

That is, venefici, those who use nocturnal sorcery. Thus Baret: "Veneficus-ca. He or she that poysoneth, or *venimeth;* one that useth sorcery."—*Alvearie*, v. 22.—*Singer.*

[5] *Enter Pandarus.*

Pandare, a morow, which that commen was,
Unto his nece gan her faire to grete,
And saied, 'All this night so rained it, alas,
That all my drede is, that ye, nece swete,
Have little leiser had to slepe and mete:
Al this night,' quod he, 'hath rain so do me wake,
That some of us I trowe hir heddes ake.'
And nere he came and said, 'How stant it now
This merie morow, nece, how can ye fare?'
Creseide answerde, 'Never the bet for you,
Foxe that ye been; God yeve your herte care;
God helpe me so, ye caused all this fare,
Trowe I,' quod she, 'for all your wordes white:
O, whoso seeth you, knoweth you full lite.'
With that she gan her face for to wrie
With the shete, and woxe for shame all redde;
And Pandarus gan under for to prie,
And saied, 'Nece, if that I shall been dedde,
Have here a sword, and smiteth of my hedde:'
With that his arme all sodainly he thrist
Under her necke, and at the last her kist.—*Chaucer.*

[6] *A poor capocchio!*

Pandarus would say, I think, in England—"Poor *innocent!* Poor *fool!* hast not slept to-night?" These appellations are very well answered by the Italian word *capocchio:* for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull.—*Theobald.*

The word in the old copy is *chipochia*, for which Theobald substituted *capocchio*, which he has rightly explained. In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, we find "*Capocchio*, a doult, a loggerhead, a foolish pate, a shallow skonce."—*Malone.*

[7] *The grief is fine, &c.*

The folio reads:—

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And *no less* in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it——.

The quarto otherwise:—

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And *violenteth* in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it——.

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority.—*Johnson.*

I have followed the quarto. *Violenceth* is used by Ben Jonson, in the Devil is an Ass:—

"Nor nature *violenceth* in both these."

And Tollet has since furnished me with this verb as spelt in the play of Shakspeare: "His former adversaries *violented* any thing against him."—*Fuller's Worthies in Anglesea.* Dr. Farmer likewise adds the following instance from Latimer, p. 71: "Maister Pole *violentes* the text for the maintenance of the bishop of Rome." The modern and unauthorized reading was:

And in its sense is no less strong, than that
Which causeth it—.——*Steevens.*

[8] *And consign'd kisses to them.*

Consign'd means *sealed;* from *consigno*, Lat. So, in King Henry V.: "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to." Our author has the same image in many other places. So, in Measure for Measure:—

But my *kisses* bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Again, in his Venus and Adonis:—"Pure lips, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted."—*Malone.*

[9] *Distasted with the salt of broken tears.*

That is, of tears to which we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and suddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of *broken* sobs, or *broken* slumbers. This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*distasting.*—*Malone.*

Broken tears is sufficiently explained by—*interrupted* tears. So, in King Henry VIII.: "You have now a *broken* banquet;" i. e. an *interrupted* one.—*Steevens.*

[10] *To shame the zeal of my petition to thee.*

Old copies—the *seal.* To *shame* the *seal* of a petition is nonsense. Shakspeare wrote:—"To shame the *zeal*——" and the sense is this: Grecian, you use me discourteously; you see I am a *passionate* lover by my petition to you; and therefore you should not shame the *zeal* of it, by promising to do what I require of you, for the sake of her *beauty:* when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a *lover's* delicacy, you would have promised to do it in compassion to his *pangs* and *sufferings.*—*Warburton.*

Troilus, I suppose, means to say, that Diomede does not use him courteously by addressing himself to Cressida, and assuring her that she shall be well treated for her own sake, and on account of her singular beauty, instead of making a direct answer to that *warm* request which Troilus had just made to him to "entreat her fair." The subsequent words fully support this interpretation: "I charge thee, use her well, *even for my charge.*"—*Malone.*

[11] *I'll answer to my lust.*

List, I think, is right, though both the old copies read *lust.*—*Johnson.*

Lust is *inclination, will.* So, in Exodus, xv. 9: "I will divide the spoil; my *lust* shall be satisfied upon them." In many of our ancient writers, *lust* and *list* are synonymously employed. So, in Chapman's version of the seventeenth Iliad:

—— Sarpedon, guest and friend
To thee, (and most deservedly) thou flew'st from in his end,
And left'st to all the *lust* of Greece.

"I'll answer to my lust," means—I'll follow my inclination.—*Steevens.*

Lust was used formerly as synonymous to *pleasure.* So, in the Rape of Lucrece:—

—— the eyes of men through loopholes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little *lust.*—*Malone.*

[12] *Blow, villain.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"the ancients took serious precautions against the dangerous distension of the cheeks of performers on wind-instruments, by bracing them with a band of leather, as shewn in one of the Pompeian wall-paintings (here copied); representing a player on the double flute who was connected with the theatre."

[13] *Bias cheek.*

Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. So, in Vittoria Corombona, or the White Devil, 1612:—

—— 'Faith his cheek
Has a most excellent *bias*—.

The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds, as represented in ancient prints, maps, &c.—*Steevens.*

[14] *Nay, her foot speaks.*

One would almost think that Shakspeare had, on this occasion, been reading St. Chrysostom, who says—"Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu; non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce;" i. e. "They say nothing with their mouthes, they speake in their gate, they speake with their eyes, they speake in the carriage of their bodies." I have borrowed this invective against a wanton, as well as the translation of it, from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Part III. Sect. II. Memb. 2. Subs. 3.—*Steevens.*

[15] *At every joint and motive of her body.*

Motive, motion. The word is rare in this sense, but an example of it occurs in the Seven Champions of Christendom, 1638,—

No more, my Calib, see thy Tarpax comes
More swifter than *the motive* of an eye,
Mounted on wings swift as a thought.

[16] *That gives a coasting welcome ere it comes.*

Ere what comes? As this passage stands, the pronoun *it* has no antecedent. Johnson says, *a coasting* means an *amorous address, courtship,* but he has given no example to prove it, or shown how the word can possibly bear that meaning.

I have no doubt but we should read :—" And give *accosting* welcome ere it come." —*M. Mason.*

M. Mason's conjecture is plausible and ingenious; and yet, without some hesitation, it cannot be admitted into the text. A *coasting welcome* may mean a *side-long glance of invitation.* Ere *it* comes, may signify, *before such an overture has reached her.* Perhaps, therefore, the plain sense of the passage may be, that Cressida is one of those females who " throw out their lure, before any like signal has been made to them by our sex." I always advance with reluctance what I cannot prove by examples; and yet, perhaps, I may be allowed to add, that in some old book of voyages which I have formerly read, I remember that the phrase, a *coasting salute*, was used to express a salute of guns from a ship passing by a fortified place at which the navigator did not design to stop, though the salute was instantly returned. So, in Othello :—

> They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
> Our friends, at least.

Again :—

> They give this greeting to the citadel:
> This likewise is a friend.

Cressida may therefore resemble a fortress which salutes before it has been saluted. —*Steevens.*

A *coasting welcome* is a conciliatory welcome: that makes silent *advances* before the tongue has uttered a word. So, in our author's Venus and Adonis :—

> Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
> And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry.—*Malone.*

[17] *And daughters of the game.*

> My youngest sonne shall be a poet; and
> My daughters, like their mother, every one
> A wench oth' game. And for my eldest sonne,
> He shall be like me, and inherit.
>
> *The Citie Match*, 1639.

[18] *But securely done.*

In the sense of the Latin, *securus*—" securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo." A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed.—*Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense. It is to be found in the last act of the Spanish Tragedy :—" O damned devil, how *secure* he is." In my Lord Bacon's Essay on Tumults, " — neither let any prince or state be *secure* concerning discontents." And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.—*Farmer.*

[19] *Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector.*

Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: " Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour."—*Johnson.*

[20] *An impure thought.*

Impare, impaire, old eds. The correction, made by Dr. Johnson, was first adopted in the text by Mr. Dyce; but I am somewhat doubtful of its being the true word. Singer observes that " *impare* is a Latinism from *impar*, and signifies

unworthy, *inconsiderate*; *imparity*, for *inequality*, *unworthiness*, was in very common use.

[21] *My sacred aunt.*

As they were fighting, they spake and talked together, and thereby Hector knew that he was his cousin-german, son of his aunt; and then Hector for courtesy embraced him in his arms, and made great cheer, and offered to him to do all his pleasure, if he desired any thing of him, and prayed him that he would come to Troy with him for to see his lineage of his mother's side. But the said Thelamon, that intended to nothing but his best advantage, said that he would not go at this time. But he prayed Hector, requesting that, if he loved him so much as he said, he would for his sake, and at his instance, cease the battle for that day, and that the Trojans should leave the Greeks in peace. The unhappy Hector accorded unto him his request, and blew a horn, and made all his people to withdraw into the city.—*Caxton's Destruction of Troy.*

[22] *Neoptolemus.*

My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. —*Johnson.*

Shakspeare might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called the Fall and Evil Successe of Rebellion, &c. 1537, had made the same mistake before him, as the following stanza will show:—

Also the triumphant Troyans victorious,
By Anthenor and Æneas false confederacie,
Sending Polidamus to *Neoptolemus*,
Who was vanquished and subdued by their conspiracie.
O dolorous fortune, and fatal miserie!
For multitude of people was there mortificate
With condigne Priamus and all his progenie,
And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate.

In Lydgate, however, Achilles, *Neoptolemus*, and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. *Neoptolemus* is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen:—

The valiant Grecian called *Neoptolemus*,
That had his haire as blacke as any jet, &c. p. 102,

and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father:—

Sith that *Achilles* in such traiterous wise
Is slaine, that we a messenger should send
To fetch his son yong *Pyrrhus*, to the end
He may revenge his father's death, &c. p. 237.—*Steevens.*

I agree with Johnson and Steevens, in thinking that Shakspeare supposed Neoptolemus was the *nomen gentilitium*: an error into which he might have been led by some book of the time. That by *Neoptolemus* he meant Achilles, and not Pyrrhus, may be inferred from a former passage, by which it appears that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy:—"But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, *now at home*," &c.—*Malone.*

[23] *Whose wanton tops do buss the clouds.*

So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:—"Threatening *cloud kissing Ilion* with annoy." Again, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609:—"Whose *towers* bore *heads*

so high, they *kiss'd the clouds*." Ilion, according to Shakspeare's authority, was the name of Priam's palace, " that was one of the richest and strongest that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the *towers*, whereof there was great plenty, and so high as that it seemed to them that saw them from farre, *they raught up unto the heaven*," Destruction of Troy, book ii. p. 478. So also Lydgate, sign. F 8, verso :—

> And whan he gan to his worke approche,
> He made it builde hye upon a *roche*,
> It for to assure in his foundation,
> And called it the noble *Ylion*.

Shakspeare was thinking of this circumstance when he wrote, in the first Act, these lines. Troilus is the speaker :—

> Between our Ilium, and where she resides, [i. e. Troy]
> Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood.—*Malone*.

[24] *By the forge that stithied Mars his helm.*

Stithy, an anvil; and hence the verb here formed. " Stythe for a smythe, *enclume*," Palsgrave, 1530. " A stithie, anvile," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

[25] *If you have stomach, &c.*

Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. " You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you choose it; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to engage with him." To have a *stomach* to any thing is, to have an inclination to it.—*M. Mason*.

To be *odd with him*, means to be *at odds* with him, to contend with him, to show how much one is more than an *even* match for the other.—*Boswell*.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* ACHILLES' *Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch[1] of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy: I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel

i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg![2]

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks: fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.——
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails;[3] but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;[4] a thrifty shoeing-horn[5] in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMED, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night,
And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.
Agam. Good night.
[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* MENELAUS.
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company. [*Aside to* TROILUS.
Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so good night.
[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES *and* TROILUS *following.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt* ACHIL. HECTOR, AJAX, *and* NEST.
Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;[6] but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change;

the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before* CALCHAS' *Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. [*within*] Who calls?
Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?
Cal. [*within*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them* THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid, come forth to him!
Dio. How now, my charge?
Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*
Tro. Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff;[7] she's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cres. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List!
Cress. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then —
Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—
Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed,——
Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger,[8] tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.[9]

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,——

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cress. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. No matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.[10]

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night. I prythee, come.— [*Exit* DIOMEDES.
Troilus, farewell![11] one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.[12]
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit* CRESSIDA.
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,

Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,[13]
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scrapes, the bits, and greasy reliques[14]
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well

In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek; As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword shall bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call[15]
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false,
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast and wear a castle on thy head![16]

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, *and* ULYSSES.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before* PRIAM'S *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.[17]
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O, it is true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just; it is as lawful,
For we would give much,[18] to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow:
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit* CASSANDRA.
Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,
I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now? how now?
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fye, savage, fye!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Nor fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;[19]
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. But thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit* ANDROMACHE.
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
Tro. Away!—Away!—
Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.
Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM *and* HECTOR. *Alarums.*
Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.
[*As* TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

[*Tearing the Letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand.[20] O'the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,[21]—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for, should'st thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.
Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!
Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* DIOMEDES, *fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?
Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal: a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.
Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*
Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Same.*

Enter DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;[22]
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon[23]
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus, and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary[24]
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,[25]
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls[26]
Before the belching whale; then he is yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, headless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;

Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know, what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What would'st thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!
Dio. Ha! art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both.
[*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee:—Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush[27] it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Same.*

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The Same.*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting: then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game: —'ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.
Ther. I am a bastard too: I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard.
Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword: thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his Helmet, and hangs his Shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels;
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike;[28] this is the man I seek.
[HECTOR *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next; now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain. [*A Retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler like,[29] the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheaths his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*The Same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! Hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums.
[*Within.*] Achilles!
Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.
Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE XI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector?—The gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker[30] lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name. [*Exit* TROILUS.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

> Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
> Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
> And being once subdued in armed tail,
> Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

> As many as be here of pander's hall,
> Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester[31] would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *Thou crusty batch of nature.*

"A batch of bread, panes uno et eodem tempore in furno cocti, *e. g.*, "Thou crusty batch of nature," in which passage some critics read *botch*, whereas the epithet *crusty* determines it to the contrary; for a batch of bread, signifying any quantity of bread baked at one time, a crusty batch of nature by an easy figure may denote a rugged production of nature, like loaves ill-formed, and almost all crust."—*MS. Additions to Junius.*

[2] *Out, gall!—Finch-egg!*

Sir T. Hanmer reads—*nut*-gall, which answers well enough to *finch egg;* it has already appeared, that our author thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read—*Out, gall!* —*Johnson.*

Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a singing bird in the egg, or generally, a slight thing easily crushed.—*Johnson.*

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification.—*Steevens.*

Perhaps the opposition in form is what Shakespeare here intended, and not the bitter of the gall in the first instance. The nutgall is rough, a companion term to cob-loaf and crusty batch, and this is well opposed by the smooth but gaudy spotting of the finch-egg. Patroclus was characterised by his love of fine armour.

[3] *And one that loves quails.*

Rabelais, in the Prologue to the 4th book, wheu speaking of *Cailles coiphées mignonnement chantans*, "coifed quails singing wantonly;" Motteux, I find, has translated this, "coated quails and laced mutton waggishly singing." Again, honest Cotgrave expounds *caille coiffée*, a woman. Here is a little authority for my suspicion of Shakespeare's meaning; and I can throw in one testimony from

a contemporary poet with him, by whom *quail* is metaphorically used for a girl of the game. Ford, in his Love's Sacrifice, brings in a debauchée thus muttering against a superannuated mistress: "By this light, I have toiled more with this carrion *hen*, than with ten *quails*, scarce grown into their first feathers."—*Theobald's Letters.*

[4] *And oblique memorial of cuckolds.*

He calls *Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter*, that is, as himself explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue of cuckolds;* i. e., his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character.—*Warburton.*

Heath observes, that "the memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indirectly such, upon the common supposition, that both bulls and cuckolds were furnished with horns."—*Steevens.*

Perhaps Shakspeare meant nothing more by this epithet than *horned*, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*. Dr. Warburton, I think, mistakes. It is the bull, not Menelaus, that is *the primitive statue*, &c.—*Malone.*

In the Dent annotated copy of the third folio *oblique* is altered to *antique.*

[5] *A thrifty shoeing-horn.*

The name of this implement, from its convenient use in drawing on a tight shoe, was applied, in a jocular metaphor, to other subservient and tractable assistants. Thus Thersites, in his railing mood, is made to give that name to Menelaus. Whether it was ever the practice of thrifty persons so to carry their *shoeing-horns*, as seems to be implied, I cannot undertake to say. The *horn* was clearly suggested by his cuckoldom, just before mentioned; and he was a *shoeing-horn* to Agamemnon, in the other sense, because he was made the pretext for invading Troy; and he was said to hang at his brother's leg, as being entirely dependent on him.—*Nares.*

[6] *Like Brabler the hound.*

If a hound *gives his mouth*, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler.* The proverb says—"Brabling curs never want sore ears."—*Anon.*

[7] *If he can take her cliff.*

Cliff, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper for.—*Sir J. Hawkins.*

So, in The Chances, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio, employing musical terms, says:—"Will none but my C *cliff* serve your turn?" Again, in the Lover's Melancholy, 1629:

—— that's a bird
Whom art had never taught *cliffs*, moods, or notes.—*Steevens.*

[8] *Potatoe finger.*

But why is luxury, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe finger?* This root, which was, in our author's time, but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotick, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard, in his Herbal, 1597, p. 780:—"This plant, which is called of some skyrrits of Peru, is generally of us called *potatus*, or *potatoes.*—There is not any that hath written of this plant;—therefore, I refer the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers

roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure bodily lust, and that with great greediness." Shakespeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes* in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let *a tempest of provocation* come." Ben Jonson mentions *potatoe pies* in Every Man out of his Humour, among other *good unctuous meats*. So, T. Heywood, in the English Traveller, 1633:—

> Caviare, sturgeon, anchovies, pickled oysters; yes
> And a *potatoe pie:* besides all these,
> What thinkest rare and costly.

Again, in the Dumb Knight, 1633: "—truly I think a marrow-bone pye, candied eringoes, preserved dates, or marmalade of cantharides, were much better harbingers; cock-sparrows stew'd, dove's brains, or swans' pizzles, are very provocative; *roasted potatoes*, or boiled skirrets are your only lofty dishes." Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635: "If she be a woman, marrow-bones and *potatoe-pies* keep me," &c. Again, in A Chaste Maid of Cheapside, by Middleton, 1620:—

> You might have spar'd this banquet of eringoes,
> Artichokes, *potatoes*, and your butter'd crab;
> They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner.

Again, in Chapman's May-day, 1611: "a banquet of oyster-pies, skirret-roots, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whet-stones of venery." Again, in Decker's If This Be Not a Good Play The Devil Is In It, 1612:—

> *Potatoes* eke, if you shall lack
> To corroborate the back.

Again, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601: "— by Gor, an me had known dis, me woode have eat som *potatos*, or ringoe." Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's Love and Honour, 1649:—

> You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow;
> A barley-corn goes as far as a *potatoe*.

Again, in the Ghost, 1640:—

> Then, the fine broths I daily had sent to me,
> *Potatoe* pasties, lusty marrow-pies, &c.

Again, in Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt, 1610:—

> Give your play-gull a stool, and your lady her fool,
> And her usher *potatoes* and marrow.

Nay, so notorious were the virtues of this root, that W. W., the old translator of the Menœchmi of Plautus, 1595, has introduced them into that comedy. When Menæchmus goes to the house of his mistress Erotium to bespeak a dinner, he adds, "Hark ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and *potatoe-roots;* let our other dishes be as you please." Again, in Greene's Disputation between a Hee Coneycatcher and a Shee Coneycatcher, 1592: "I pray you, how many badde proffites againe growes from whoores. Bridewell woulde have verie fewe tenants, the hospitall would wante patientes, and the surgians much woorke: the apothecaries would have surphaling water and *potato-roots* lye deade on their handes." Again, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson: "—'tis your only dish,

above all your *potatoes* or oyster-pies in the world." Again, in the Elder Brother, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

> A banquet—well, *potatoes* and eringoes,
> And as I take it, cantharides—Excellent!

Again, in the Loyal Subject, by the same authors:—

> Will your lordship please to taste a fine *potato?*
> 'Twill advance your wither'd state,
> Fill your honour full of noble itches, &c.

Again, in the Martial Maid, by Beaumont and Fletcher: "Will your ladyship have a *potatoe-pie?* 'tis a good stirring dish for an old lady after a long lent."—*Steevens.*

Hee hath heightned the price of outlandish fruits, and hath purchased the generall name to our countrey of 'sweet-mouth'd Englishmen.' Marrow pyes, *potato* rootes, eringoes, and a cup of sacke, bee his chiefest restoratives, and comfortable phisicke.—*Stephens' Essayes*, 1615, p. 248.

[9] *Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.*

Of course this is the sleeve that Troilus gave Cressida in the fourth scene of Act iv., when she gave him a glove in return. Probably it was such a sleeve as was anciently worn at tournaments; thus described in Spenser's View of the State of Ireland: "The deepe smocke sleive, which the Irish women use, they say, was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary: and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion; for in armory the fashion of the Manche, which is given in armes by many, being indeede nothing else but a sleive, is fashioned much like to that sleive. And that Knights in ancient times used to weare their mistresses or loves sleive upon their armes, appeareth by that which is written of Sir Launcelot, that he wore the sleive of the faire Maide of Asteloth in a tourney, whereat Queene Guenever was much displeased."—*Malone.*

[10] *Well said, whetstone.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"Our cut is copied from one of a series of twenty copper-plates preserved in the Bridgewater Library, and described in Mr. Payne Colliers catalogue. Underneath the original are the following lines:—

> The whettstone is a knave that all men know,
> Yet many on him doe much cost bestowe:
> Hee's us'd almost in every shoppe, but whye?
> An edge must needs be set on every lye."

[11] *Troilus, farewell!*

The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on

either to have furnished Shakspeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. Lydgate, speaking of Cressida, says only:—

She gave her heart and love to Diomede,
To shew what trust there is in woman kind;
For she of her new love no sooner sped,
But Troilus was cleane out of her mind,
As if she never had him known or seen,
Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean.—*Steevens.*

[12] *But with my heart the other eye doth see.*

That is, her memory looks back by means of one eye at Troilus, but that the other sees by the present and active movement of her passion, which she calls her heart, the wanton having an eye for any lover near her that will please her.

[13] *If there be rule in unity itself.*

That is, if there be such a thing as identity of character, whereby the same person cannot be another person, to be Cressid and not to be Cressid.

[14] *Reliques of her o'er-eaten faith.*

As gluttony produces vomiting, so a wanton greediness of love may be called an act of overfeeding. This keeping of coarse allusions to the sensual banquet is to lower the worth of Diomed's victory, who is tied to the refuse of another's meal. Her faith is eaten up by her wantonness or excess in overplighting to any new object of desire.

[15] *Which shipmen do the hurricano call.*

A particular account of "a spout," is given in Captain John Smith's Sea Grammar, quarto, 1627: "A *spout* is, as it were a small river falling entirely from the clouds, like one of our water-spouts, which make the sea, where it falleth, to rebound in flashes exceeding high;" i. e. in the language of Shakspeare, to "dizzy the ear of Neptune." So also, Drayton:—

And down the shower impetuously doth fall
Like that *which men the hurricano call.*—*Steevens.*

[16] *Wear a castle on thy head.*

That is, defend thy head with armour of more than common security. So, in the Most Ancient and Famous History of the Renowned Prince Arthur, edit. 1634, ch. clviii.: "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine, therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soone come after, and breake the strongest *castle* that thou hast upon thy head."—*Wear a castle*, therefore, seems to be a figurative expression, signifying, *Keep a castle over your head;* i. e. live within the walls of your castle. In Urry's Chaucer, Sir Thopas is represented with a *castle* by way of crest to his helmet. See, however, Titus Andronicus, Act III. Sc. I.—*Steevens.*

[17] *My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*

Chaucer has mentioned the presaging dreams of Andromache in the Canterbury Tales. We find the same relation in the Destruction of Troy:—"Andromeda saw that night a marvellous vision, and her seemed if Hector went that day to the battle he should be slain. And she, that had great fear and dread of her husband, weeping, said to him, praying that he would not go to the battle that day: whereof Hector blamed his wife, saying that she should not believe nor give faith to dreams, and would not abide nor tarry therefore. When it was in the morning, Andromeda went to the King Priamus, and to the queen, and told to

them the verity of her vision; and prayed them with all her heart that they would do so much at her request as to dissuade Hector, that he should not in any wise that day go to the battle, &c. It happened that day was fair and clear, and the Troyans armed them, and Troylus issued first into the battle; after him Æneas. * * * And the King Priamus sent to Hector that he should keep him well that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry, and said to his wife many reproachful words, as that he knew well that this commandment came by her request; yet, notwithstanding the forbidding, he armed him. * * * At this instant came the Queen Hecuba, and the Queen Helen, and the sisters of Hector, and they humbled themselves and kneeled down presently before his feet, and prayed and desired him with weeping tears that he would do off his harness, and unarm him, and come with them into the hall: but never would he do it for their prayers, but descended from the palace thus armed as he was, and took his horse, and would have gone to battle. But at the request of Andromeda the King Priamus came running anon, and took him by the bridle, and said to him so many things of one and other, that he made him to return, but in no wise he would be made to unarm him."—*Knight.*

[18] *For we would give much.*

The text here is thus given in the folio, the lines being accidentally omitted in the quarto,—"For we would count give much to as violent thefts." With so confused a text, great liberty may be allowed in a re-arrangement, and I would venture to suggest the following,—

—— It is as lawful
To use violent thefts, and count it much
To rob in the behalf of charity.

[19] *Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire.*

We have here but a modern Mars. Antiquity acknowledges no such ensign of command as a *truncheon.* The spirit of the passage however is such as might atone for a greater impropriety. In Elizabetha Triumphans, 1588, a poem, in blank verse, written by James Aske, on the defeat of the Spanish armada, the Queen appears, indeed,—

Most bravely mounted on a stately steede,
With *truncheon* in her hand—.—*Steevens.*

[20] *A sleeveless errand.*

Sleeveless, futile, useless. Johnson quotes it from the prose of Hall, and it occurs also in his verse:—

Worse than the logogryphes of later times,
Or hundreth riddles shak'd to *sleevelesse* rhymes.—*Satires*, iv. 1.

It remained longest in use in the phrase *sleeveless errand*, meaning a fruitless, unprofitable message: which is hardly yet disused. How it obtained this sense, it is by no means easy to say; but it was fixed in very early times, since Tyrwhitt refers to Chaucer's Testament of Love for it. All the conjectures respecting its derivation seem equally unsatisfactory, even that of Horne Tooke. They may all be seen in Todd's Johnson. It is plain, however, that *sleeveless* had the sense of *useless*, before it was applied to an errand. Thus Hall has "a *sleeveless* tale;" and even Milton, "a *sleeveless* reason."—*Nares.*

Her wenches feele the weight of her light fingers, and we have many a peale wrong about our eares too. We waite all the day to serue our maisters Chapmen, but when any of her customers come, we are sent abroade on a *sleevelesse errand*, and then what becomes of our maisters ware? I doe now wish that some faire

chaunce may light upon her, to rid my suspectlesse maister of so foule a mischiefe, both for his own sake and welfare, and the future quietnesse of his trustie servants. —*Nixon's Strange Foot-Post*, 1613.

[21] *Those crafty swearing rascals.*

But in what sense are Nestor and Ulysses accused of being *swearing* rascals? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive that *sneering* is the true reading. They had collogued with Ajax, and trimmed him up with insincere praises, only in order to have stirred Achilles' emulation. In this, they were the true sneerers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice.—*Theobald.*

Sneering was applicable to the characters of Nestor and Ulysses, and to their conduct in this play; but *swearing* was not.—*M. Mason.*

If any alteration be required, it might be *steering*, trimming between two points of management, the choler of Achilles and the pride and excitable temper of Ajax.

[22] *Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse.*

This circumstance is also minutely copied from the Destruction of Troy:— "And of the party of the Troyans came the king Ademon, that jousted against Menelaus, and smote him, and hurt him in the face: and he and Troylus took him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great company of knights, and fought with Troylus at his coming, and smote him down, and took his horse, and sent it to Briseyda, and did cause to say to her by his servant that it was Troylus's horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love."—*Knight.*

[23] *Menon . . . Margarelon.*

So, in Caxton's Recuyl, &c.: "And by grete yre assayllid the kynge *Menon*, cosyn of Achilles, and gaf hym so many strokes wyth his sword upon hys helme, that he slewe hym," &c.—*Steevens.*

The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of the Three Destructions of Troy.—*Theobald.*

The circumstance was taken from Lydgate, p. 194:—

> Which when the valiant knight, Margareton,
> One of king Priam's bastard children, &c.—*Steevens.*

[24] *The dreadful Sagittary appals our numbers.*

Beyonde the royalme of Amasonne came an auncyent kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called *sagittayre*, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man: this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe: this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe.—*The Three Destructions of Troy*, printed by Caxton.

[25] *Now here he fights on Galathe his horse.*

Then when Hector was richly arrayed, and armed with good harness and sure he mounted upon his horse named Galathe, that was one of the most great and strongest horses of the world.—*Destruction of Troy.*

[26] *Like scaled sculls.*

Scull, a shoal. Generally of fishes, but Lilly mentions "a scul of phesants," ed. 1632, sig. X. xii. "Skulles of herrings," Holinshed, Hist. Scot. p. 139.

Into the town of Rochell, they say, God hath sent a *skull* of fish for their relief, as he did miraculously when H. the 3d besieged it.—*MS. Harl.* 388.

[27] *I'll frush it.*

"I frusshe, I dynte in with a stroke, *je enfondre*; se howe his helmet is frushed with strokes," Palsgrave, 1530.

They tooke him, they *frushd* him with clubbes allmoste to deathe, they roved him throughe with arrowse, and finallie smote of his hedde, while hee called on the name of Godde.—*Polydore Vergil*, trans.

Their launces broake; they try their burnisht blades,
A thousand fiery starres at every rushing
Fly from their helmes; with fury each invades
His opposite, their mutuall armors *frushing*.
Heywood's Troia Britanica, 1609.

[28] *Strike, fellows, strike.*

This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book.—*Hanmer.*

Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles; but it is Troilus who, having been inclosed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horse's tail. The Oxford editor, I believe, was misinformed; for in the old story-book of the Three Destructions of Troy, I find likewise the same account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his Rape of Lucrece, 1638, seems to have been indebted to some such work as Sir T. Hanmer mentions:—

Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand
Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles
Had been the worthy; but being slain by odds,
The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour
As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death.

It is not unpleasant to observe with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus, in his fourth book:—

Oh thou, Homer, for shame be now red,
And thee amase that holdest thy selfe so wyse,
On Achylles to set suche great a pryse
In thy bokes for his chivalrye,
Above echone that dost hym magnyfye,
That was so sleyghty and so full of fraude,
Why gevest thou hym so hye a prayse and laude.—*Steevens.*

[29] *And, stickler like, the armies separates.*

A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by Sidney. "Anthony (says Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch,) was himself in person *a stickler* to part the young men when they had fought enough." They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. We now call these *sticklers—sidesmen.* So, again, in a comedy, called, Fortune by Land and Sea, by Heywood and Rowley: "—'tis not

fit that every apprentice should with his shop-club play between us the *stickler*." Again, in the tragedy of Faire Mariam, 1613:—"And was the *stickler* 'twixt my heart and him." Again, in Fuimus Troes, 1633:—"As *sticklers* in their nation's enmity."—*Steevens.*

Minsheu gives the same etymology, in his Dictionary, 1617: "A *stickler* betweene two, so called as putting a *sticke* or staffe betweene two fighting or fencing together."—*Malone.*

Sticklers are arbitrators, judges, or, as called in some places, sidesmen. At every wrestling in Cornwall, before the *games* begin, a certain number of *sticklers* are chosen, who regulate the proceedings, and determine every dispute. The nature of the English language, as I conceive, does not allow the derivation of *stickler* from *stick*, which, as a word, it has not the remotest connection with. *Stickler* (*stic-kle-er*) is immediately from the verb *stickle*, to interfere, to take part with, to busy one's self in any matter.—*Ritson.*

The *stickler*, or that keepeth good rule in such unruly meetings, alistarcha.—*Withals' Dictionarie*, ed. 1608, p. 260.

[30] *Hence, broker lackey!*

Thus the quarto and folio. For *broker* the editor of the second folio substituted *brother*, which, in the third, was changed to *brothel*. *Broker*, in our author's time, signified a bawd of either sex. So, in King John:—"This bawd, this *broker*, this all-changing word," &c.—*Malone.*

[31] *Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.*

The public stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester. So, in an old play, of which my negligence has lost the title:—"Collier! how came the *goose* to be put upon you?—I'll tell thee: The term lying at *Winchester* in Henry the Third's days, and many French women coming out of the Isle of Wight thither, &c. there were many punks in the town," &c. A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose*. So, in Chapman's comedy of Monsieur D'Olive, 1606: "—the famous school of England call'd *Winchester*, famous I mean for the *goose*," &c. Again, Ben Jonson, in his poem called An Execration on Vulcan:

—— this a sparkle of that fire let loose,
That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian goose*,
Bred on the Bank in time of popery,
When Venus there maintain'd her mystery.

In an ancient satire, called Cocke Lorelles Bote, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, is the following list of the different residences of harlots:—

There came such a wynde fro *Winchester*,
That blewe these women over the ryver,
In wherye, as I wyll you tell:
Some at saynt *Kateryns* stroke agrounde,
And many in *Holborne* were founde,
Some at sainte *Gyles* I trowe:
Also in *Ave Maria Aly*, and at *Westmenster;*
And some in *Shordyche* drewe theder,
With grete lamentacyon;
And by cause they have lost that fayre place,
They will bylde at *Colman hedge* in space, &c.

Hence the old proverbial simile—" As common as *Coleman Hedge :*" now *Coleman Street.— Steevens.*

As the public stews were under the controul of the Bishop of Winchester, a strumpet was called a *Winchester goose*, and a *galled Winchester goose* may mean, either a *strumpet* that had the venereal disease, or one that felt herself hurt by what Pandarus had said. It is probable that the word was purposely used to express both these senses. It does not appear to me, from the passage cited by Steevens, that any symptom of the venereal disease was called a *Winchester goose. —M. Mason.*

Cole, in his Latin Dict, 1669, renders a *Winchester-goose* by *pudendagra.— Malone.*

The following very curious regulations of the Southwark stews are preserved in an early MS. in the Bodleian Library,—" *Leges Meretriciæ episcopi Wintoniensis.* —Item, the seid stuard, as controller to the lords bailly there, shall have and take of every common woman within the seid lordshippe for quarterage at everye of the foure quarters of the yere, 4*d*, and at the lese daies of everye of them and of everye hostiller within the same lordship 4*d*. towards his diner ; of the lord, by the hands of the baily, vj*s*. viij*d*. for the same diner.—Item, he shall take of everye woman that is comon or is take within any common hostell foure times in the yere, at every time, 3*d* for his quarterage. [*Liber de consuetudinibus manerii de Suthwerk, cujus tegmen habet Christi imaginem reversis pedibus cornu tectam.*] Here foloweth the custumarie of the seid lordship made of old time in articles which ought to be enquired of at everie court. That the woemen that ben at common bordell be seyn every day what they be, and a woman that liveth by hir body to come and to go, so that she paie hir dutie as olde custume is, that is for to sey, everye weeke xiiij*d*. for hir chamber, at all times shal have fre license and liberte, without any interruption of the steweholder.—Item, if ther be any woman that liveth by hir bodie, hold any paramour against the use and custume of the maner, sheo shalbe thre wokes in the prison, and make a fine of vj*s*. viij*d*., and than be sette ones in the coking-stole, and forswere the lordshipe.—Item, that no stueholder kepe no woman withinne his trust that hath any sekenesse of brenninge, but that sheo be putte out, uppon the peine of making a fine unto the lord of a c*s*.—Item, if any man withinne the lordshipe holde any sicke that goeth assault withinne the same lordshipe, he shal make a fine for hir unto the lord of 3*s*. 4*d*.—Item, if any common woman were any apraine, she shal forfait hit, and make a fine after the custume of the manorr, &c.—Item, at the lete holde the 24 of Aprill, the 30 yere of the reigne of Henry the 6, it was ordeyned that no persone kepinge any comoune hostell or stuhous have or occupie any personne for his hostiller that before this time hath be a souldiour in the parties beyond the see, under peyne of forfaiture of c*s*. unto the lord of the fraunchise as often as he so doth.—Item, if any woman take any money to lie with any man, but sheo lye still with him till the morowe time, and than arise, sheo shal make a fine of vj*s*. viij*d*.—These be ordinances, rules, and customes of old continuance, rightfully used and kept within the manoir and lordshepe of Suthwerke, which aperteineth unto the bishop of Wynchestre and his successours ; which ordinaunces, rules, and custumes, as well for the salvation of mannes liif, as for to eschew many mischiefs and inconveniences that daily be like there for to falle, owe to be rightfuly kept and due execution of theym to be doon, withought extorcion in taking mo fees than be heere rightfully expressed."

Mr. Fairholt furnishes an engraving of the locality, with the following note,— " Our cut copied from the rare Map by Aggas in the library at Guildhall, comprises the district occupied by Winchester Place and surrounding tenements ;

bounded on the north by the Thames, on the west by a rivulet crossed by wooden bridges leading to the Bear Garden, and on the east by the cutting from the Thames known as St. Saviour's dock. The great hall of the episcopal residence is very clearly defined; it existed as a warehouse until 1814, when it was destroyed

by fire. The ruins remained untouched for many years; and occupied the pencil of various artists; Britton has engraved one of these views in his Picturesque Antiquities. The most remarkable feature was a fine circular window in the western wall, now built into the party-wall of extensive warehouses."

Coriolanus.

INTRODUCTION.

This play, observes Malone, is ascertained to have been written after the publication of Camden's Remaines, in 1605, by a speech of Menenius in the first Act, in which he endeavours to convince the seditious populace of their unreasonableness by the well-known apologue of the members of the body rebelling against the belly. This tale Shakespeare certainly found in the Life of Coriolanus as translated by North, and in general he has followed it as it is there given: but the same tale is also told of Adrian the Fourth by Camden in his Remaines, p. 199, under the head of Wise Speeches, with more particularity; and one or two of the expressions, as well as the enumeration of the functions performed by each of the members of the body, appear to have been taken from that book. "On a time," says Menenius in Plutarch, "all the members of a man's body dyd rebel against the bellie, complaining of it that it only remained in the midest of the bodie without doing any thing, neither dyd bear any labour to the maintenaunce of the rest; whereas all other partes and members dyd labour paynefully, and was veri careful to satisfy the appetites and desiers of the bodie. And so the bellie, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their follie, and sayde it is true, I first receyve all meates that norishe mans bodie; but afterwardes I send it againe to the norishment of other partes of the same. Even so (quod he) o you, my masters and citizens of Rome," &c. In Camden the tale runs thus; "all the members of the body conspired against the stomach, as against the swallowing gulfe of all their labours;

for whereas the eies beheld, the eares heard, the handes laboured, the feete travelled, the tongue spake, and all partes performed their functions; onely the stomache lay ydle and consumed all. Hereuppon they joyntly agreed al to forbeare their labours, and to pine away their lazie and publike enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them all, that they called a common counsel. The eyes waxed dimme, the feete could not support the body; the armes waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the *advice* of the *heart*. There *Reason* layd open before them," &c. The heart is called by one of the citizens, "the *counsellor*-heart;" and in making the *counsellor*-heart the seat of the brain or understanding, where *Reason* sits enthroned, Shakespeare has certainly followed Camden.

The argument of Malone does not appear to be decisive on the point, but it is the only evidence, if evidence it can be called, of the date of the composition of the play. There is no direct notice of this drama before its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company on November 8th, 1623, when it appears in the list of those of Shakespeare's plays "as are not formerly entred to other men." In this entry it is placed amongst the Histories, not the Tragedies. The Tragedy of Coriolanus was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies thirty pages, viz. from p. 1 to p. 30 inclusive, a new pagination commencing with that drama. In the folio of 1632 the new pagination begins with Troilus and Cressida, and in the folios of 1664 and 1685, Coriolanus is inserted in the same order. The incidents of this drama were taken by Shakespeare from Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus as translated by North, published at London in 1579 and again in 1595. Extracts from this work will be found in the Notes. An alteration of the play made by Tate, and published in 4to. 1682, hardly deserves more than a notice of its title, the Ingratitude of a Commonwealth.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
Cominius, }

Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Junius Brutus, }

Young Marcius, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, *with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:[1] What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes;[2] for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end; though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and

Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish,[3] and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale;[4] it may be, you have heard it;
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale't a little more.[5]

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulph it did remain
I'the midst o'the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they——
Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?
1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,——
Men. Well, what then?
1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small of what you have little,
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.
1 *Cit.* You are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the storehouse, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o'the brain;[6]
And, through the cranks[7] *and offices of man,*
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends,—this says the belly,—mark me,—
1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. *—Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?
1 *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,

And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—
1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?
Men. For that being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood,[8] to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.
Mar Hang 'em! They say?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages: making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry[9]
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;—
That hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,—
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is,
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Lartius!
1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone. [*To the* Citizens.
Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Exeunt* Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. *and* MENEN.
Citizens *steal away.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.
Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him!—he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business!
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.[10]
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merits not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and certain* Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:— [*Reads.*
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west; The dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius *your old enemy,—*
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,—
And Titus Lartius, *a most valiant Roman,*
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shortened in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.
2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepared for us.
Auf. O, doubt not that;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more.
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in* MARCIUS' *House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing;[11] or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall,[12] if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child,[13] than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.
Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.
Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow,
Or all, or lose his hire.
Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!
Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.
Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!
Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and her Usher.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.
Vol. Sweet madam,——
Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.
Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?
Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.
Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.
Val. O'my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O'my troth, I looked upon him o'Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again: and over and over he comes, and up

again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it![14]

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.[15]

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery: I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord returns from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably;
Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; Indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—
Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness
out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not.
I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* Corioli.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers *and* Soldiers. *To them a* Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some Senators, *and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums [*Alarums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off; [*Other Alarums.*

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.
Mar. O, they are at it!
Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces *enter and pass over the Stage.*

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans *and* Volsces, *fighting. The* Romans *are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter* MARCIUS.

All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome!—you herd of—boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volsces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volsces *retire into* Corioli, *and* MARCIUS *follows them to the Gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the Gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.
2 *Sol.* Nor I.
3 *Sol.* See, they
Have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*
All. To the pot, I warrant him.[16]

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible,[17] outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up!—Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish,[18] not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.
Lart. 'Tis Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, *with Spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours[19]
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.
Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords: Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of* COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS *and* Forces, *retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mess. Above an hour, my lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?
Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,[20]
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart

As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file,—A plague!—Tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think——
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?[21]
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never

Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,—
As it were sin to doubt,—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus (*waving his hand*) to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their Swords; take him up in their Arms, and cast up their Caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of* Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon* Corioli, *going with a Drum and Trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *a Party of* Soldiers, *and a* Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the* Roman *and the* Volscian *Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,[22]
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.—
[*They fight, and certain* Volsces *come to the aid of* AUFIDIUS.
Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.
[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* MARCIUS.

SCENE IX.—*The* Roman *Camp.*

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, *and* Romans; *at the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his Arm in a Scarf, and other* Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee[23] o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld——
Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done: that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.
Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,—before our army hear me.
Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,—
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,—of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, general;

But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry,* Marcius! Marcius! *cast up their Caps and Lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I'the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
A coverture for the wars![24] No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you—
Like one that means his proper harm,—in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli,[25] call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash.
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.[26]

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write

To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?
Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house;[27] he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the* Volsces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with Two or Three* Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
1 *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition?—
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I'the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his; Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had: for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,—
True sword to sword,—I'll potch[28] at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself; nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:
I pray you,—
Tis south the city mills,—bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *The patricians, good.*

Good is here used in the *mercantile* sense. So, Touchstone in Eastward Hoe:—"—— known *good* men, well monied." Again, in the Merchant of Venice:—"Antonio's a *good* man."—*Malone.*

I am rather inclined to think it is not used in the mercantile sense here, but merely to mark the strong distinction between the poor and the powerful; good is never, I believe, used in the sense of rich, except it is coupled with man, as in both the instances here cited, a good citizen, or a good merchant, is never used for a rich one.—*Pye.*

[2] *Ere we become rakes.*

It was Shakspeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, "Let us now revenge this with *forks*, ere we become *rakes:*" for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So, Jewel in his own translation of his Apology, turns "Christianos ad *furcas* condemnare," to—"To condemn christians to the *pikes.*" But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *pitch-forks.*—*Warburton.*

It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, "as lean as a rake." Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake;* "as lean as a rake" is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed.—*Johnson.*

It may be so; and yet I believe the proverb, "as lean as a rake," owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the *clerk's* horse in the prologue to the Canterbury Tales, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 281:—"As lene was his hors as is a *rake.*" Spenser introduces it in the second book of his Fairy Queen, Canto II.:—"His body lean and meagre *as a rake.*" "As thin as a whipping-post," is

another proverb of the same kind. Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third book of Virgil, 1582, describing Achæmenides, says :—" A meigre leane *rake*," &c. This passage, however, seems to countenance Dr. Johnson's supposition ; as also does the following from Churchyard's Tragicall Discourse of the Haplesse Man's Life, 1593 :—" And though *as leane as rake* in every rib."—*Steevens.*

[3] *Suffer us to famish.*

Plutarch describes two insurrections of the Roman plebeians against the patricians. The second was on account of the scarcity of corn, and is thus related :—" Now, when this war was ended, the flatterers of the people began to stir up sedition again, without any new occasion or just matter offered of complaint. For they did ground this second insurrection against the nobility and patricians upon the people's misery and misfortune, that could not but fall out, by reason of the former discord and sedition between them and the nobility. Because the most part of the arable land within the territory of Rome was become heathy and barren for lack of ploughing, for that they had no time nor mean to cause corn to be brought them out of other countries to sow, by reason of their wars, which made the extreme dearth they had among them. Now those busy prattlers, that sought the people's good will by such flattering words, perceiving great scarcity of corn to be within the city—and, though there had been plenty enough, yet the common people had no money to buy it—they spread abroad false tales and rumours against the nobility, that they, in revenge of the people, had practised and procured the extreme dearth among them."—*C. Knight.*

[4] *I shall tell you a pretty tale.*

The Senate being afeard of their departure, dyd send unto them certaine of the pleasauntest olde men, and the most acceptable to the people among them. Of those, Menenius Agrippa was he, who was sent for chief man of the message from the senate. He, after many good persuasions and gentle requestes made to the people, on the behalfe of the senate, knit up his oration in the ende, with a notable tale, in this manner. That on a time all the members of mans bodie dyd rebell against the bellie, complaining of it, that it only remained in the middest of the bodie, without doing any thing, neither dyd beare any labour to the maintenaunce of the rest ; whereas all other partes and members dyd labour paynefully, and was very carefull to satisfie the appetites and desiers of the bodie. And so the bellie, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their follie, and sayed. It is true, I first receyve all meates that norishe mans bodie ; but afterwardes I send it againe to the norishement of other partes of the same. Even so (quoth he) ô you, my masters, and cittizens of Rome : the reason is a like betweene the Senate, and you. For matters being well digested, and their counsells throughly examined, touching the benefit of the common wealth ; the senatours are cause of the common commoditie that commeth unto every one of you. These persuasions pacified the people, conditionally that the senate would graunt there should be yerely chosen five magistrates, which they now call *Tribuni Plebis*, whose office should be to defend the poore people from violence and oppression. So Junius Brutus, and Sicinius Vellutus, were the first tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only bene the causers and procurers of this sedition.—*North's Plutarch.*

[5] *To stale 't a little more.*

The old copies read *scale*, some kind of sense of which may be made if that verb be construed in the sense of, to weigh, to consider. Theobald altered it to *stale*, an extremely plausible correction. " I'll not stale the jest by my relation,"

Massinger's Unnatural Combat. The latter word is used in the same sense in Julius Cæsar.

[6] *To the seat o' the brain.*

Shakspeare uses *seat* for *throne*. 'I send it (says the belly) through the blood, even to the *royal residence*, the heart, in which the kingly crowned understanding *sits enthroned*.' The poet, besides the relation in Plutarch, had seen a similar fable in Camden's Remaines; Camden copied it from John of Salisbury De Nugis Curialium, b. vi. c. 24. Mr. Douce, in a very curious note, has shown the high antiquity of this apologue, 'which is to be found in several ancient collections of Æsopian Fables: there may be, therefore, as much reason for supposing it the invention of Æsop, as there is for making him the parent of many others. The first writer who has introduced Menenius as reciting the fable is Dionysius of Halicarnassus, book vi. Then follow Livy, lib. ii.; Plutarch, in his life of Coriolanus; Florus, lib. i. c. 23; each of whom gives it in his own manner.' Mr. Douce observed that 'our English Pliny, Bartholomew Glanville, informs us from Aristotle, that the substance of the brain being cold, it is placed before the well of heat, which is the heart; and that small veins proceed from the heart, of which is made a marvellous caul wherein the brain is wrapped.' De Propr. Rer. lib. v. c. 3. The same authority tells us that in the heart is 'all business and knowing.' A very curious imitation of this passage in Shakspeare has been pointed out by Mr. Douce in 'The Curtaine-Drawer of the World, by W. Parkes,' 1612, 4to.—*Singer.*

[7] *The cranks.*

Cranks, windings. "And verily effected they had this exploit, but that by a certaine rumor that went before, he having intelligence of this imminent mischiefe, with departing speedily by the lake Sunonensis, and the winding *crankes* of the river Gallus, he deluded the enemye hard at his heeles, and following after him in vaine," Ammianus Marcellinus, translated by Holland, 1609.

[8] *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood.*

Our author seldom is careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. He seems to mean here, 'thou worthless scoundrel, though like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worst condition for running of all the herd of plebeians, takest the lead in this tumult, in order to obtain some private advantage to yourself.' What advantage the foremost of a herd of deer could obtain, is not easy to point out, nor did Shakspeare, I believe, consider. Perhaps indeed he only uses *rascal* in its ordinary sense. So afterwards—"From *rascals* worse than they." Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me inadmissible; as the term, though it is applicable both in its original and metaphorical sense to a man, cannot, I think, be applied to a dog; nor have I found any instance of the term *in blood* being applied to the canine species.—*Malone.*

[9] *I'd make a quarry.*

Bullokar, in his English Expositor, 8vo. 1616, says that "a *quarry* among hunters signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken by hunting." This sufficiently explains the word of Coriolanus.—*Malone.*

Pick my lance.—And so the word *pitch* is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such a thing, that is, *pitch* or throw any thing that the demander wants.—*Tollet.*

[10] *Of his demerits rob Cominius.*

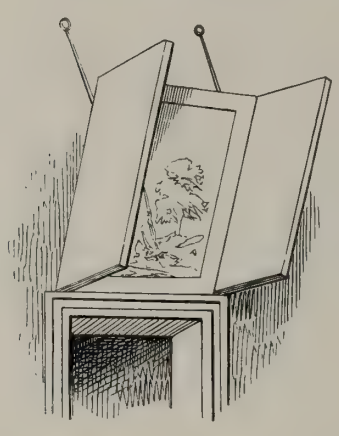
Merits and *Demerits* had anciently the same meaning. So, in Othello:—"and my *demerits* may speak," &c. Again, in Stowe's Chronicle, Cardinal Wolsey says to his servants: "— I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all according to your *demerits*." Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Epistle to T. Vespasian, 1600: "— his *demerit* had been the greater to have continued his story."—*Steevens.*

Again, in Hall's Chronicle, Henry VI. fol. 69: "— this noble prince, for his *demerits* called the good duke of Gloucester —."—*Malone.*

[11] *I pray you, daughter, sing.*

According to Plutarch, Coriolanus, when he married, "never left his mother's house;" and Shakspere has beautifully exhibited Volumnia and Valeria following their domestic occupations together:—"The only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him; for he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable as that his mother might hear everybody praise and commend him, that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy. Which desire, they say, Epaminondas did avow and confess to have been in him, as to think himself a most happy and blessed man that his father and mother in their lifetime had seen the victory he won in the plain Leuctres. Now, as for Epaminondas, he had this good hap, to have his father and mother living to be partakers of his joy and prosperity; but Martius, thinking all due to his mother, that had been also due to his father if he had lived, did not only content himself to rejoice and honour her, but at her desire took a wife also, by whom he had two children, and yet never left his mother's house therefore."—*Knight.*

[12] *Picture-like to hang by the wall.*



Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"Wall-pictures among the ancient nations were usually paintings in fresco, or distemper, incorporated with the plaster, and really part of the buildings; but the Pompeian wall-paintings furnish us with the annexed curious example of a portable picture placed over a door, and inclining forward by means of strings secured to rings after the fashion of those in our own houses. This picture is protected by folding leaves, like those used for altar-pieces in the middle ages; which doubtless originated from such earlier paintings."

[13] *He was a man-child.*

Birth is like a messenger of gladsome tydings: for however the night may be full of sorow, yet joy commeth in the morning, that a *man-child* is brought into the world.—*Rich Cabinet Furnished with Varietie of Excellent Descriptions*, 1616.

[14] *How he mammocked it!*

Mammocks are explained by Forby, "leavings, wasted fragments." It constantly occurs in old writers in the sense of bits or fragments of any kind.

"*Abráno*, by piece-meale, by mamocks," Florio, ed. 1611, p. 4; "*Frégola*, a crum, a mite, a scrap, a mammocke," ibid., p. 197. "The train, or mammocks of flesh sowd up and down to catch the wolf," Howel, 1660. Upton, in his MS. additions to Junius, explains *mammock*, "a piece torn off or fragment," and Coles has, "Mammocks, fragments, *frustula*, *analecta*." Hence used as a verb by Shakespeare, to maul, mangle, or tear in pieces, and it is now a provincialism in a similar sense, but generally applied to food. "Don't mammock your wittles so, bor," said a Suffolk woman to her child, who was pulling his food about.

[15] *A crack, madam.*

A *crack* signifies a sprightly forward boy.

> If we could get a witty *boy* now, Eugine,
> That were an excellent *crack*, I could instruct him
> To the true height.—*Devil is an Ass.*
>
> A notable dissembling lad, a *crack*.
> *Four Prentices of London*, 1615.
>
> A plow-boy, an unlucky *crack*,
> Did say he then did love her;
> He gave her a blow upon the back,
> That struck the pan quite over.
> *History of the Unfortunate Daughter*, n. d.

[16] *To the pot, I warrant him.*

As doubts have been thrown upon this reading of the old copy, it may be as well to observe that the phrase is put into the mouth of characters of a much higher grade by Shakespeare's cotemporaries; Whetstone, in his poem to the memory of Sir Nicholas Bacon, does not disdain to use it:—"When death doth come all pleasures *goe to pot*."—*Singer.*

[17] *Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword.*

The old editions read:—"Who *sensibly* out-dares——." Thirlby reads:—"Who, *sensible*, *outdoes* his senseless sword." He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only his correction.—*Johnson.*

Sensible is here, having *sensation*. So before: "I would, your cambrick were *sensible* as your finger." Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword, for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field.—*Malone.*

[18] *Even to Cato's wish.*

In the old editions it was: *Calves' wish.* Plutarch, in the Life of Coriolanus, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terrour in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety.—*Theobald.*

The correction made by Theobald is fully justified by the passage in Plutarch, which Shakspeare had in view: "Martius, being there (before Corioli) at that time, ronning out of the campe with a fewe men after him, he slue the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them staye upon a sodaine; crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backes, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. For he was even such another as Cato would have a *souldier* and a captaine to be; not only *terrible and fierce* to lay about him, but to make the enemie afeard with *the sounde of his voyce and grimnes of his countenance*," North's translation of Plutarch, 1579, p. 240.

[19] *That do prize their hours.*

Coriolanus blames the Roman soldiers only for wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value. So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no *time* now to looke after spoyle, and to ronne straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other consul and their fellow citizens peradventure were fighting with their enemies."—*Steevens.*

[20] *Knows not thunder from a tabor.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"The shepherd's tabor was a medieval invention, and that only was in the mind of the poet when he wrote this line. It was usually strapped upon the left arm between wrist and elbow, and beaten by the right hand, as the left directed the stops of the small pipe that usually accompanied it. The engraving furnishes a clear idea of this, and is copied from an illumination, in a MS of the 14th century in the Royal Library at Paris; representing a country festival."

[21] *They have plac'd their men of trust.*

So, in the old translation of Plutarch by North, p. 241, edit. 1579:—"Martius asked him howe the order of their enemies battell was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The consul made him aunswer, that he thought the bandes which were in the voward of their battell were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valliant corage would geve no place to any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul graunted him, greatly praysing his corage." We have quoted this passage, not merely because it shows how closely Shakespeare adhered to his original, but because it enables us decisively to correct an error in the folio, 1623, where *antients*, in the next line, is misprinted for "Antiates," although it occurs just afterwards, and is there properly spelt. The mistake would correct itself, if "ancients" had not of old meant *standards* and *standard-bearers.—Collier.*

[22] *That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny.*

Dr. Johnson objects to this as meaning the whip with which the Trojans were chastised; but surely, as Mr. Malone observes, it may, without any difficulty, mean the whip they used: so, in the celebrated soliloquy of Hamlet,—"The whips and scorns of time." Time is the agent, not the patient. And again in this play, Act 4, Scene 6,—

> Not a hair upon a soldier's head
> Which will not prove a whip.

Change *whip for sword* or *spear*, would there be any difficulty?—*Pye.*

[23] *If I should tell thee, &c.*

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "There the consul Cominius going up to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gave thankes to the goddes for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to Martius, whose valliantnes he commended beyond the moone, both for that he himselfe sawe him doe with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported unto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne (whereof there was

great store) tenne of every sorte which he likest best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gave him in testimonie that he had wonne that daye the price of prowes above all other, a goodly horse with a *capparison*, and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, dyd marvelously praise and commend. But Martius stepying forth, told the consul, he most thanckefully accepted the gifte of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his service had deserved his generalls commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward, than an honourable recompence, he would none of it, but was contented to have his equall parte with other souldiers."—*Steevens.*

[24] *A coverture for the wars.*

An overture, old eds. The reading adopted is Tyrwhitt's, for no good sense can be made out of the old text.

[25] *For what he did before Corioli.*

So, in the old translation of Plutarch:—"After this showte and noyse of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius beganne to speake in this sorte. We cannot compell Martius to take these giftes we offer him, if he will not receave them: but we will geve him suche a rewarde for the noble service he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we doe order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valiant acts have wonne him that name before our nomination."—*Steevens.*

[26] *To undercrest your good addition.*

That is: I mean to uphold and support the honour of the title which you have given me; to conduct myself, at all times, under the crest of your good addition, in as unsullied and fair a manner as it is in my power to do.—*Anon.*

[27] *At a poor man's house.*

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Only this grace (said he) I crave, and beseeche you to grant me. Among the Volces there is an old friende and hoste of mine, an honest wealthie man, and now a prisoner, who living before in great wealthe in his owne countrie, liveth now a poore prisoner in the handes of his enemies: and yet notwithstanding all this his miserie and misfortune, it would doe me great pleasure if I could save him from this one daunger: to keepe him from being solde as a slave."—*Steevens.*

[28] *I'll potch at him some way.*

Heath reads—*poach;* but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a *rough, violent push.—Steevens.*

Coles, in his Dictionary, 1679, renders "to *poche, fundum explorare.*" The modern word *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of this word. So to *eke* was formerly written to *ech.—Malone.*

In Carew's Survey of Cornwall, the word *potch* is used in almost the same sense, p. 31: "They use also to *poche* them (fish) with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare."—*Tollet.*

In Dryden's Troilus and Cressida we find, "Some sturdy Trojan will poach me up with a long pole."—*Pye.*

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in,[1] that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o'the right hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, — Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, — alias fools, — as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine[2] with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, —I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm,[3] follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities[4] glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-

wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholic, you make faces like mummers;[5] set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle.[6] Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *retire to the back of the Scene.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *&c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Val. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee: Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years'

health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidi-used for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True; I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*to the* tribunes, *who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A Shout and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;

Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken Garland; with* Captains, Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*
All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, sir, your mother,——
Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife——
Cor. My gracious silence, hail![7]
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[*To* VALERIA.
Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:

We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on.
Cor. Your hand, and yours:
[*To his* Wife *and* Mother.
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but,
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol.
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The* Tribunes *remain.*
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him;[8] Your pratling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,[9]
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin[10] pins
Her richest lockram[11] 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks,[12] windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens[13]
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.
Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.
Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.
Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing—as the manner is—his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand[14]
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people,—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,—will be his fire

To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,[15]
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The* Capitol.

Enter Two Officers, *to lay Cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm;

but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all[16] into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him: he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors *before them,* COMINIUS *the* Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other* Senators, SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius,
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented

Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.
Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*
1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit* CORIOLANUS.
Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,—
That's thousand to one good one,—when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world

Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid[17]
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,[18]
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland.[19] For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword—death's stamp—
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
When, by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate.[20]
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world: he covets less

Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.
Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.
1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.
Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.[21]
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus:—
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:——
Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour!
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Then exeunt* Senators.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.* *The* Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured; and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o'the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted

away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:——Look, sir;——my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter Two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?
Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.
1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?
Cor. No, sir:
'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.
1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.
Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship?
1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.
Cor. Kindly!
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir:
What say you?
2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.
Cor. A match, sir:—
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.
1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.
2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.
[*Exeunt two* Citizens.

Enter Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolvish toge[22] should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick,[23] that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter Three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen,——
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation: and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,

That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.
Cor. Is this done?
Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I then change these garments?
Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.
Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* CORIOL. *and* MENEN.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?
1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.
2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.
1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.
2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for his country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
Cit. No; no man saw 'em.
[*Several speak.*
3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,[24]

But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices.

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I'the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught: so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had your tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,

Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed:
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd—
No impediment between—but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,[25]
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,[26]
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,—
Harp on that still,—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all [*several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o'the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

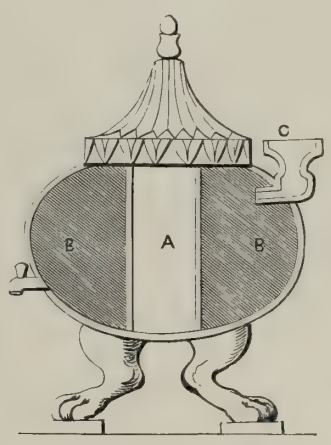
Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *In what enormity is Marcius poor in.*

It has been already observed that pleonasms of this kind were by no means unfrequent in Shakspeare's age. Thus in As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 7. :—"The scene *wherein* we play *in*." Malone has cited several instances, one of which from a letter of Lord Burghley to the Earl of Shrewsbury, among the Weymouth MSS. is to our present purpose :—"I did earnestly enquire of hym *in* what estate he stood *in* for discharge of his former debts."—*Singer.*

[2] *One that loves a cup of hot wine.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"a remarkable illustration of the allusion here made to the use of warm drinks by the Romans, is furnished from the discoveries made at Pompeii. Under the staircase of a shop in that city where warm decoctions were sold, a bronze urn of beautiful workmanship was discovered, which is now deposited in the Museo Borbonico at Naples. The cut shows its general form, with a section of the centre; A is a cylindrical furnace in the midst; the ashes fall through a grating below, the smoke ascending the conical cover; B B are the spaces forming the body of the urn, and holding the liquor to be warmed which is poured in at the vase-shaped funnel C on one side, and drawn out by a cock on the other."



[3] *In the map of my microcosm.*

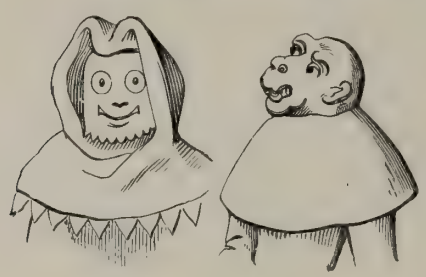
Being worne with griefe, and wasted with discontent, I am constrained to seeke remedy and some ease to my minde, which you may affoord by doing revenge upon an inconstant female, who plighted her faith to me, and privatly proclaimed me the sole Lord of her *Microcosm ;* but before I was installed, I was forestalled by the undermining perswasions of a trecherous usurper, who with his servile curtesies hath insinuated himself into my dominions. Who would trust the wind?

A womans words! who would relie upon a broken reed? a womans oath? They sigh for them that hate them, and laugh at most that love them. They will have some that will not, and will have few that would faine.—*Nixon's Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of Strange Petitions*, 1613.

[4] *Bisson.*

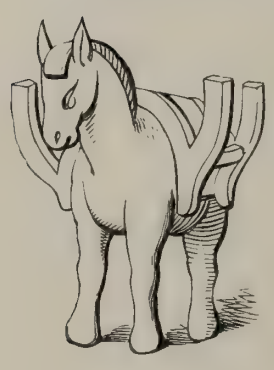
That is, blind. Skinner's explanation and etymology of this word are almost beneath notice; owing, I imagine, to his having too hastily taken it for granted, that *bisson*, in Shakespeare's time, did really signify positive blindness. It has long appeared to me, that *bisson* is fairly deducible from the Saxon verb, of which the literal import is *respicere;* and *respicere*, exactly translated, means *to look back upon*. Shakespeare perhaps may be thought to have this idea in his mind, when in a speech by the same personage, just before that in which *bisson* occurs, he says, "You talk of pride: oh, that you could *turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks*, and make but an interior survey of your good selves: O, that you could!" And it is still more probable, that this idea, having taken possession of his mind, led him immediately after, to use the word *bisson*, which, I conceive, is its true sense, notwithstanding its having acquired, in process of time, a somewhat different one in provincial speech. *Bisson rheum* it would be harsh, and forced beyond all precedent, to interpret into blindness occasioned by rheum or a defluxion; nor would it add much, if any thing, to the sense and meaning of the passage, even if the context would admit of such an interpretation. The whole speech has, and was intended to have, an air of obscurity and mysteriousness; that it might, with the more effect, as well as with greater safety, convey more than met the ear. The passage in Coriolanus, in which we have the odd phrase of *bisson conspectuities*, is also, with the same view, dark and ambiguous, that its ironical severity might be more poignant. *Bisson conspectuities*, as I would interpret it, means, and is equivalent to, indirect or distorted view, &c. It is easy, if not natural, to regard distorted vision as imperfect; and an imperfect sight as blindness.—*Boucher.*

[5] *You make faces like mummers.*



Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"The medieval mummers were in the habit of disguising themselves in monstrous masques with grotesque or animal features. Two specimens are selected from manuscripts of the fourteenth century. The first from the Romance of Fauvel in the Royal Library at Paris; the second from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library copied by Strutt."

[6] *An ass's pack-saddle.*



"The pack-saddle was extensively used by the Romans in the transmission of merchandize over Europe. The peculiarity of its form, and its great applicability to its intended use, will be best understood by the cut, copied from a small figure in terra-cotta found with many others at Moulins-sur-Allier, France," note sent me by Mr. Fairholt.

[7] *My gracious silence, hail!*

I believe, "My gracious silence," only means 'My beauteous silence,' or 'my silent Grace.'

Gracious seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. So, in the Merchant of Venice:—"But being season'd with a *gracious* voice." Again, in King John:—"There was not such a *gracious* creature born." Again, in Marston's Malcontent, 1604:—"he is the most exquisite in forging of veines, spright'ning of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheekes, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torchlight."—*Malone.*

[8] *Are spectacled to see him.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"This is an anachronism, as the invention of spectacles for the sight did not date more than two centuries before the poet's era. Their earliest form may be seen in the cut copied from a painting dated 1490; they are made to fold, and place in the leather case, which might be tucked in the girdle; when used, they were merely pressed across the nose, and held without side-bars."

[9] *Into a rapture lets her baby cry.*

A *rapture* anciently was synonymous with a *fit* or *trance.* Thus Torriano:—"Ratto, *s.* a *rapture* or trance of the mind, or a distraction of the spirits." This is confirmed by Steevens's quotation from the Hospital for London Follies, 1602, where gossip Luce says, "Your darling will weep itself into a *rapture*, if you do not take heed."—*Singer.*

[10] *The kitchen malkin.*

Malkin, a diminutive of Mary, and hence used generically for a wench. "Tho hat mayden Malkyn, y wene," MS. xiv. cent.

[11] *Lockram.*

A kind of cheap linen, worn chiefly by the lower classes. There was a finer sort, of which shirt-bands, &c. were made.

A wrought wastcoate on her backe, and a *lockram* smocke worth three pence, as well rent behind as before, I warrant you.—*Maroccus Extaticus*, 1595.

[12] *Bulks.*

For Whitehall he then made inquire,
But as he passed strange geere he saw;
The *bulkes* with such gue-gawes were dressed,
That his mind a tone side it did draw.
The King and a poore Northerne Man, 1640.

[13] *Seld-shown flamens.*

That is, priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to public view. The word is used in Humour out of Breath, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:—"O *seld-seen* metamorphosis." The same adverb likewise occurs in the old play of Hieronimo:—"Why is not this a strange and *seld*-seen thing?" *Seld* is often used by ancient writers for *seldom.*—*Steevens.*

[14] *Who have their provand.*

Provand, provender.

I wolde ofte sende them for *provande*, but I wil fyrst teche them how they shal kepe them fro the grynnes, fro the hunters, and fro the houndes.—*Reynard the Foxe*, 1481.

For forrege for their horse, for grasse and hay,
And such *provante* as cheapest may be got.
Breton's Pilgrimage to Paradise, 1592.

[15] *Their scarfs and handkerchiefs.*

Here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and sometimes when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility, some of the fair spectators used to *fling a scarf* or glove "upon him as he pass'd."—*Malone.*

[16] *To have them at all.*

For to *have* them at all into their estimation, Pope reads *heave*, and Steevens follows his reading. But there is no necessity for change; to *have* is to *get*, as in the following passage:—'He that seeketh means flatteringly to *have* or gette a thing.' 'To *have them at all into*,' means '*to get themselves in any degree* into,' &c. See King Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 2.—*Singer.*

[17] *He bestrid an o'er-press'd Roman.*

This was an act of similar friendship in our old English armies: but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject. He was led into the error by North's translation of Plutarch, where he found these words: "The Roman souldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him, Martius straight *bestrid* him, and slew the enemy." The translation ought to have been: "Martius hastened to his assistance, and *standing before him*, slew his assailant." *Malone.*

[18] *In the brunt of seventeen battles since.*

The number *seventeen*, for which there is no authority, was suggested to Shakespeare by North's translation of Plutarch: "Now Martius followed this custome, showed many woundes and cutts upon his bodie, which he had received in *seventeene* yeeres service at the warres and in many sundry battels." So also the original Greek; but it is undoubtedly erroneous; for from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death, was only a period of *eight* years.—*Malone.*

[19] *He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.*

Ben Jonson has the same expression in the Silent Woman: "— you have *lurch'd* your friends *of the better half of the garland.*"—*Steevens.*

To *lurch* is properly to *purloin;* hence Shakspeare uses it in the sense of to *deprive.* So, in Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, by Thomas Nashe, 1594: "I see others of them sharing halfe with the bawdes, their hostesses, and laughing at the punies they had *lurched.*" I suspect, however, I have not rightly traced the origin of this phrase. To *lurch*, in Shakspeare's time, signified to win a maiden set at cards, &c. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Gioco marzo.* A maiden set, or *lurch*, at any game." See also Coles' Latin Dict. 1679: "A lurch, *Duplex palma, facilis victoria.*" To lurch all swords of the garland, therefore, was, to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with ease, and incontestable superiority.—*Malone.*

[20] *What in flesh was fatigate.*

"*Fatigate* or make wearye, *Defatigo*," Huloet's Abcedarium, 1552.

"I assure you, your eares woulde be more wery of hearyng then my tounge would be *fatigate* with open truth tellyng."—*Hall, Henry V.*, fol. 6.

[21] *That you do speak to the people.*

The circumstance of Coriolanus standing for the consulship, which Shakespeare has painted with such wonderful dramatic power, is told very briefly in Plutarch: —"Shortly after this, Martius stood for the consulship, and the common people favoured his suit, thinking it would be a shame to them to deny and refuse the chiefest noble man of blood, and most worthy person of Rome, and specially him that had done so great service and good to the commonwealth; for the custom of Rome was at that time that such as did sue for any office should, for certain days before, be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election; which was thus devised, either to move the people the more by requesting them in such mean apparel, or else because they might show them their wounds they had gotten in the wars in the service of the commonwealth, as manifest marks and testimonies of their valiantness. * * * Now, Martius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy."—*Knight.*

[22] *Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here.*

So, in Othello, "the *toged* consuls." I suppose the meaning is, 'Why should I stand in this gown of humility, which is little expressive of my feelings towards the people; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the sheep's clothing on a wolf is expressive of his disposition.' I believe *woolvish* was used by our author for false or deceitful, and that the phrase was suggested to him, as Steevens seems to think, by the common expression,—"a wolf in sheep's clothing." Mason says, that this is "a ludicrous idea, and ought to be treated as such." I have paid due attention to many of the ingenious commentator's remarks in the present edition, and therefore I am sure he will pardon me when I observe that speculative criticism on these plays will ever be liable to error, unless we add to it an intimate acquaintance with the language and writings of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakespeare. If Mason had read the following line in Churchyard's Legend of Cardinal Wolsey, Mirror for Magistrates, 1587, instead of considering this as a ludicrous interpretation, he would probably have admitted it to be a natural and just explication of the epithet before us:—

O fye on *wolves* that march in *masking clothes.*

The *woolvish* (gown or) *toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he shall appear in *masquerade;* and not in his real and natural character. *Woolvish* cannot mean *rough, hirsute,* as Dr. Johnson interprets it, because the gown Coriolanus wore has already been described as *napless.* The old copy has *tongue;* which was a very natural error for the compositor at the press to fall into, who almost always substitutes a familiar English word for one derived from the Latin, which he does not understand. The very same mistake has happened in Othello, where we find "*tongued* consuls," for *toged* consuls—The particle *in* shows that *tongue* cannot be right. The editor of the second folio solved the difficulty as usual, by substituting *gown,* without any regard to the word in the original copy.—*Malone.*

I believe that the epithet *woolvish* is correct, and that it refers to some formerly well-known article or fashion of dress, for a *wolf-gown* is noticed in an inventory dated in 1559.

[23] *To beg of Hob and Dick.*

Why stand I here—to beg of Hob and Dick, and such others as *make their appearance* here, their unnecessary *voices?—Johnson.*

By strange inattention our poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the customs) of England, to ancient Rome. It appears from Minsheu's Dictionary, 1617, in v. Quintaine, that these were some of the most common names among the people in Shakespeare's time: "A *Quintaine* or *Quintelle*, a game in request at marriages, where Jac and Tom, *Dic*, *Hob*, and Will, strive for the gay garland."—*Malone.*

Again, in an old equivocal English prophecy:—

> The country gnuffs, *Hob*, *Dick*, and Hick,
> With staves and clouted shoon, &c.—*Steevens.*

> No hoggish *hob*, nor currish carle, may once presume so bolde
> To enter here within this gate, this castle to beholde.
> *The Castell of Courtesie, by James Yates*, 1582.

[24] *Aged custom.*

This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings.—*Warburton.*

Perhaps our author meant by *aged* custom, that Coriolanus should say, the custom which requires the consul to be *of a certain prescribed age*, will not permit that I should be elected, unless by the voice of the people that rule should be broken through. This would meet with the objection previously made; but I doubt much whether Shakspeare knew the precise consular age even in Tully's time, and therefore think it more probable that the words *aged custom* were used by our author in their ordinary sense, however inconsistent with the recent establishment of consular government at Rome. Plutarch had led him into an error concerning this *aged custom.—Malone.*

[25] *Of the same house Publius and Quintus were.*

The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the Patricians, out of the which hath sprong many noble personages: whereof Ancus Martius was one, king Numaes daughters sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius, and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conducts. Censorinus also came of that familie, that was so surnamed, bicause the people had chosen him censor twise.—*North's Plutarch.*

[26] *And Censorinus, darling of the people.*

It is evident that something is here wanting, for "And nobly nam'd so," &c. cannot apply to Publius and Quintus, but does apply to Censorinus, who is the very person mentioned in North's Plutarch, from which this speech is taken. The line was therefore inserted by Pope, to make sense of the passage, and as it will not read without some addition of the kind, we adopt it, though unwillingly, including it between brackets.—*Collier.*

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul,[1] so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To* LARTIUS.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
1 *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?[2]—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I'the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion,[3] insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,[4]

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o'the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.[5]
Cor. *Shall!*
O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o'the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.
Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel,[6] to give forth
The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,——
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. —Though there the people had more absolute power,—
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i'the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive[7]
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude[8] digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by,[9] both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,

You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't ; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic[10]
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison : your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it ;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despite o'erwhelm thee !—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench ; In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,[11]
And throw their power i'the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul ? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho !—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people ; [*exit* BRUTUS.] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal : Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat !

Sen. & Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, *with the* Ædiles, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.
Cit. Down with him, down with him! [*Several speak.*
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.
Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fye, fye, fye!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Cit. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected their's, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No; I'll die here.
[*Drawing his Sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble: help him, young and old!
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
[*In this Mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the* People, *are all beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians,—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,—not Romans,—as they are not,
Though calv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol,—
Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.[12]
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return?[13] whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and others.*
1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!
2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the* Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,——
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Cit. He shall, sure on't. [*Several speak together.*
Men. Sir, sir.
Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock,[14] where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:——
Sic. Consul!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a consul!
Cit. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.
Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,—he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o'the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.[15]
Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more :—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process ;
Lest parties—as he is belov'd—break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so,—
Sic. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our Ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ?—Come :—
Men. Consider this ;—He has been bred i'the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,—
In peace—to his utmost peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer :—
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place :—We'll attend you there :
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll bring him to you :—
Let me desire your company. [*To the* Senators.] He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CORIOLANUS's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;[16]
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [*To* VOLUMNIA.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.
1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd,[17] but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put my armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,
What then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not,—which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,—how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak

To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,[18]
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it,—here be with them,—
Thy knee bussing the stones,—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,[19]
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i'the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?[20] Must I
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me:
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. The* Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I'the right and strength o'the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine;* if death, cry *death;*
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'the truth o'the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.
Bru. Go about it.— [*Exit* Ædile.
Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Even to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart: and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.[21]

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece

Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,[22]
And not our streets with war!
1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.
Cor. First, hear me speak.[23]
Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i'the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.
Cor. The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace.
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,——
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you,——
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.
Sic. For that he has—
As much as in him lies—from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it: In the name o'the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I'the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance,—which finds not, till it feels,—
Making not reservation of yourselves,[24]—
Still your own foes,—deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation

That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd![25] he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The* People *shout, and throw up their Caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *Lord consul.*

Shakspeare has here, as in other places, attributed the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of *lord* was given to many officers of state who were not peers; thus, *lords* of the council, *lord* ambassador, *lord* general, &c.—*Malone.*

[2] *Are these your herd?*

But when the day of election was come, and that Martius came to the market-place with great pomp, accompanied with all the senate and the whole nobility of the city about him, who sought to make him consul with the greatest instance and entreaty they could or ever attempted for any man or matter, then the love and good will of the common people turned straight to an hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office of sovereign authority into his hands, being a man somewhat partial towards the nobility, and of great credit and authority amongst the patricians, and as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Whereupon, for these considerations, they refused Martius in the end, and made two other that were suitors consuls. The senate, being marvellously offended with the people, did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Martius: but Martius took it in far worse part than the senate, and was out of all patience; for he was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to self-will and opinion, as one of a high mind and great courage, that lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason, which only is to be looked for in a governor of state; and that remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of the world which a governor of a commonwealth for pleasing should shun, being that which Plato called solitariness.—*North's Plutarch.*

[3] *The cockle of rebellion.*

Cockle is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it is given as follows: "Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of

insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people," &c.—*Steevens.*

"The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition." Here are three syllables too many. We might read, as in North's Plutarch:—"The cockle of insolency and sedition."—*Ritson.*

[4] *Against those meazels.*

Meazel, a leper, an outcast; evidently for *mesell*, which is French, and is explained by Cotgrave, "a *meselled*, scurvy, leaporous, lazarous person."

Press me, I devy; press scoundrels, and thy *messels.*
Lond. Prod. ii. 1.

Abaffeled up and down the town for a *messel* and a scoundrel.
Id. ii. 4.

Mesel, for a leper, and *meselrie*, leprosy, occur in Chaucer.—*Nares.*

[5] *'Twas from the canon.*

This, Dr. Johnson explains, "contrary to the established rule," and M. Mason, as being in consequence of the *veto*, "the established rule of the tribunes." I am rather inclined to the last opinion, if canon is meant for rule; but it is very probable that Shakespear (considering his little attention to this sort of propriety) might mean, that the absolute *shall* of the tribune came as loudly as if from the mouth of a cannon.—*Pye.*

[6] *Whoever gave that counsel.*

Therefore, sayed he, they that gave counsell, and persuaded that the corne should be given out to the common people *gratis*, as they used to doe in cities of Græce, where the people had more absolute power, dyd but only nourishe their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the utter ruine and overthrow of the whole state. For they will not thincke it is done in recompense of their service past, sithence they know well enough they have so often refused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with us, whereby they have rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusation which their flatterers have preferred unto them, and they have received, and made good against the senate: but they will rather judge we geve and graunt them this, as abasing ourselves, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them every way. By this meanes, their disobedience will still grow worse and worse; and they will never leave to practise newe sedition, and uprores. Therefore it were a great follie for us, me thinckes, to do it: yea, shall I say more? we should, if we were wise, take from them their tribuneshippe, which most manifestly is the embasing of the consulshippe, and the cause of the division of the cittie. The state whereof as it standeth is not now as it was wont to be, but becommeth dismembered in two factions, which mainteines allwayes civill dissention and discorde betwene us, and will never suffer us againe to be united into one bodie.—*North's Plutarch.*

[7] *Could never be the motive.*

I cannot agree with Johnson that native can possibly mean natural parent, or cause of birth; nor with Warburton, in supposing that it means natural birth; for if the word could bear that meaning, it would not be sense here, as Coriolanus is speaking not of the consequence, but the cause, of their donation. I should therefore read *motive* instead of *native*. Malone's quotation from King Henry V. is nothing to the purpose, as in that passage *native graves*, means evidently graves in their native soil.—*M. Mason.*

[8] *Bisson multitude.*

The old reading is *bosome-multiplied;* this happy emendation was made in the second folio with MS. corrections in Mr. Collier's possession. The word *bisson*, i. e. *blind*, occurs again in this play, Act ii. Sc. 1, where in both folios, by an error of the press, it is printed *beesome* as it is here *bosome*. Indeed it occurs in Huloet's Dictionary in a form easily mistaken for *bosom*,—"Blynde or *Beasom*-borne, cæcigenus."—*Singer.*

[9] *What may be sworn by, &c.*

The sense is, 'No, let me add this further: and may every thing divine and human which can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with.' The Romans swore by what was human as well as divine; by their head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and ashes of their parents, &c. See Brisson de *formulis*, p. 808—817.—*Heath.*

[10] *To jump a body with a dangerous physic.*

Steevens quoted the following from P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, b. xxv. c. 5, to show that "to jump" here means *to risk*, as in Macbeth, A. i. sc. 7, "We'd *jump* the life to come,"—"If we looke for good successe in our cure by ministring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jumpe* or great hazard." In Antony and Cleopatra, A. iii. sc. 8., a similar use of the substantive occurs:—"Our fortune lies upon this *jump*," *i. e.*, upon this *hazard.*—*Collier.*

[11] *It must be meet.*

Let it be said by you that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be meet, i. e. *shall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature.—*Malone.*

[12] *One time will owe another.*

I think Menenius means to say, 'Another time will offer when you may be quits with them.' There is a common proverbial phrase, 'One good turn deserves another.'—*Singer.*

[13] *Before the tag return.*

No bussarde so blynde,
But now speweth hys mynde;
Now cometh *hagge and tagge*,
And shaketh out ther bagge.

Papysticall Exhortation, n. d.

[14] *Do not cry, havock.*

That is, do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c.—*Steevens.*

Spi. Smoke, get thee up on the top of St. Botolph's steeple, and make a proclamation.

Smoke. What, a plague, should I proclaim there?

Spi. That the bells be rung backward,
And cutting of throats be *cried havock.*
No more calling of lanthorn and candle-light.—*Heywood's Edward* 4.

[15] *This is clean kam.*

"*Escorcher les anguilles par la queue*, to doe a thing cleane kamme, out of

order, the wrong way; *contre-fil*, contrariwise, cleane kamme, or against the haire; *contrepoil*, against the wooll, the wrong way, cleane contrarie, quite kamme; *s'en devant derriere*, the wrong end forward, the inside outward, the cart before the horses, cleane kamme," Cotgrave.

[16] *Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels.*

Neither of these punishments was known at Rome. Shakspeare had probably read or heard in his youth that Balthazar de Gerrard, who assassinated William Prince of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces by wild horses; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been not long before, for conspiring to take away the life of that gallant prince.

When I wrote this note, the punishment which Tullus Hostilius inflicted on Mettius Suffetius for deserting the Roman standard, had escaped my memory. However, as Shakspeare has coupled this species of punishment with another that certainly was unknown to ancient Rome, it is highly probable that he was not apprized of the story of Mettius Suffetius, and that in this, as in various other instances, the practice of his own time was in his thoughts, for in 1594 John Chastel had been thus executed in France for attempting to assassinate Henry the Fourth,—more especially as we know from the testimony of Livy that this cruel capital punishment was never inflicted from the beginning to the end of the Republic, except in this single instance.—*Malone.*

[17] *Before he should thus stoop to the herd.*

Old copy,—stoop to the *heart*. But how did Coriolanus stoop to his *heart?* He rather, as we vulgarly express it, made his proud heart stoop to the necessity of the times. I am persuaded, my emendation gives the true reading. So before in this play:—"Are these your *herd?*" So, in Julius Cæsar: "—when he perceived, the common *herd* was glad he refus'd the crown," &c.—*Theobald.*

Theobald's conjecture is confirmed by a passage, in which Coriolanus thus describes the people:—"You shames of Rome! you *herd* of ——" *Herd* was anciently spelt *heard*. Hence *heart* crept into the old copy.—*Malone.*

[18] *I am in this, &c.*

Volumnia is persuading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake; and says, that in this advice, she speaks as his wife, as his son; as the senate and body of the patricians; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct.—*Warburton.*

I rather think the meaning is, "I am in their *condition*, I am at stake, *together with* your wife, your son."—*Johnson.*

"I am in this," means, I am in this predicament.—*M. Mason.*

I think the meaning is, In this *advice*, in exhorting you to act thus, I speak not only as your mother, but as your wife, your son, &c. all of whom are *at stake.* —*Malone.*

[19] *Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart.*

I am persuaded these lines are printed exactly as the author wrote them, a similar kind of phraseology being found in his other plays. *Which*, &c. is the absolute case, and is to be understood as if he had written—*It* often, &c. So, in the Winter's Tale:—

—— This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing),
Is troth-plight to your daughter.

Again, in King John :—

—— he that wins of all,
Of kings, and beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose,
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that.

In the former of these passages, "*whom* heavens directing," is to be understood as if Shakspere had written, *him* heavens directing; (*illum Deo ducente;*) and in the latter, "*who* having" has the import of *they* having. *Nihil quod amittere possint, præter nomen virginis, possidentibus.* This mode of speech, though not such as we should now use, having been used by Shakspeare, any emendation of this contested passage becomes unnecessary. Nor is this kind of phraseology peculiar to our author; for in R. Raignold's Lives of all the Emperours, 1571, fol. 5, I find the same construction: "— as Pompey was passing in a small boate toward the shoare, to fynde the kynge Ptolemey, he was by his commaundement slayne, before he came to land, of Septimius and Achilla, *who hoping* by killing of him to purchase the friendship of Cæsar.—Who now being come unto the shoare, and entering Alexandria, had sodainly presented unto him the head of Pompey the Great," &c. Again, in the Continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle, 1543, Signat. Mm. ij: "And now was the kyng within twoo daies journey of Salisbury, when the duke attempted to mete him, *whiche* duke *beyng* accompaignied with great strength of Welshemen, whom he had enforced thereunto, and coherted more by lordly commaundment than by liberal wages and hire: whiche thyng was in deede the cause that thei fell from hym and forsoke him. Wherefore he," &c.—*Malone.*

[20] *My unbarb'd sconce.*

The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses.—*Steevens.*

Unbarbed, bare, uncovered. In the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed and accoutered for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed;* probably from the old word *barbe* which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering.—*Hawkins.*

Unbarbed sconce is *untrimmed* or *unshaven head.* To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578:—

Grim. —— you are so clean a young man.
Row. And who *barbes* you, Grimball?
Grim. A dapper knave, one Rosco.
I know him not, is he a deaft *barber?*

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn. So, in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song XIII.:—

The labring hunter tufts the thick *unbarbed* grounds.

Again, in the Malcontent, by Marston:—

The stooping scytheman that doth *barbe* the field.

But (says Dean Milles, in his comment on the Pseudo-Rowley, p. 215:) "would that appearance (of being *unshaved*) have been particular at Rome in the time of Coriolanus?" Every one but the Dean understands that Shakspeare gives to all countries the fashions of his own. *Unbarbed* may, however, bear the signification which Hawkins would affix to it. So, in Magnificence, an interlude by Skelton, Fancy speaking of a *hooded hawk*, says:—"*Barbyd* like a nonne, for burnynge of the sonne."—*Steevens.*

[21] *Which looks with us to break his neck.*

To *look* is to *wait* or *expect*. The sense I believe is, 'What he has in heart is waiting there to help us to break his neck.'—*Johnson.*

The tribune rather seems to mean—'The sentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction.'—*Steevens.*

[22] *The shows of peace.*

The *shows of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably assembled, either to hear the determination of causes, or for other purposes of civil government.—*Malone.*

The real *shows of peace* among the Romans, were the olive-branch and the caduceus; but I question if our author, on the present occasion, had any determinate idea annexed to his words. Malone's supposition, however, can hardly be right; because the "temples" (i. e. those of the gods,) were never used for the determination of civil causes, &c. To such purposes the Senate and the Forum were appropriated. The *temples* indeed might be thronged with people who met to thank the gods for a return of peace.—*Steevens.*

[23] *First, hear me speak.*

So Martius came and presented himself to answer their accusations against him; and the people held their peace, and gave attentive ear to hear what he would say. But where they thought to have heard very humble and lowly words come from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking (which of itself was very rough and unpleasant, and did more aggravate his accusation than purge his innocency), but also gave himself in his words to thunder, and look therewithal so grimly, as though he made no reckoning of the matter. This stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate and malice grew so toward him that they could hold no longer bear nor endure his bravery and careless boldness. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruellest and stoutest of the tribunes, after he had whispered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce, in the face of all the people, Martius as condemned by the tribunes to die. Then, presently, he commanded the ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When the ædiles came to lay hands upon Martius to do that they were commanded, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed.—*North's Plutarch.*

[24] *Making not reservation of yourselves.*

The old copy reads, "Making *but* reservation of yourselves," which Dr. Johnson thus explains:—Coriolanus imprecates upon the base plebeians that they may still retain the power of banishing their *defenders*, till their undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city *but themselves:* so that for want of those capable of conducting their defence, they may fall an easy prey to some nation who may conquer them without a struggle. Capell substituted *not* for *but*. The meaning will then be, "the ignorance of the people made them even their own enemies, and caused them, not even sparing themselves, to deliver themselves at last defenceless captives to their enemies."—*Singer.*

[25] *Our enemy's banish'd!*

When they came to tell the voices of the tribes, there were three voices odd which condemned him to be banished for ever. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy, as they never rejoiced more for any battle they had won upon their enemies, they were so brave and lively, and went home so jocundly from the assembly, for triumph of this sentence. The senate again, in contrary manner, were as sad and heavy, repenting themselves beyond measure that they had not rather determined to have done and suffered anything whatsoever, before the common people should so arrogantly and outrageously have abused their authority. —*North's Plutarch.*

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *and several young* Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beast
With many heads[1] butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,[2] craves
A noble cunning; you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd.[3] Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,

Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly,—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,—your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.[4]

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture[5] to each chance
That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch,[6] when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years

From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit* Ædile.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.
Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say, she's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.
Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone? [*To* BRUTUS.
Vir. You shall stay too: [*to* SICIN.] I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?[7]
Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this;
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome: so far, my son,—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do, [*Exeunt* Tribunes.
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fye, fye, fye! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Highway between* Rome *and* Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volsce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; They are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange

things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before* AUFIDIUS's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit* Citizen.

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town,[8]—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Hall in* AUFIDIUS's *House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus! my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. *The first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand: I will not hurt your hearth.[9]

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service, than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher, hence!
[*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and the second* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?
Cor. If, Tullus,[10] [*Unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.
Auf. What is thy name? [Servants *retire.*
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight

Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be[11]
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'*Tis true;* I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters![12] Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear.[13] O, come, go in,

And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *Serv.* [*advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,——'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i'the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, —Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Ser.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.[14]

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o'the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand,[15] and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears:[16] He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.[17]

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir,—as it were,—durst not —look you, sir,—show themselves—as we term it,—his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon; 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i'the present peace
And quietness o'the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends; the common-wealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.
Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.
Sic. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!
Sic. Good e'en, our neighbours.
Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.
1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic. Live, and thrive!
Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
Cit. Now the gods keep you!
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,——
Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;

And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volsces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,—
How probable, I do not know,—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,[18]
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate;
A fearful army led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,——
Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men;[19] you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome,* they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, '*Beseech you cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.
Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry![20]—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, aye; what else? [*Exeunt* COMINIUS *and* MEN.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong, when we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance from* Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.
Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,—
I mean for your particular,—you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.
Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.
Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?
Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey[21] to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,[22]
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposition of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair[23]
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights founder,[24] strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *The beast with many heads.*

Thus, as the people is said to be a beast of many heads, yet all those heads like hydras', ever growing, as various in their horns as wondrous in their budding and branching; so, in an ordinary, you shall find the variety of a whole kingdom in a few apes of the kingdom.—*Decker's Gulls Hornbook*, 1609.

But originally it is Horatian. The poet, addressing the Roman people, says: —"*Bellua multorum est capitum.*"—Hor. *Epist.* 1, *Lib.* 1.—*Nott.*

[2] *Being gentle wounded.*

This is the ancient and authentic reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted *gently warded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our author's words before we go to explain their meaning. The sense is, 'When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy.' He calls this calmness, *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.—"They bore as heroes, but they felt as men."—*Johnson.*

[3] *I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd.*

Thus Cæsar in Antony and Cleopatra, Act I. Scene 4, "And the ebb'd man comes dear'd by being lack'd." We have still preserved this proverbial saying in another form. Mother Cole says, "When people are miss'd, then they are mourn'd." It is, in fact, Horace's "extinctus amabitur idem."—*Douce.*

[4] *With cautelous baits and practice.*

But when the matter should have come to the shutting up, the Turke began to shrinke from that he had before promised, ... by *cautelous* expositions of his meaning, &c.—*Knolles' History of the Turks*, 1603.

[5] *More than a wild exposture.*

I know not whether the word *exposture* be found in any other author. If

not, I should incline to read *exposure*. We have, however, other words of a similar formation in these plays. So, in Timon of Athens :—

——— The earth's a thief
That feeds and breeds by a *composture* stolen
From general excrement.—*Malone.*

We should certainly read—*exposure*. So, in Macbeth :—

And when we have our naked frailties hid
That suffer in *exposure*.—

Again, in Troilus and Cressida :—

To weaken and discredit our *exposure*—.

Exposture is, I believe, no more than a typographical error.—*Steevens.*

[6] *My friends of noble touch.*

That is, of true metal unalloyed. Metaphor from trying gold on the touch-stone.—*Warburton.*

Compare the Phœnix, 1607,—" I love thee wealthier ; thou hast a noble touch."

[7] *Are you mankind?*

The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense, Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out :—

—— Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father?—*Johnson.*

So, Jonson in the Silent Woman :—" O *mankind* generation!" Shakspeare himself, in the Winter's Tale, Act II. Sc. II. :—" —— a *mankind* witch." Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso :—

See, see, this *mankind* strumpet; see, she cry'd,
This shameless whore.—*Steevens.*

Mankind is simply, masculine, always a term of reproach, when applied to a female. Upton quotes several passages to prove that it means *wicked*, in every one of which it means *mannish*. That the word, however, is sometimes used in an ill sense as an augmentative, for violent, outrageous, &c. is certain : Cotgrave calls some fierce animal " a *mankind* wild beast ;" and Hall (Mass. vol. iv. p. 53) speaks of " stripes for the correction of a *mankind* ass."—*Gifford.*

[8] *This enemy town.*

Here, as in other places, our author is indebted to Sir Thomas North's Plutarch :—" For he disguised himselfe in suche arraye and attire, as he thought no man could euer haue knowen him for the persone he was, seeing him in that apparell he had vpon his backe : and as Homer sayed of Ulysses :—So dyd he *enter* into *the enemies towne*." Perhaps, therefore, instead of *enemy*, we should read—*enemy's* or *enemies'* town.—*Steevens.*

[9] *I will not hurt your hearth.*

Here our author has both followed and deserted his original, the old translation of Plutarch. The silence of the servants of Aufidius did not suit the purposes of the dramatist :—" So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius house, and when he came thither, he got him vp straight to the chimney harthe, and sat him downe, and spake not a worde to any man, his face all muffled ouer. They of

the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not byd him rise. For ill favoredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certaine majestie in his countenance, and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus who was at supper, to tell him of the straunge disguising of this man."—*Steevens.*

[10] *If Tullus, &c.*

These speeches are taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch:—"Tullus rose presently from the borde, and comming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled him selfe, and after he had paused a while, making no aunswer, he sayed unto him:—If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhappes beleeve me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitie bewraye myselfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and payneful service I have done, and the extreme daungers I have bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the envie and crueltie of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driven me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard; but prickt forward with spite and desire I have to be revenged of them that have banished me, whom now I begin to be avenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any harte to be wreeked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, spede thee now, and let my miserie serve thy turne, and so use it, as my service may be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than ever I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemie, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdome in thee, to save the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemie, and whose service now can nothing helpe nor pleasure thee."—*Steevens.*

[11] *If so be.*

This phrase, which seems now only equivalent with *if*, was formerly in general use; it now is the common phrase of the vulgar; I cannot specify in what particular counties; I can only answer for Berkshire and Middlesex. That it was formerly in general use (besides the authority of our poet) is proved from the 1 Cor. chap. xv. v. 13,—*Whom He raised not, if so be that the dead rise not.*—*Pye.*

[12] *And scar'd the moon with splinters.*

In King Richard III. we have, "Amaze the welkin with your broken staves." The folios have *scarr'd*, the old orthography of the word we now write *scared;* it occurs in this form again in the Winter's Tale, Act iii. Sc. 3,—"They have *scarr'd* away two of my best sheep." See Minsheu's Guide to the Tongues, 1611, v. *to scarre.*—*Singer.*

[13] *Like a bold flood o'er-bear.*

Steevens conjectured that the true reading was probably "Like a bold flood

o'er-*bear*," but he observed that the old copy has "o'er-*beat*." Such is the case with the folio, 1623, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, while that of Lord Francis Egerton has "o'er-*beare*." "O'er-*beat*" is the reading of the second, third, and fourth folios. Southern altered the word in his copy of the fourth folio (now the property of Mr. Holgate) to "o'er-*bear*."—*Collier*.

[14] *Like a carbonado.*

A steak cut crossways for broiling. See the Nomenclator, p. 88; All's Well that ends Well, iv. 5; Lilly's Sapho and Phao, "if I venture upon a full stomack to eate a rasher on the coales, a *carbonado*."

[15] *Sanctifies himself with's hand.*

Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event.—*Johnson*.

I rather imagine the meaning is, 'considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress.' If there be any religious allusion, I should rather suppose it to be the imposition of the hand in confirmation.—*Malone*.

Perhaps the allusion is (however out of place) to the degree of sanctity anciently supposed to be derived from touching the corporal relic of a saint or a martyr.—*Steevens*.

[16] *And sowl the porter of Rome.*

Major Moor, in his Suffolk Words, p. 378, gives the following curious note on the provincial use of the verb, *sowle*,—"to seize a swine *by the ear*." "Wool 'a sowle a hog?" is a frequent enquiry into the qualifications of a dog; though one does not perceive any manifest advantage in possessing it, otherwise than as a mark of courage. A low bred mongrel will attack the *porcus à posteriori;* but this is not genuine *sowleing*, and a boy would blush to own so base an animal. It is a useful word, if such an operation must be expressed; as it will puzzle the reader without it to describe the process of *seizing a hog by the ear*, otherwise than by such a circumlocutory phrase. Shakespeare happily uses the word in the exact Suffolk sense. "He'll go, he says, and *sowle* the porter of Rome's gate *by the ears*." The last three words would be redundant to a Suffolk audience. "To *sowle*," says a tame, ignorant commentator (ignorant I mean of Suffolk phraseology) "is *to pull, to drag*." Among his north country words this occurs in Ray; and his explanation I will give at length—"To *sowl* one by the ears, Lincolnshire, i. e. *Aures summa vi vellere; credo a* sow, i. e., *Aures arripere et vellere, ut suibus canes solent*. Skinner." E. W. p. 56. This has proved a tough subject to commentators, who have tugged at it in vain. Nares even, can make but little of this word. He furnishes me with another illustration, from Heywood, cited by Steevens —"Venus will *sowle* me by the ears for this," *Love's Mistress*. Under *Lugge*, Nares gives as a Lincolnshire phrase when a mastiff is set upon a hog—*Sole* him—seize him by the lug.

[17] *And leave his passage polled.*

That is, *bared, cleared*. To *poll* a person anciently meant to *cut off his hair*. So, in Damætas' Madrigall in Praise of his Daphnis, by J. Wooton, published in England's Helicon, quarto, 1600:—

Like Nisus golden hair that Scilla *pol'd*.

It likewise signified to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical history of the battle of Floddon Field:—

But now we will withstand his grace,
Or thousand heads shall there be *polled*.—*Steevens*.

So, in Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, by Thomas Nashe, 1594: "— the winning love of neighbours round about, if haply their houses should be environed, or any in them prove untruly, being pilled and *poul'd* too unconscionably."—*Poul'd* is the spelling of the old copy of Coriolanus also.—*Malone.*

[18] *He and Aufidius can no more atone.*

To *atone*, in the active sense, is to *reconcile*, and is so used by our author. To *atone* here is, in the neutral sense, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is *to unite.—Johnson.*

Atone seems to be derived from *at* and *one;*—to reconcile to, or, to be at, union. In some books of Shakspeare's age I have found the phrase in its original form: "— to reconcile and make them *at one.*"—*Malone.*

The etymology of this verb may be known from the following passage in the second book of Sidney's Arcadia: "Necessitie made us see, that a common enemie sets *at one* a civil warre."—*Steevens.*

Hall, in his Satires, uses *at onement* for *reconciled*, in a humorous description of a contest between the *Back* and the *Belly* of a Fop:—

> Ye witlesse gallants, I beshrew your hearts,
> That sets such discord 'twixt agreeing parts;
> Which never can be set *at onement* more,
> Untill the mawes wide mouth be stopt with store.
> *Lib.* III. *Sat.* VII.—*Boswell.*

[19] *You, and your apron-men.*

A medley or huddle of botchers, coblers, tinkers, draymen, of *apron-men* and plough-joggers, domineering in the Kings palace, and rooting up the plants and wholesome flowers of his kingdom in it.—*Cleaveland's Works*, 1687.

[20] *You and your cry.*

Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in Hamlet, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players. This phrase was not antiquated in the time of Milton, who has it in his Paradise Lost, book ii.:—"A *cry* of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd."—*Steevens.*

[21] *As is the osprey to the fish.*

Osprey, a kind of eagle, *ossifraga*. We find in Michael Drayton's Polyolbion Song XXV. a full account of the *osprey*, which shows the justness and beauty of the simile:—

> The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
> Which over them the *fish* no sooner doth espy,
> But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
> Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
> They at his pleasure lie to stuff his gluttonous maw.—*Langton.*

So, in the Battle of Alcazar, 1594:—

> I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,
> That as she flieth over fish in pools,
> The fish shall turn their glitt'ring bellies up,
> And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.

Such is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. I learn, however, from Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of the Battle of Floddon, that the *osprey* is a "rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed."—*Steevens.*

The *osprey* is a different bird from the sea eagle, to which the above quota-

tions allude, but its prey is the same. See Pennant's British Zoology, 46, Linn. Syst. Nat. 129.—*Harris.*

[22] *Whether 'twas pride.*

Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority;* but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war.—*Johnson.*

[23] *Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair.*

"This passage, and the comments upon it, are, to me at least, equally unintelligible." So writes Steevens, and not having met with any criticism upon it in the least degree satisfactory, I leave it with the same remark, and have nothing of my own to offer.

[24] *Rights by rights founder.*

Fouler, old eds. The only emendations worth noting are *founder*, suggested by Johnson, and *falter*, proposed and adopted by Dyce. On the whole I prefer the first suggestion, believing that Shakespeare intended to imply something more intensative than faltering.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,[1]
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!
Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,

It was a bare petition[2] of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.
Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No; I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold: his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise;* dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions—
So, that all hope is vain,[3]
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the* Volscian *Camp before* Rome. *The* Guard *at their Stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,[5]—
Of whom he's chief,—with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,[6]
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing:[7] therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar,—as you say, you have,—I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal[8] palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i'the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*gives a Letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st——

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of* CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have—
Though I show'd sourly to him,—once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,

Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in Mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Vir. The sorrow,[9] that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.
Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i'the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach[10]
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,[11]
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,[12]
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that

Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak,[13] our raiment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread—
Trust to't, thou shalt not,—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, *This mercy we have show'd;* the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i'the stocks.[14] Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she,—poor hen!—fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars,[15] and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.

To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
This is the last;—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother![16]
[*Holding* VOLUMNIA *by the hands, silent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*
[*The* Ladies *make signs to* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by;
[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c.*
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you:[17] all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding, He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?
Mess. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volsces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.
Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?
Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and Music.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, *accompanied by* Senators, Patricians, *and* People. *They pass over the Stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—
All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with* Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch. [*Exeunt* Attendants.

Enter Three or Four Conspirators *of* AUFIDIUS' *Faction.*

Most welcome!
1 *Con.* How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
2. *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein

You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,——
Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his;[18] and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance,[19] as if
I had been mercenary.
1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,——
Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.
3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the* City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with Drums and Colours; a Crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome—
I say, your city,—to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must bear
My beating to his grave;—shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your voices in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*

Cit. [*speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus; He killed my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.[20]—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS *and the* Conspirators *draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls, and* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice,
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.[21]

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.
Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.[22]—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the Body of* CORIOLANUS.
A Dead March sounded.

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *That have rack'd for Rome.*

To *rack* means *to harass by exactions*, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places:—

> The commons hast thou *rack'd;* the clergy's bags
> Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

I believe it here means in general, "You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expence of coals."—*Steevens.*

[2] *It was a bare petition.*

A *bare petition*, I believe, means only a *mere petition*. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment.—*Steevens.*

I have no doubt but we should read:—"It was a *base* petition," &c., meaning that it was unworthy the dignity of a state, to petition a man whom they had banished.—*M. Mason.*

In King Henry IV. Part I. and in Timon of Athens, the word *bare* is used in the sense of *thin*, easily seen through; having only a slight superficial covering. Yet, I confess, this interpretation will hardly apply here. In the former of the passages alluded to, the editor of the first folio substituted *base* for *bare*, improperly. In the passage before us perhaps *base* was the author's word.—*Malone.*

[3] *So that all hope is vain.*

Many passages in these plays have been suspected to be corrupt, merely because the language was peculiar to Shakspeare, or the phraseology of that age, and not of the present; and this surely is one of them. Had he written—his noble mother and his wife are our *only hope*,—his meaning could not have been doubted; and is not this precisely what Cominius says?—So that we have now no other hope, nothing to rely upon *but* his mother and his wife, who, as I am told, mean, &c. *Unless* is here used for *except.*—*Malone.*

[4] *It is lots to blanks.*

Menenius, I imagine, only means to say, that it is more than an equal chance that his name has touched their ears. *Lots* were the term in our author's time for the total number of tickets in a *lottery*, which took its name from thence. So, in the Continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, 1615, p. 1002: "Out of which lottery, for want of filling, by the number of *lots*, there were then taken out and thrown away threescore thousand blanks, without abating of any one prize." The lots were of course more numerous than the blanks. If *lot* signified *prize*, as Dr. Johnson supposed, there being in every lottery many more blanks than prizes, Menenius must be supposed to say, that the chance of his name having reached their ears was very small; which certainly is not his meaning.—*Malone.*

Lots to blanks is a phrase equivalent to another in King Richard III.:—"All the world to nothing."—*Steevens.*

[5] *For I have ever verified my friends.*

To *verify*, is *to establish by testimony.* One may say with propriety, "he brought false witnesses *to verify* his title." Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony than truth*, and only meant to say, "I *bore witness* to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer." I must remark, that to *magnify*, signifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not necessarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth.—*Johnson.*

Edwards would read *varnished;* but Dr. Johnson's explanation of the old word renders all change unnecessary. To *verify* may, however, signify to *display.* Thus in an ancient metrical pedigree in possession of the late Duchess of Northumberland, and quoted by Dr. Percy in the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. i. p. 279, 3d edit.:—"In hys scheld did schyne a mone *veryfying* her light."—*Steevens.*

The meaning (to give a somewhat more expanded comment) is: "I have ever spoken the truth of my friends, and in speaking of them have gone as far as I could go consistently with truth: I have not only told the truth, but the whole truth, and with the most favourable colouring that I could give to their actions, without transgressing the bounds of truth."—*Malone.*

[6] *Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground.*

Subtle, smooth, level. "Upon Tityus breast, that, for six of the nine acres, is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all Tartary," — *B. Jons. Chloridia.* Jonson has twice applied this epithet to lips, but in what sense is not clear; perhaps in that of practised or skilful. — *Nares.*

It is scarcely necessary to remark that bowling is not a Roman, but a medieval game. The cut exhibits a party of bowlers, as copied by Strutt from the illumination to a book of Prayers then in the possession of Francis Douce. It is a very spirited delineation of the game and the excitement of the bowlers.

[7] *Stamp'd the leasing.*

That is, given the *sanction* of truth to my very *exaggerations*. This appears to be the sense of the passage, from what is afterwards said by the 2 Guard:—"Howsoever you have been his *liar*, as you say you have—." *Leasing* occurs in our translation of the Bible. See Psalm iv. 2.—*Henley.*

"Have, almost, *stamp'd* the *leasing*." I have almost given the *lie* such a sanction as to render it *current.—Malone.*

[8] *Virginal.*

That is, maidenly, belonging to a virgin. "Vyrgynall, belongynge to a mayde," Palsgrave, 1530.

[9] *The sorrow, &c.*

Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, "These eyes are not the same," meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or other *dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance.—*Johnson.*

[10] *On the hungry beach.*

The beach hungry, or eager, for shipwrecks. So, in Twelfth-Night:—"—— mine is all as *hungry* as the *sea.—Malone.*

The *hungry* beach is the *sterile unprolific* beach. Every writer on husbandry speaks of *hungry* soil, and *hungry* gravel; and what is more barren than the sands on the sea shore? If it be necessary to seek for a more recondite meaning,—the shore, on which vessels are stranded, is as *hungry* for shipwrecks, as the waves that cast them on the shore. *Littus avarum.* Shakspeare, on this occasion, meant to represent the beach as a mean, and not as a magnificent *object.—Steevens.*

[11] *Chaste as the icicle.*

I cannot forbear to cite the following beautiful passage from Shirley's Gentleman of Venice, in which the praise of a lady's chastity is likewise attempted:—

—— thou art chaste
As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play
Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,
Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth.

Some Roman lady of the name of Valeria, was one of the great examples of chastity held out by writers of the middle age. So, in the Dialogues of Creatures moralysed, bl. l. no date: "The secounde was called Valeria: and when inquysicion was made of her for what cawse she toke notte the secounde husbonde, she sayde," &c. Hence perhaps Shakspeare's extravagant praise of her namesake's chastity.—*Steevens.*

Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*curdled:* but *curdied* is the reading of the old copy, and was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time. So, in All's Well That Ends Well: "I am now, sir, *muddied* in fortune's mood." We should now write *mudded*, to express *begrimed, polluted with mud.* Again, in Cymbeline:—"That drug-damn'd Italy hath *out-craftied* him."—*Malone.*

I believe, both *curdied, muddied*, &c. are mere false spellings of *curded, mudded*, &c. *Mudded* is spelt, as at present, in the Tempest, first folio, p. 13, col. 2, three lines from the bottom; and so is *crafted*, in Coriolanus, first fol. p. 24, col. 2.—*Steevens.*

[12] *Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw.*

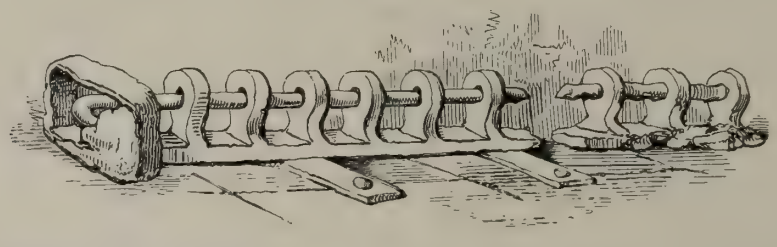
A *flaw* is a violent blast or sudden gust of wind. Carew thus describes it, in his Survey of Cornwall:—'One kind of these storms they call a *flaw*, or *flaugh*, which is a mighty gale of wind passing suddenly to the shore, and working strong effects upon whatsoever it encounters in its way.' The word is not obsolete, as stated in Todd's Johnson: it will be found in the interesting Journal of Captain Hall, 1824, vol. i. p. 4, and in Captain Lyon's Narrative of his attempt to reach Repulse Bay, 1824. There is a corresponding thought in Shakspeare's hundred and sixteenth sonnet.—*Singer.*

[13] *Should we be silent, &c.*

"The speeches copied from Plutarch in Coriolanus, may (says Pope) be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from Cicero, in Catiline, of Ben Jonson's." Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia; for our author has done little more, than throw the very words of North into blank verse.—"If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunately than all the women livinge we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearfull to us: making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging the walles of his native countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adversitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddes, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into most deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also: but a worlde of grievous curses, yea more than any mortall enemie can heape uppon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most hard choyce is offered thy wife and children, to forgoe the one of the two: either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their native countrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tarrie, till fortune in my life doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot persuade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to overthrowe and destroye the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamite of warres; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foote shall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into this world."—*Farmer.*

[14] *Like one i' the stocks.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"The very curious antique stocks here engraved, were discovered at Pompeii, and are now preserved in the Museo Borbonico at Naples. They were exhumed in what was supposed to be the prison



of the barrack of Pompeii. They are entirely constructed of iron. The feet of the prisoner being placed between the upright sockets, were secured by a bar

passing through the holes in them; then turning into a huge lock which bolted it; but it is now too much corroded for the true mode of its fastening to be detected. Some portion of these stocks are broken and decayed, originally there were twelve spaces for the legs, and four skeletons were found in them when first discovered. These stocks were firmly secured to the ground by iron cross-bars and rivets."

[15] *Has cluck'd thee to the wars.*

At this I was exceeding glad, that I took no heed, but went and *clocked* my children together, and walked without the wall, which I shall ever rue.—*Reynard the Fox*, 1701.

[16] *O mother, mother!*

So in the old translation of Plutarch: "Oh mother, what have you done to me? And holding her harde by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for your sonne: for I see myself vanquished by you alone."—*Steevens.*

[17] *To have a temple built you.*

Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate.—*Steevens.*

[18] *Which he did end all his.*

Mr. Collier's folio suggests *ear* (plough) for *end.* This Mr. Singer finds to be "a good emendation of a probable misprint," but adds, with reason, that if "ear be accepted, 'reap' and 'ear' must change places thus," or, as Mr. Singer well continues, "Aufidius is made to say that he had a share in the harvest, while Coriolanus had all the labor of ploughing," which is just what he does not mean to say. The Blackwood critic thinks with Mr. Singer. But there is not the least necessity for this violence to the original text. Aufidius helped to reap the fame which Coriolanus made, in the end, all his.—*Grant White.*

[19] *He wag'd me with his countenance.*

This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he 'prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks.'—*Johnson.*

The verb, to *wage*, is used in this sense in the Wise Woman of Hogsden, by Heywood, 1638:—

—— I receive thee gladly to my house,
And *wage* thy stay.——

Again, in Green's Mamillia, 1593: "— by custom common to all that could *wage* her honesty with the appointed price." To *wage a task* was, anciently, to undertake a task for *wages.* So, in George Withers's Verses prefixed to Drayton's Polyolbion:—

Good speed befall thee who has *wag'd a task*,
That better censures, and rewards doth ask.

Again in Spenser's Fairy Queen, book ii. c. vii.:—

—— must *wage*
Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.

Again, in Holinshed's Reign of King John, p. 168: "— the summe of 28 thousand markes to levie and *wage* thirtie thousand men." Again, in the ancient MS. romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne, p. 15:—

Therefore Gy of Burgoyn
Myne owen nevewe so trewe,
Take a thousande pound of ffranks fyne
To *wage wyth* the pepul newe.—*Steevens.*

[20] *Shall have judicious hearing.*

Perhaps *judicious*, in the present instance, means *judicial;* such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of justice.—*Steevens.*

Steevens is right, it appears from Bullokar's Expositor that the words were convertible; the same meaning is assigned to both, viz., 'belonging to judgment.' —*Singer.*

[21] *That ever herald did follow to his urn.*

This allusion is to a custom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the public funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased.—*Steevens.*

[22] *Trail your steel pikes.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—"This mode of giving honour and solemnity to a military funeral belonged to the Shakesperian, rather than the classic, era. Our illustration is selected from one of the plates in the folio volume describing the grand funeral of the Prince of Orange at Delft in the year 1647. The figure selected represents one of the Colonels who follow the funeral car."

END OF VOLUME XII.

NOTE.

Applications for any of the few remaining copies of this work are requested to be addressed to J. O. Halliwell, Esq., 6, St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, near London.